

PUNCH



PEGASUS AND HIS TRAINER.

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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1891



IT was the eve of the New Year, the Year of Grace 1892, and Mr. PUNCH, musing deep'y upon the manifold duties opening upon him with his opening Volume, nodded over his cigar, drowsed, and dreamed a dream of the Old Days and of the New, "in visionary vagueness strangely blent." The substance of that suggestive Vision he thus dramatically sets forth:—

SCENE—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Enter Prince ALBERT EDWARD and Mr. PUNCH.

Prince. After you, Mr. PUNCH!

Punch. Though you be but Prince of WALES, yet are you the King of Courtesy!

Prince. Well quoted, i' faith! Verily this shadowy precinct smacks of antiquity, and suggesteth Shakspearian tags.

Punch. To a Prince of WALES, and his fidus Achates—naturally!

Prince. Yet art thou no POINS!

Punch. No more than thou art a madcap Prince HAL.

Prince. Thou art perfect! The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, Man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than thou inventest. "At the old place, my Lord, in Eastcheap." How real it seems! Mahatmas could not outdo this, though they re-incarnated in all his tun of flesh the Fat Knight of SHAKSPEARE's virile fancy. One fancies one can hear the shout for "FRANCIS!" the drawer's cry of "Anon, anon, Sir!" the shrill addition of the irate treble of Dame QUICKLY, and the stertorous snore of Sir John Sack-and-Sugar from behind yon faded phantom arras!

Punch. Would we could, would we could! I am of all humours that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman ADAM to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight; but, by my faith, the humour of the frolic Fat Knight—

Prince. Hist! What is't that fetches breath so hard?

Enter Shade of FALSTAFF from behind the Arras.

Punch. Welcome, JACK. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague on all spooks! say I. Give me a cup of sack, an ye love me. Is there no hospitality extant?

Punch. Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it?

Falstaff. Ah, art there? What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight?

Punch. Looking for Levity, who, at holier hours, may hardly be encountered within the precincts of Cockerwoldom.

Falstaff. Fairly answered, i' faith. Well, if sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then thou, PUNCH, art but a latter-day plump JACK thyself.

Prince. Bating the grossness, and retaining the humour without the humours, thy comparison is not so wholly unapt, Sir JOHN.

Falstaff. Sweet Prince, I kiss thy neif! Body o' me how are times changed, and Princes with the times, and Prince's Companions with Princes. No marvel i' faith, that heirs-apparent are so improved, when such a Momus and Mentor in one as PUNCH supersedeth such a Silenus-Mercury as poor old tun-bellied, pottle-pot-loving, though loyal, jocund and jape-enjoying JACK FALSTAFF!

Prince. Truly, JACK, we have, as it were, bought thine ancient desideratum, "a commodity of good names."

Falstaff. Indeed, you come near to me now, HAL,—beshrew me, I should say ALBERT!—I was, if a man should speak truly, but little better than one of the wicked. A Lord of the Council of your day,—of the County Council to wit,—would indeed rate me roundly, had he the chance, a McDougall having little more understanding of wild wit than a SHALLOW of civic wisdom. Howbeit I can appreciate a Prince—a true Prince and a dutiful withal—who layeth foundation-stones in lieu of plots with POINS, who openeth exhibitions instead of bottles. Yet would I fain bibe to thy Jubilee—together with that of Mr. PUNCH which it so closely follows—in a cup of that same rememberable sack, my Prince!

Prince. Fifty years or so of ceremonials, FALSTAFF! Trust me, I am sometimes exceedingly weary, a little out of love with my greatness, and inclined, amidst the sparkle of champagne and—and, loyal addresses, &c., to remember, like my predecessor, the poor creature, small beer!

Falstaff. Why, that's my Prince! What say'st, Mr. PUNCH, smacks not that avowal of a larger humanity and, a freer humour than courtiers and County Councillors can compass? Whence hath he it, this Horatian heartiness, this Terentian catholicity?

Punch. Partly from the kindly dower of Mother Nature, partly also from the humorous humanities of that same Momus-Mentor of whom you spake erewhile, Sir JOHN, though I say it who—

Prince. —Has the best right to. He hath a good wit, Sir JOHN, not—as thou saidst of POINS's—as thick as Tewksbury mustard. That's why the Prince doth love him so! That, Sirrah, is the humour the Prince is of!

Falstaff. Very singular good! I would fain share his wit, his conceit, with thee, Prince, as Madcap HAL did mine of old.

Punch. And shall, Sir JOHN, an it please thee. I have devised matter enough out of this half-year's doings, to keep Prince HAL—and thee—in continual laughter the wearing out of six passions, and ye shall laugh without *intervallums*. Oh, you shall laugh till your face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Falstaff. Despatch then, I prithee, PUNCH, for, by this chill, cock-crow approacheth, and I must unwillingly hence, from well-loved ancient haunt, and well-liked new company!

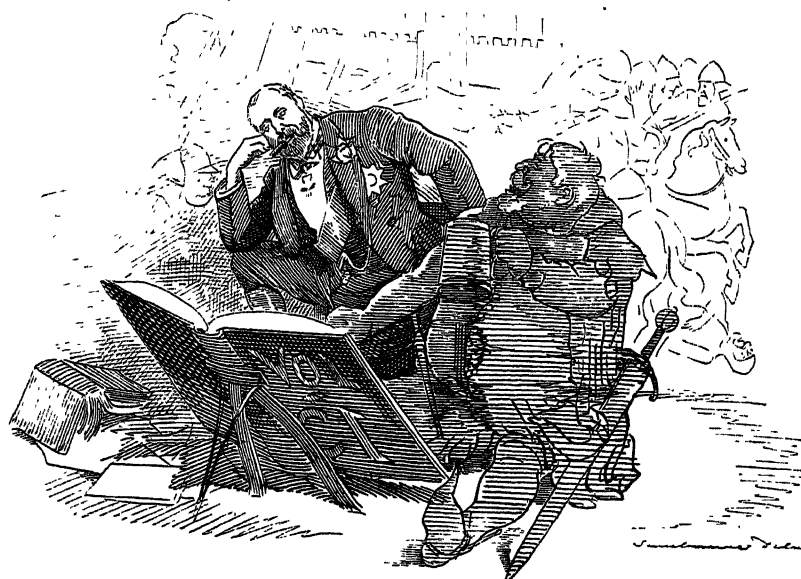
Punch. First then a Jubilee Health, and Long Life to our Visible Prince, to his Pearl of Princesses, to his happily-recovered younger son, and—with three times three—to his newly-betrothed elder one, and his English Merry MAY!!!

Falstaff. "The heavens thee guard and keep, most Royal imp of fame! God save thee, my sweet boy! My king, my love! I drink to thee, my heart!"

Prince. Best thanks to ye both!

Punch. Secondly, TOBIAS mine, illustrate once again the Mysterious Magnetic Force of the Great Fleet Street Magnate, the force that raises and cannot be resisted, the power that sways and is not swayed. Present, TOBY, both to the Prince and the Knight a copy of my

One Hundred and First Volume!!!





URBI ET ORBI.

MR. PUNCH returns thanks for the anticipatory congratulations on the occasion of his Jubilee, and takes this opportunity of informing his friends—which means Everybody Everywhere—that the 50th anniversary of his natal day is July 18 *prox.*, which day Mr. PUNCH hereby gives full and entire permission to the aforesaid Everyone Everywhere to keep as a whole Holiday, and do in a general way, and to the utmost of their ability, just exactly what best pleases them. **PUNCH.**

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST À LA MODE DE LISLE.

[“MR. DE LISLE wished the Government to veto any pictures purchased under the Chantrey Bequest that did not meet with their approval.”—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—A Studio in the Royal Academy. The President and several Members of the Council waiting arrival of Government to inspect their most recent purchase.

President (with assumed joviality). Well, my dear Colleagues, I do not think exception can be taken to this composition. Simple and effective, is it not?

First Member of Council (gloomily). Oh, you never know! I think we ought to have opposed the admission of the Cabinet—what should they know about Art?

Second Mem. (drily). Enough to make speeches at the annual dinner—to which they wouldn't come if we snubbed them.

First Mem. What of that? I am sure the President is quite eloquent enough to stand alone.

Pres. (with a graceful bow). You are most kind. But, hush! here comes Lord SALISBURY!

Enter the PRIME MINISTER. Cordial greetings.

Premier (briskly). I am sure you will forgive me if I get through this quickly. (*Looking at picture.*) Hm! Yes, very nice; but did EDWARD the Black Prince wear his Garter ribbon in battle? I am sure I refrain from appearing in mine under similar circumstances. (*To Pres.*) Do you think the Artist could paint it out?

Pres. I feel sure he will do everything in his power to satisfy your Lordship's artistic instincts.

Premier. Just so.

[*Exit R. when enter FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, L.*

Pres. (greeting new-comer cordially). Most glad to see you, my dear Right Hon. Sir!

First Lord. Very good indeed of you to say so, but am always anxious to do my duty to my Queen and Country. (*Gazing at picture.*) Hm! Not bad! But, I say, I do know something of yachting, and that isn't the way to brace up the marling-spike to the fokesell yard with the main jibboom three points in a wind with some East in it! If I may venture a suggestion—hope Artist will paint out the gondola. Ta-ta! A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. [*Exit.*

Pres. Well, well, I do not know what our friend will think of the matter, but perhaps the Hansom of Venice is a little superfluous. Why here is the HOME SECRETARY.

[*Enter that august personage—mutual greeting.*

Home Sec. (examining picture). Yes, very nice. Just my idea of what a historical picture should be! Sea-view very fair indeed, and I think that the suggestion of the presentation at Court is also extremely neat. The Black Prince, perhaps, a little near OLIVER CROMWELL, but then that is a detail that will not challenge particular attention. I like too the view of Vauxhall Gardens—very good, indeed! But why should a scene of this great historical importance be laid in Charing Cross during a labour demonstration?

Pres. (frankly). I cannot say that I have looked up all my authorities, but I do not think our friend would allow himself to be wrong on so important a point.

Home Sec. Well, I think it would be in better taste if the Artist cut out that stampede of police—it is not true to nature! [*Exit.*

Pres. There may be something in what he says, but I do wish these amateurs would keep their suggestions to themselves.

Enter FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY.

Pres. (cordially). My dear Lord, delighted to see you—what do you think of it?

First Lord. Hm! Yes! Perhaps! But, I say, what right has the Artist to put the white ensign on the top of that light-house? It's against the regulations—they should be flying the Trinity House flag—if anything. That must come out, you know—it really must! [*Exit.*

Pres. Silly blunder, but it can be easily remedied. Ah! the Secretary of State for War! (*Enter that official.*) Well, Mr. STANHOPE, and how do you like the new purchase?

War Minister (after a glance at the canvas). Tol lol. But come, I say, come; the Iron Duke never wore a hat like that! And, I say, as it isn't raining, why has he put up his umbrella? In the cause of historical accuracy that should not be allowed. [*Exit.*

Pres. (drily). I am afraid our friend will have enough to do. (*Enter the remainder of the Cabinet together.*) Well, Gentlemen—hope you approve of our purchase?

Remainder (together). Not at all. You should have only bought the frame! [*Scene closes in on the consideration of this new point.*



"MANNING THE (BACK-)YARDS."

CHELSEA, JUNE, 1891. FOUR BELL(S).

MR. PUNCH EXPLAINS.

[Last week *Mr. Punch* congratulated King HENRY's "holy shade" on the Four-hundredth Anniversary of the Foundation of Eton College.]

To *Mr. Punch's* friends, who think he blundered, In thinking Eton's years were just four hundred, And acted quite in error when he paid Congratulations to King HENRY's "shade," A word of explanation now is due, To show how what he stated then was true. The word is this—that fifty years have now Elapsed since *Mr. Punch* first made his bow; And though since then with many friends he's parted, Himself he is as young as when he started. Just fifty years ago it now appears That fair Etona claimed four hundred years. Ungallant it had been if one had told her That *Mr. Punch* kept young whilst she grew older! Yet if it is indeed the Fourth Centenary Or Jubilee the Ninth since holy 'ENERY Became the founder of a Royal College— Well, *Mr. Punch* prefers to have no knowledge. He only does not know—has never known a More worthy toast than "*Floreat Etona!*"

The New Crusaders.

["Kaiser Wilhelm, according to a Berlin Journal, has given his consent to a lottery being instituted throughout the Empire 'for combating the slave trade in Africa.' Tickets to the amount of eight millions of marks will be issued, five and a half millions of which will be devoted to prizes."—*Daily Telegraph Berlin Correspondent.*]

KNIGHTS-ERRANT of earth's earlier days,
Might learn from WILHELM KAISER.
They risked their lives in Paynim frays,
We moderns have grown wiser.
'Tis not enough by Big Bazaars
To buttress Churches tottery;
We, with the dice "financing" wars,
Conduct Crusades—by Lottery!

LIVE AND LEARN.—Mr. PARKINSON will now probably admit that the foolish process known as "breaking a butterfly on a wheel" may bring the breaker woe.

SHAKSPEARE AND NORTH, NOT CHRISTOPHER.

COLONEL NORTH is popularly supposed to have been the architect of his own fortune, but he doesn't seem to have profited much by his architectural knowledge when applied to house-building. The burly Colonel—we forget at this moment what regiment is under his distinguished command—has met many a great personage in his time, but, like the eminent barbarian who encountered a Christian Archbishop for the first time—St. Ambrose, we rather think it was, but no matter—our bold Colonel had to climb down a bit on coming face to face with the Lord Chief Justice of England. What a cast for a scene out of *Henry the Fourth!* *Falstaff*, Colonel NORTH, and My Lord COLERIDGE for the *Lord Chief Justice*. The scene might be Part II., Act ii., Scene 1, when the Lord Chief says to *Sir John*, "You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer, in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman,"—only for



C-1-n-1 N-rth as *Falstaff*.
L-rd C-l-r-dge as the *Lord Chief Justice*.
Henry the Fourth, Part II., Act ii., Sc.

"woman," read "architect." Curious that the name of GAMBLE should be the pre-surname of Mister Colonel NORTH's brother. What's in a name? Yet there's a good deal in the sound and look of GAMBLE NORTH, especially when up before the Lord Chief, who must quite recently have got hold of quite a little library of useful knowledge. Also odd that most of Mr. NORTH's money seems to have been made in the South. But "A 1," that is, the architect, won, and the gallant Mister Colonel, or Colonel Mister, left the Court, feeling comparatively A-Norther man. Never mind, even the Millionaire Colonel can't always be lucky.

MR. PUNCH'S QUOTATION BOOK.

I.—FOR INFERIOR CHAMPAGNE.

'How mad and bad and sad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!'—BROWNING.

II.—FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

"Et longa canoros
Dant per colla modos."—VIRGIL.

III.—FOR THE NEW BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

"Gaiter.—A covering for the leg."—ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

IV.—FOR A TENNIS-PLAYER, IMPRISONED BY BAD WEATHER.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Hair PADDY REWSKI is a pianofortist up to the time and tune of day. Knowing that *L'Enfant Prodigue* is now all the go, he keeps himself up to date by performing the Musical Prodigy Son's, I mean MENDELSSOHN'S "Songs without Words;" and this so effectively, that the last wordless song he was obliged to repeat, and much obliged the audience by repeating. Then the good fellow played *La Campanella*, Which I prefer to *Gentle Zitiella*. The Princess LOUISE, &c., were there, and "&c." was really looking uncommonly well considering the heat. Bravo, PADDY REWSKI! Ould Ireland for ever!

OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

(FIRST LETTER—A.)

1.—From Paddington to the first comma is a comparatively slight stop.

Left Paddington. Was compelled to leave Paddington, as train started from that station. "The Great Western!" What boundless ideas are suggested by this title, &c., &c. (This part I'll send to *Daily Graphic*.)

REASONS FOR THE JOURNEY.

Well, never mind my reasons. I had made up my mind to go. That's enough. "*Marlbrook s'en va t'en guerre*," mais as MARLBROOK Junior I may say, "*Je reviendrai*."



Politics to the winds! or, colloquially, Politics be blowed! I'm off to TOM TIDDLER'S ground. Nice fellow, TIDDLER. Knew him years ago. He is now a Limited Company, "TIDDLER & Co."

THE COMPOSITION OF THE PARTY.

Well, you know what it was once upon a time. There was A BALFOUR—beg pardon, should say, THE BALFOUR—and DRUMMY WOLFFY, and De GORSTIBUS *non disputandum* ("no arguing with GORST"), and self. As good a quartette, though I say it who shouldn't, as ever sat down to a concerted piece, with myself as First Fiddle. But now—"Where am dat barty now?"—I don't know if I quote correctly; quoting correctly is not my forte. "Dat barty," suggests WOLFFY; he was the "barty" of our party, in the merry days of old. Now—none of 'em here, and I with my ink-stand before me, a pencil, a pen, note-books galore, and any amount of foolscap, represent "the composition" of our party. I must get on with my "compo." Is reminds me of doing a "Theme" at Eton. This is a holiday task. One, two, three, off!—and away!

ALL ABROAD.

Before I know where we are, so to speak, we have left London, and are at Lisbon. On the voyage Captain G. WILLIAMS suggests these lines, to which I append my own translation. BALFOUR rather behind me in Latin at Eton (I hear by private wire that he admitted as much in his recent speech at the fourth centenary celebration), and so, perhaps, couldn't give the translation as easily as I do. Here is the Captain's reminiscence, and my translation when he isn't looking:—

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Melle deccidunt, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro.

"Vir ubi longum tepidusque præbet
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon,
Fertili Baccho nimium Falernis
Invidet uvis."

Which translated means:—

He, the Englishman (*Angulus*), beside me (that is, "sitting on deck by my side") laughs at all people on shore when he is quite certain (*certat*) that he can't get good tobacco from VENAFER's (a local tobacconist). (This) man prefers the long clay pipe, which gets so soon hot, for, by Jove, you'll burn yourself (*brumas*), and being a friend of AULON's ("all on," local joke), he envies those who can smoke the green tobacco, and doesn't wonder that they go in for Falernian (*classic metaphor for Cape wine*).

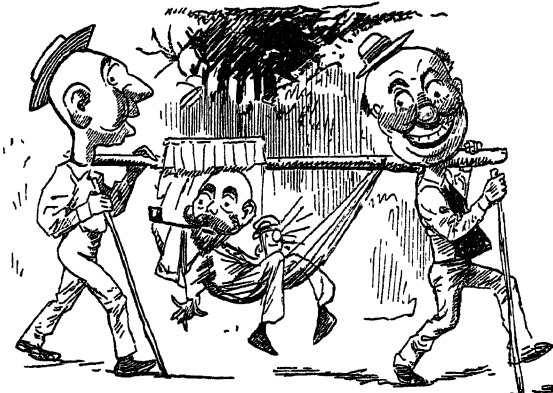
I think that's pretty good for an old Etonian who could give BALFOUR (the "Four" of the Fourth Party, a four-oar without a steerer) a mile over any course of VIRGIL or OVID, and beat him easily.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

En route, called on the Bey of Biscay. Found him in amiable temper—not a bit rough. Lisbon delightful. Chatsworth not in it with the smallest flower-and-kitchen garden here. Dined at the "Brag"—short for Braganza. Suddenly inspired—wrote drinking song:—

Sancho Panza
At Braganza,
Quaffed no end of cup,
But *Don Quixot*
Said "Don't mix it—
Let us go and sup."

Have composed my own music to this—call it my musical cup-yright. Shan't publish it, for fear of pirates. No other rates at sea, except pi-rates, and the rate we're now going at—i.e., two knots an hour, and ties pay the dealer. Hoorah! I enclose portrait of self after the above symposium, carried round the town to the air of "*Please*



The Fifth of November anticipated in Quite Mad-eira.

to Remember," &c. Too Novembery perhaps, but everything too previous here, and it's summer even in winter, and winter's nowhere, except in some other places. This is the meteorological or illogical rule, the "*Summa Lex*." Look at my bearers! These are heads of the people, eh? Carried round town in triumph, and then back to the ship, which I now look upon as my native place, or the land of my berth!

"ONCE MORE ABOARD THE LUGGER!"

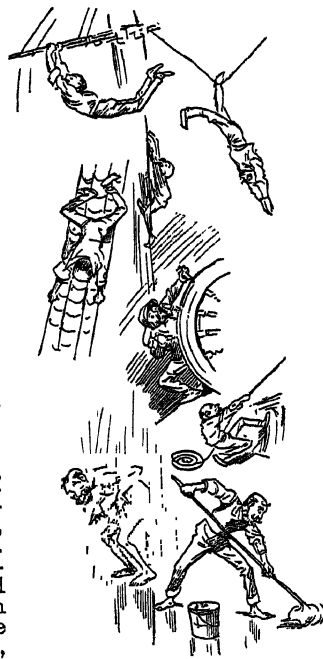
Here we are, off the Cape of Good Hope. HOPE, as you know, was a worthy Admiral who discovered this place; he is mentioned by the poet as having done so; you remember—

"Hope told a flattering tale;"

but no one believed him. Wish BALFOUR, GORSTY, and WOLFFY were here, and WOLFFY better than when I left him. First-rate place to pick up health. Every morning I climb the maintop-gallant, plunge into the ocean, and out again in the blowing of a Bo'sen's whistle. I dive, grapple with fresh lobster, bring him up by the tail, and before he knows where he is, he is boiled and on my table, hot, for breakfast. Excellent lobster! But how he changes colour at being caught and boiled! Such a breakfast!

QUITE A TROPICAL SONG!

Something spicy at last. Rather! The "Umbrella-tree" magnificent! Spreads out in wet weather, and folds up when it's fine. Splendid specimen of the "Boot-tree" (*Arbor tegumenpedis*), and the quaint "Blackening-Brush Plant," which is its invariable companion. No time to spare, however—off again to the *Gran-tully Castle*, with pockets full of fruits of all kinds. Must take care not to sit on them in boat. Lemon squash all very well, but a mixed fruit squash in your tail-coat pocket not so refreshing.



CAPERING.

There are 50,000 souls and as many bodies in Cape Town. Give you my word, it's a fact. I may have omitted one or two, but saw most of 'em through telescope before landing. There's an old Town House and a Castle, and an Excellency for Governor; Museum, Library, with Manuscripts badly illuminated before the discovery of gas; and as good a glass of Port (called here "Port Elizabeth," after Miss ELIZABETH MARTIN, who first took to it, but didn't finish it, thank goodness!) as you'd wish to get away from the Turf Club. The little boys toss for halfpence in the street, which impressed me with the wonderful mineral wealth of South Africa. Having nothing better to do, I joined 'em, and won. I lectured them on incautious play, and they said something in South-African, which the street Arabs here speak to perfection, and which, I fancy, was both flattering and apologetic. Called on CECIL, the Colossus of Rhodes, but he was absent at the time. Fine place, the Cape. "Why," I asked myself, "do our people go to Ramsgate, Southend, Herne Bay, and even Scarborough, when there is such a splendid seaside place as this to come to?" But no; because their people have done it before them, so they'll go on doing; and, unlike yours, truly, they won't strike out a line of their own. [N.B.—I must beg the Editor, when he gets this, not to strike out any line of mine, as it's business, and means advertisement.]

THE ODD TREK.

Had a game of single-handed poker with one of the Trekkers, and beat him hollow. Not at first, of course, out of politeness; but at game No. 3 he was nowhere. Bless him, I knew a "trek" worth any three of his. He wanted to go about with me after



this, but he became such a Boer (that's the origin of our word at home signifying "nuisance") that I cut him, and his pack of cards too. Just off to see the Dutch races. Shall pick up a little coin over this. You'll excuse my not writing any more this week, as I have to send a lot of stuff to the *Daily Graphic*, besides cramming and reading up for it far more than ever I did at Oxford. However, the *jeu d'esprit* is well worth the *chandelle*. You don't want much about local politics—do you? If so, wire's the word, and I'm there. Looking forward to see *What-can-the-Matter-be-Land*, also SAM BESI, and other old friends, with whose names, at least, the papers have already made you familiar. Must be off now, as I've an interview with the High Commissioner, who does all my business for me at the native races. Obligated to give him twenty per cent. on commission, and that, of course, is the reason why he has earned the proud title of "High," which he now deservedly enjoys. "How's that for High?" And the answer is, "Fifteen per cent. on ordinary business, and twenty per cent. for a win." Newmarket not in it with this place. So for the present, "Adoo, adoo!" Mind you, I've got my eyes open, and this is my tip for all the country out here, "White to win in a few moves," [to which I shall soon be able to put you up], and "Black not to win anyhow." Very hot out here; dry work, scribbling; but luckily in the Orange Free State that delicious fruit can be had for the asking. Tell GORSY that, and WOLFFY can use the information, if he likes, till I return. *Au revoir!* Yours ever,

Grandolph, the Explorer.

QUEER QUERIES.—AUTHORSHIP.—I should be glad to know the name of a Publisher of repute who would be likely to purchase for £1000 a first-rate Sensational Novel? I have only written one chapter so far, but I have the plot in my head, and I think a really able and energetic Publisher would be able to judge of the work from a small specimen. Which was the Firm that gave GEORGE ELIOT £5000 for *Middlemarch*? I should like to go to them.—No JUGGINS.

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Billsbury, Tuesday, 3rd June.—We had an immense meeting here last night, just to keep the enthusiasm going. We had done our best to get a Cabinet Minister to come down, but they all had some

excuse or other, and we had to content ourselves with CARDEW, who, being an Under-Secretary, is the next best thing to the genuine Cabinet rose. VULLIAMY came too. A most extraordinary chap that. Instead of being offended at what I did with reference to his proposals for wholesale illegality, he merely delivered his soul of what he called "a gentle protest," and declared himself ready to do all he could to help me to counteract the effects of my own obstinacy. There was considerable difficulty, as there always is, in apportioning the various speeches, so as not to leave any of the important local chiefs out of the proceedings. First of all TOLLAND, as Chairman, opened the proceedings. Then came a vote of confidence in Her Majesty's Government, proposed by Colonel CHORKLE, and seconded by VULLIAMY. To this CARDEW responded.

Then MOFFAT proposed, and JERRAM seconded, a vote of confidence in me, to which, of course, I responded. Old DICKY DIKES proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. This was seconded by BLISSOP, and after a few cordial words from TOLLAND, the gathering broke up. On the whole, everything went off extremely well. VULLIAMY's speech was a masterpiece. He said:—

"I turn from the larger questions of public policy to the private concerns of the borough of Billsbury. On previous occasions I have had an opportunity of saying what I think of your Candidate, Mr. PATTLE. I have known him for years. Ever since I first met him, I have been more and more struck by the extraordinary intelligent interest he takes in political matters. His views are enlightened, his judgment is sound, and his eloquence is of so high an order as to ensure to him a brilliant success in the House he is destined to adorn. But what chiefly commends him to my regard and to yours, is the honourable uprightness of his character. The contest here will be a fierce and determined one; but, thank heaven, with such a Candidate as yours, it will be kept free from all personal bitterness, and will be conducted in such a way that no breath of suspicion will rest on the absolute and scrupulous legality of everything that may be done. The conscience of the people demands this of the candidates who may appeal to its suffrages, and, speaking as an old man, I can only say that I rejoice to see those who are yet young bearing themselves so honourably, and maintaining the great traditions which have made of England the greatest and proudest nation in the world, and have advanced Billsbury to a position of glorious prosperity which other towns strive in vain to approach."

This from VULLIAMY was splendid, considering that if I had followed his advice, I should have steeped myself in illegality. But the cheers that greeted the speech were deafening, the most enthusiastic coming from MOFFAT, BLISSOP, and JERRAM, who had urged my compliance with VULLIAMY's suggestions.

Wednesday, June 4th.—The *Meteor* is furious about our meeting yesterday. It says, in a leader:—"Do these gentlemen suppose that the froth blown by them over the addle-pates who cheered their speeches is likely to shake sir THOMAS CHURSON from the secure position in which the affection of the Billsbury public has enthroned him? We have nothing to say against Mr. PATTLE except this, that his youth, combined with the ridiculous immaturity of his views, absolutely disqualifies him for the responsible post to which his foolish ambition aspires. Let him go back to the briefs, which the vivid imagination of his supporters pictures as crowding his table in the Temple. Let him join debating societies, and learn how to speak in public; let him eat, drink, and be merry in London; let him, in fact, do anything except run the head which flattery has turned against the sturdy stone of Billsbury Liberalism. We give him this advice in no unfriendly spirit. Let him be wise in time, and take it."

The *Guardian* is of course jubilant. "Never," it says, "has it been our lot to hear the magnificent principles of our cause expounded with an eloquence so convincing. Mr. CARDEW spoke, as he always does, with that sturdy good sense which has not only made him a redoubtable foe in the House of Commons, but has endeared his name to the masses of the English people. Mr. VULLIAMY again showed himself a master of the great questions of finance, and held his audience enthralled while he contrasted the futile extravagance of Liberal Governments with the wise, but generous economies, established by those who now hold the reins of Government. Our popular and eloquent young Candidate, Mr. PATTLE, showed himself not unworthy to take his place side by side with the two great men we have mentioned upon the Government benches. Rarely has any



Free and Independent Elector.

meeting displayed greater enthusiasm and unanimity. Our wretched opponents may well hide their diminished heads. Another nail has been struck into the coffin of the CHUBSONS, and the rest of the gang whom the unfortunate apathy of the Conservatives, at the last election, permitted to rise to high places in Billsbury politics. They have earned their doom. *Sic semper tyrannis!*"

There's a curious paragraph in a little weekly sort of Society rag published in Billsbury. It says:—"Mr. PATTLE has prolonged his stay in Billsbury for some time. Can it *all* be politics? I say nothing. But others have been heard to whisper nothings which are sweet. What price bonnets?" I suppose the idiot means to hint that there's something between me and Miss PENFOLD? Hope MARY won't hear of this rubbish.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XXVI.—THE LADY SHOPKEEPER.

LADIES who, in order to correct the inequalities of fortune, or to counteract a spendthrift husband, have betaken themselves to the keeping of shops, form a large and rapidly-increasing body. In times so ancient as to be scarcely within the memory of a juvenile dowager, it was held by the high dry exponents of aristocratic privilege that to touch trade, even when it proffered a bag of money in a well-gloved hand, was to be defiled beyond the restoring power of a Belgravian Duchess. To be sure, even the highest and the driest of these censors contrived to close an indulgent eye when a moneyless scion of nobility sought to prop his tottering house by rebuilding it upon a commercial foundation, and cementing it with the dower of a "tradesman's" daughter. But if these blameless ones, whose exclusive dust has long since been consigned to family vaults with appropriate inscriptions, could have foreseen the dreadful inroads of the trading spirit, if in a moment of prophetic rapture they could have watched the painful decay of caste which permits a lady to dabble in bonnets, to toy with the making of fancy frames, to cut dresses almost like a dressmaker, and, horror of horrors, to send in bills to her customers, surely they would have refrained from the tomb in order to stem the tide of advancing demoralisation. But they are dead, and we who remain are left to deal as best we may with the uncompromising spirit of the age.

It is absolutely essential to the proper production of a Lady Shopkeeper that she should have been at one time both affluent and socially distinguished. If to these qualities she can add the supreme advantage of good looks and a modest demeanour, her career is certain to be a prosperous and a rapid one. If, finally, she has been mated to a husband who, having long ago spent his own cash, contrives in a short time to run a best on record through hers, if he is a good fellow of a sort, with a capacity for making friends which is as large as his generosity in staking money, she may be sure that no element will be wanting to her success. It is of course unnecessary that she should have served any apprenticeship to the trade that she ultimately adopts. When, after some glittering seasons of horses and footmen and brilliant parties, the crash comes upon the little household, her friends will be called into council. Some will recommend a retired life in a distant suburb, where it is currently reported that £250 a year may be made to play the part of £2,000 in the heart of May Fair. Others will hint that governesses have been known, after years of painful labour, to lay by a sufficiency for a short old age; others, again, will dive into the storehouse of their reminiscences, in order to produce for inspection the well-known example of a colonel and his wife, who defied both the fates and the rheumatism in the modest pension of a Continental watering-place. All these suggestions, however, are eventually put aside in favour of the advice that a shop should be started, a *nom de commerce* adopted, and a circle of friendly customers be acquired by discreet advertisement. After these matters have been decided, but not till then, it becomes necessary to determine to what special branch the talents of the prospective Shopkeeper are to be devoted. At last even this is accomplished, and in a few months more the world of fashion may learn by private circular or public paragraph, that a new competitor



for its favours has been launched into commercial activity under a sweetly symbolical name.

After this everything depends upon the Lady herself. At first everything will go swimmingly. Friends will rally round her, and she may perhaps discover with a touching surprise that the staunchest and truest are those of whom, in her days of brilliant prosperity, she thought the least. But a *succès d'estime* is soon exhausted. Unless she conducts her business on purely business lines, delivers her goods when they are wanted, and, for her own protection, sends in her accounts as they fall due, and looks carefully after their payment, her customers and her profits will fall away. But if she attends strictly to business herself, or engages a good business woman to assist her, and orders her affairs in accordance with the dictates of a proper self-interest, she is almost certain to do well, and to reap the reward of those who face the world without flinching, and fight the battle of life sturdily and with an honest purpose. Some painful moments may fall to her lot. It may be that in a crowded assemblage of wealth and fashion she may see one of her masterpieces in the dress-making art torn into shreds under the clumsy heel of a Cabinet Minister, or a Duchess may speak unkindly in her hearing of her latest devices in floral decoration. Or, some brainless nincompoop may, in his ignorance of her profession, cast aspersions on the general character and behaviour of all who keep shops. And it may be that friends, after a prolonged period of non-payment, will desert her, and speak ill of her business. But she will be able to console herself for these and similar bitternesses by the knowledge that on the whole the world honours those who battle against ill-fortune without complaint far above the needy crowd of spongers who strive to batten without effort on the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich.

ROBERT ON THE HEMPERER'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

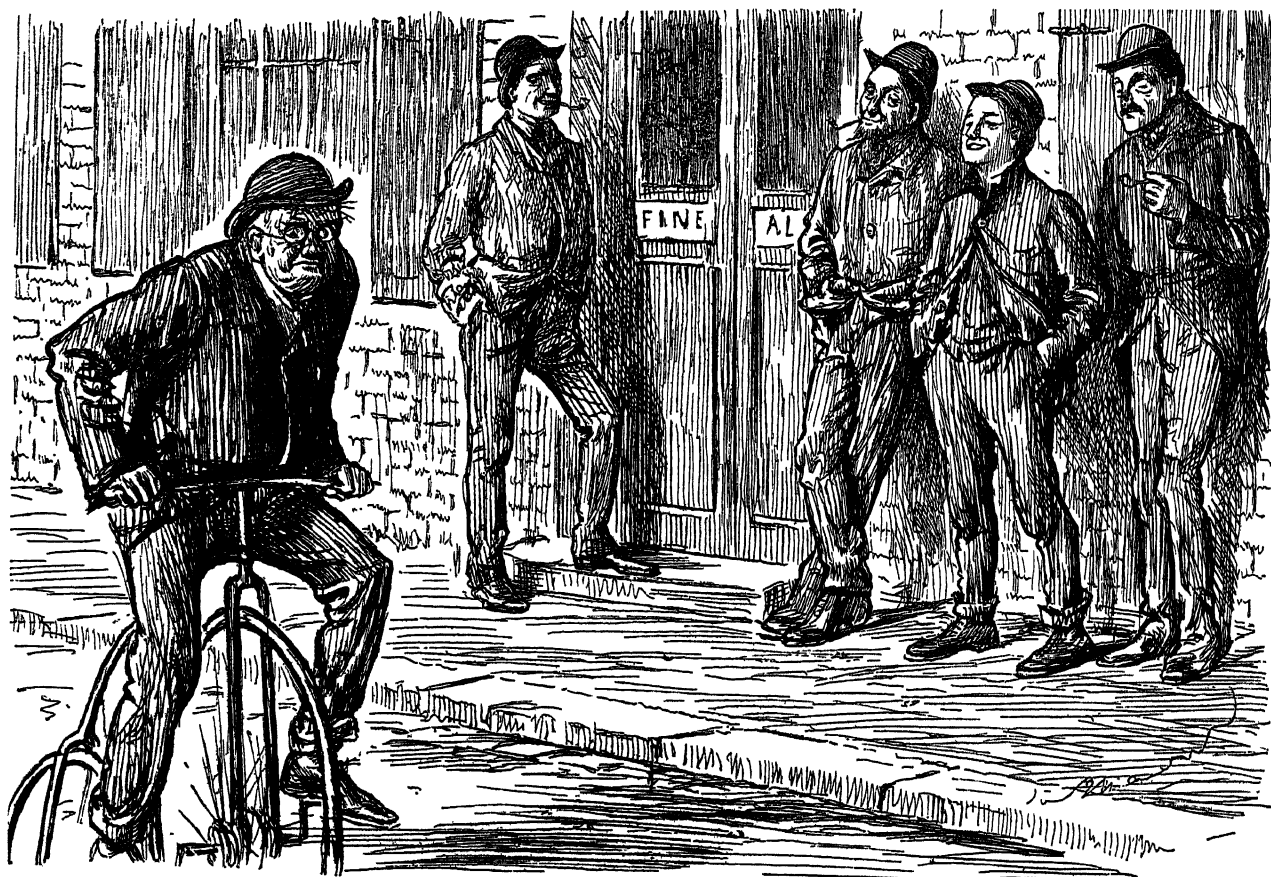
WELL, we are jest a going for to have a fine time of it in the old City, we are! On the werry tenth of next month, which this year happens for to be Jewly, we are a going for to receive to Lunshon, quite in a frendly way, the Hemperer and the Hempress of all GERMANY, not forgitting Hellygoland which we so kindly giv 'em larst year, and, in addishun, about twenty other princes and princesses from differing foren parts, as has all agreed for to cum at the same time to do 'em honour, and as if that wasn't quite enuff for one day, the noble Prince of WHALES, and the butifull Princess of WHALES, and all the Royal Family, will be werry much "hall there" for to receive 'em and shew 'em praps the luvlyest site in Urope, wiz., the butifull Gildhall made into a bowre of roses, and covered with reel dammarsk tablecloths from top to bottom, and them all covered with such a fairy-like Lunshun as makes my pore old mouth water any jest to think upon! There's one thing as I'm afraid as His Himperial Majesty will be werry angry at, and that is, as they ain't a going for to make him free of the City, which is one of them grate honners as all the celibryties of the World pines for. BROWN says it ain't *commy fo*, as the French says, but BROWN don't know everythink, tho' he is a trying his werry best to learn a few German words in case the Hemperer asks him for sumthink to eat, such as a little sour krowt. The best of the fun is that he achashly spells sour, *sauer!* I ain't not a pertickler good speller myself, but I reely should be artily ashamed of sich a blunder as that.

The pore Committee, as has to see to hewerythink, begins for to look jest a little pail and worried—and who can wunder at it, for I'm told as they is amost torn to peaces with applications for Tickets, tho they only has two a-peace for their friends, and won't have one for theirselves, but will have to walk about all the time of the Lunch, with their long sticks of office, to see as everybody xcept theirselves is nice and cumferal, and got plenty to eat and drink. And, torking of drink, jest reminds me of the tasting Committee, pore fellers! who has got for to go to all the werry best Wine sellers in the City, to taste all their werry best wines, and decide which, of every kind and description, they shall select for their himperial royal gests. Why it's amost enuff to give 'em all hedakes for the rest of their natural lives.

I don't know of any further arrangements as is quite finally settled, so praps I may have jest a few lines to add nex week. ROBERT.



QUEER QUERIES.—A FIRST READING.—Would some person kindly inform me of a good Recitation for a Smoking Concert? I have been asked to recite "something telling" after the annual banquet of a Club of local Licensed Victuallers. I am thinking of the First Book of *Paradise Lost*. Or would parts of *The Excursion* be more likely to create a *furor*? I have never recited in public before, and feel rather doubtful of my ability to "hold" the Victuallers.—WILLING TO OBLIGE.



GENTLE SATIRE.

"I SAY, BILL, LOOK 'ERE! 'ERE'S A OLD COVE OUT RECORD-BREAKING!"

"THE DILEMMA."

(An old Irish Story newly applied.)

"On which horn of the dilemma will the Gladstonians elect to stand?"—*Mr. Chamberlain, in his controversy with Sir W. Harcourt on the place of Home Rule in the Gladstonian programme.*

Faithful Unionist Sentry, loquitur:—

FAITH! yes, a dilemma, no doubt, is the thing To stagger Big Bounce, in a fashion Socratic. I fancy I know how to plant a sharp sting, The success of my bayonet-play is emphatic. Remember a picture I once chanced to see, A Pompeian sentinel posed at a portal, And "faithful to death" though fire threatened. That's Me! As my country's defender, my fame is immortal.

Yes, the Sentinel's rôle suits my style passing well; The enemy won't find me napping or nod— But what I most like as I do sentry spell, Is the fine opportunity offered for—prod- ding!

I watch like a lynx, as a sentry should do, With an eye like a hawk, and a smile sweet as syrup; But when there's a chance for a thrust— whirraro!

My bayonet-point is agog for a stir up! JOE, the Sentry, you know, like *Joe Bagstock*, is sly, Ay, "devilish sly,"—if I may speak profanely.

That swashbuckler H-RO-ET now, swaggering there—why, The big burly Bobadil's acting insanely.

I do like to draw him. These ramparts are mine, But because we're old comrades he cheeks me. "Woa, EMMA!" As cads used to shout. I extremely incline To tickle him up with—a two-horned Dilemma!

"Well, WILLIAM, what cheer?" He is struggling out there With a—Snark; 'tis a Boojum which shortly may vanish. Like *Frankenstein's*, his is a Monster, I fear, He would—did he dare—be delighted to banish.

That big "Home-Rule" Bogey, my Bobadil, seems A "handful" with which you are destined to struggle, Which darkens your days as it haunts all your dreams; Which you cannot get rid of by force or by juggle.

You've got him, you say? Well, then, bring him along!

Ha! ha! Says "he can't!" That's exceedingly funny!

It is very hard when your "captive"'s so strong, He won't do your bidding for love or for money.

Like SAMSON he leads his DELLAH a dance, Like PAT's prisoner—all know the old Irish story—

He won't give his captor a ghost of a chance. Such "prisoners" do mar their conqueror's glory.

"Well, leave him behind, then, and come on alone!"—

Eh! "Captive won't let you?" That's just what I told you! Your trophy, "Home Rule," has an incubus grown;

He's got you, my friend, and, my faith, he will hold you.

'Tis PADDY'S Dilemma all over again, Only you're the true PAT. You can't take it or leave it. [vain;

Your triumph was futile, your struggles are Mine's the Sentinel's eye, and you cannot deceive it.

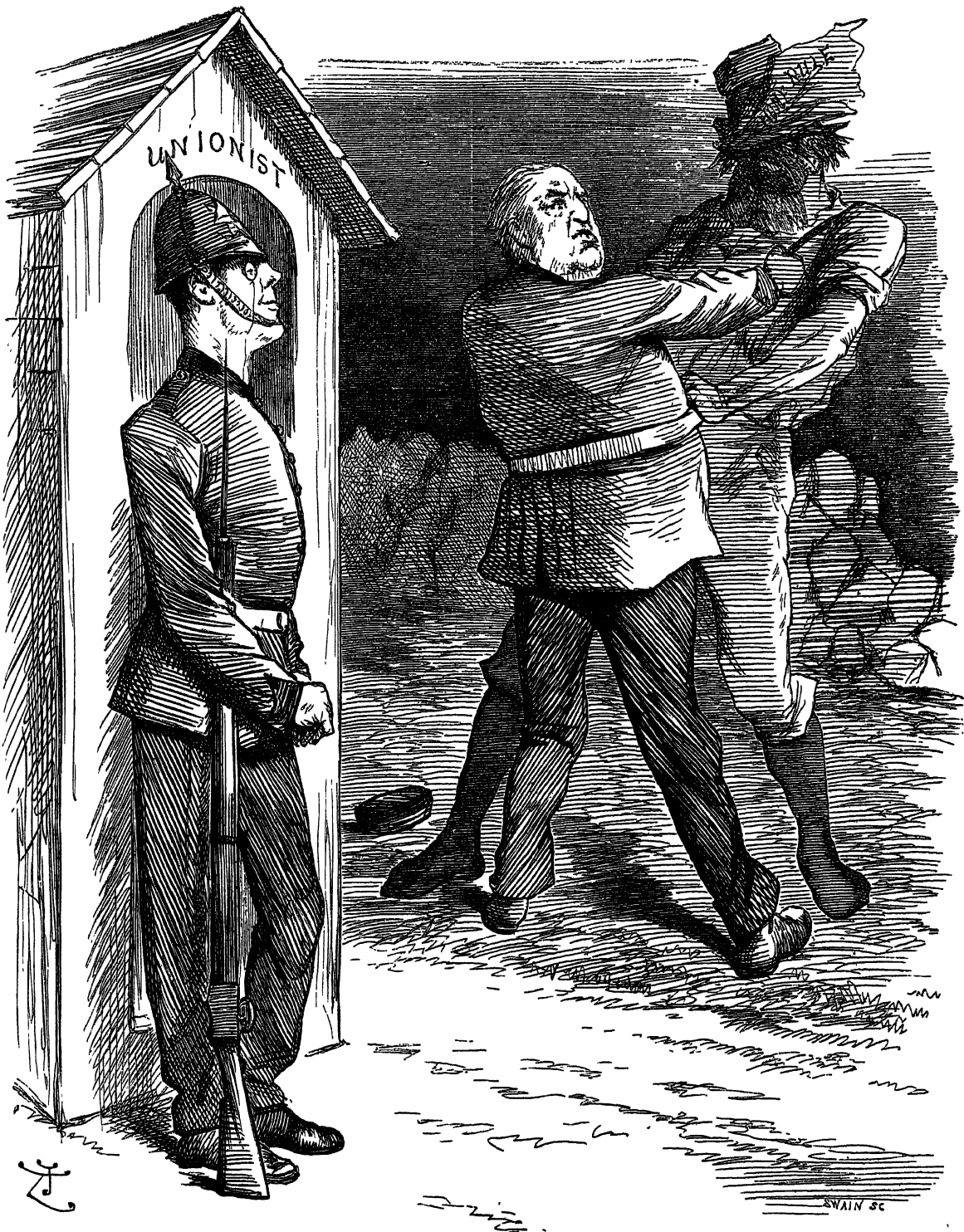
[Left chortling, but still "on duty."

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE"— SUCCESSION?

"Supply—Army Estimates."

GENERAL FRASER—not a phraser clearly— Military grumbling vents sincerely; House won't listen, and the cruel *Times* Summarised his tale of woes and crimes, As—great CÆSAR!—"a few observations." TANNER, always great on such occasions, Intimates that it is his impression Soldiers are "succeeding in succession" In the interest of more Expense. Well, "economists" make stir immense, But in spite of most Draconic manner, Hardly ever seem to save—a "tanner." So that one is prone to think indeed, In succession they do not—"succeed!"

"A LEGGE UP."—The new Bishop of LICH- FIELD.



“THE DILEMMA.”

(NEW ADAPTATION OF AN OLD IRISH STORY.)

H-RC-RT. “HILLO, JOE! I’VE GOT HIM!”

CH-MB-RL-N. “ALL RIGHT; BRING HIM ALONG THEN!”

H-RC-RT. “BUT HE *WON’T* COME!”

CH-MB-RL-N. “THEN LEAVE HIM, AND COME AWAY!”

H-RC-RT. “BUT *HE* *WON’T* LET ME!!!”

VOCES POPULI.

DILATORY DINNERS.

SCENE—The Grounds of a certain Exhibition. On this particular evening, there has been a slight hitch in the culinary arrangements, and the relations between the Chef and the Waiters are apparently strained. Enter an Egotistic Amphitryon, followed by a meek and youthful Guest.

The Egotistic Amphitryon (concluding an harangue). Well, all I've got to say is I've been here half-an-hour—(with a bitter sense of the anomaly of the situation)—waiting about for You!! (They seat themselves at one of the little tables under the verandah.) Oh, you're going to sit that side, are you? It's all the same to me, except that there's a confounded draught here which—well, you're young, and these things don't affect you—or oughtn't to. (They exchange sides.) We shall have to hurry our dinner now, if we mean to hear anything of the music. That was the reason I expressly told you seven sharp. Here, Waiter! (Waiter presents a carte, and stands by with a proud humility.) Now, what are you going to have? (To Guest.) You don't mind? I hate to hear a man say he doesn't care what he eats—he ought to care, he must care. What do you say to this—“Potage Bisque d'écrivisses; Saumon Sauce Hollandaise; Brimborions de veau farcis à l'imprévu; Ducklings and green peas; New Potatoes; Salad”? Simple and, ah, satisfying. (To Waiter.) Let us have that as sharp as you can; do you hear?

Waiter. Quick? Yes, I dell zem. [He hurries off.]

The E. A. Hang the fellow, he's forgotten the wine! (To Guest.) What will you drink?

The Guest (thinks it will look greedy if he suggests champagne). Oh—er—whatever you're going to drink.

The E. A. Well, I'm going to have a glass of champagne myself. I want it after all this worry. But if you prefer beer (considerately), say so. (The Guest, in a spirit of propitiation, prefers beer.) Well, we could have managed a bottle of Pommery between us, and it's never so good to my mind in the pints—but please yourself, of course.

[The Guest feels that his moderation has missed fire, but dares not retract; they sit in silence for some time, without anything of importance happening, except that a strange Waiter swoops down and carries away their bread-basket.]

A Meek Man (at an adjoining table, who, probably for family reasons, is entertaining his Sister-in-law, a lady with an aquiline nose and remarkably thick eyebrows.) You know, HORATIA, I call this sort of thing very jolly, having dinner like this in the fresh air, eh?

Horatia (acidly). It may be so, AUGUSTUS, when we do have it. At present we have been sitting here fifteen minutes, and had nothing but fresh air and small flies, and, as I don't pretend to be a Chameleon myself, why—

Augustus. Well, you know, my dear, we were warned that the trout en papillotes might take some little time. I suppose (with mild jocularity)—it's a fashionable fish—wants to come in with a “little head sunning over with curls,” as the poet says.

Horatia. Please don't make jokes of that sort—unless you wish to destroy the little appetite I have left!

Augustus (penitently). Never mind—I won't do it again. Here's our Waiter at last. Now we're all right!

[The Waiter puts a dish down upon another table, and advances with the air of a family friend who brings bad tidings.]

Horatia. Will you kindly let us have that trout at once?

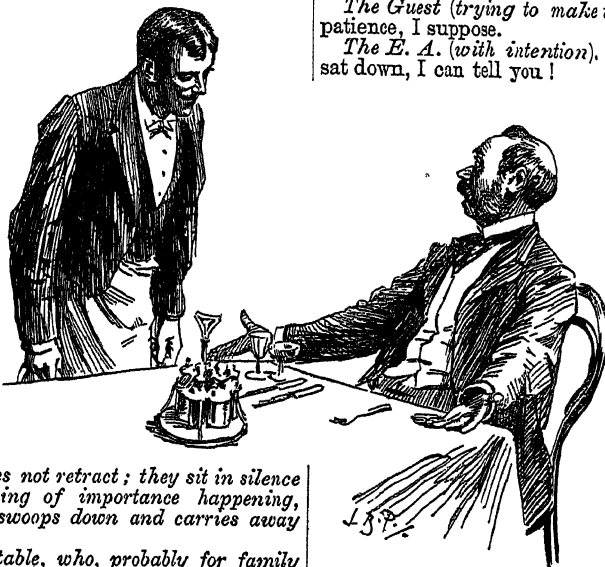
The Waiter (bending down to AUGUSTUS with pity and sympathy). Fery sorry to dell you, especially after keebin you so long waiting, bot (thinks how he can break it most gently) ve haf so many people hier to-day, and zey haf shust dold me in ze gitchen zere is no more drout. Zis hote vedder ze drout, he vill nod stay!

Augustus (mildly). No, of course not—well, let me see, now, what can you —?

The E. A. Here, you Kellner, come here, can't you? What the— Waiter (to AUGUSTUS). Von minute. I gom back bresently. (To E. A.) You want your pill, Sir, yes?

The E. A. (exploding). My bill! Confound it! I want something to eat first. When is that Bisque coming?

Waiter. Ach, peg your bardon, ve haf been so pusy all day. Your Bisque vill pe retty diregly. I go to vetch him. [He goes.]



Horatia. Now we're farther off from getting any food than ever! I suppose you mean to do something, AUGUSTUS?

Augustus. Of course—certainly. I shall speak very strongly. (Bleating.) Waiter!

Horatia (with scorn). Do you imagine they will pay the least attention to a noise like a sixpenny toy? Let them see you insist upon being obeyed.

Augustus. I am—I mean, I will—I am very much annoyed. (Fiercely.) Wa-ai-ter!

A Stern Waiter (appearing suddenly.) You want somsing, Sir?

Augustus (apologetically). Yes; we should—er—like something to eat—anything—so long as you can bring it at once, if you don't mind. We—this Lady is rather in a hurry, and we've waited some little time already, you see.

The Waiter. Peg your bardon, zis is nod my daple. I send your Waiter. [He vanishes.]

The E. A. Scandalous! over twenty minutes we've been here! Ha! at last! (A Waiter appears with a tureen, which he uncovers.) Here, what do you call this?

Waiter. Grôte au Bot—you order him, yes? No? I dake him away!

[He whisks it away, to the chagrin of Guest, who thought it smelt nice.]

The E. A. I ordered Bisque—where is it? and I want some wine, too—a pint of Pommery '84, and a small lager. If they're not here very soon, I'll —

The Guest (trying to make the best of things). Nothing for it but patience, I suppose.

The E. A. (with intention). I had very little of that left before I sat down, I can tell you!

A Sarcastic and Solitary Diner.

Waiter, could you spare me one moment of your valuable time?

(The Waiter halts irresolutely.)

It is so long since I had the pleasure of speaking to you, that you may possibly have forgotten that about three-quarters of an hour ago I ventured to express a preference for an Entrecôte aux pommes de terre with a half-bottle of Beaune. Could you give me any idea how much longer those rare dainties may take in preparing, and in the meantime enable me to support the pangs of starvation by procuring me the favour of a penny roll, if I am not trespassing too much upon your good-nature?

[The Waiter, in a state of extreme mystification and alarm, departs to inform the Manager.]

The E. A.'s Waiter (reappearing with a small plated bowl, champagne bottle and glass of lager.) I regret fery moch to haf to dell you zat zere is only shust enough Bisque for von person.

[He bows with well-bred concern.]

The E. A. Confound it all! (To Guest.) Here, you'd better take this, now it's here. Afraid of it, eh? Well, Bisque is apt to disagree with some people. (To Waiter.) Give it to me, and bring this gentleman some gravy soup, or whatever else you have ready. (He busies himself with his Bisque, while the Guest, in pure absence of mind, drinks the champagne with which the Waiter has filled his glass.)

Here, what are you doing? I didn't order lager. (Perceives the mistake.) Oh, you've changed your mind, have you? (To Guest.) All right, of course, only it's a pity you couldn't say so at once. (To W.) Another pint of Pommery, and take this lager stuff away. (Exit W.; the unfortunate Guest, in attempting to pass the bottle, contrives to decant it into his host's soup.)

Hullo, what the—there—(controlling himself). You might have left me the soup, at all events! Well—well—it's no use saying any more about it. I suppose I shall get something to eat some day.

[General tumult from several tables; appeals to the Waiters, who lose their heads and upbraid one another in their own tongue; HORATIA threatens bitterly to go in search of buns and lemonade at a Refreshment Bar. Sudden and timely appearance of energetic Manager; explanations, apologies, promises. Magic and instantaneous production of everybody's dinner. Appetite and anger appeased, as Scene closes in.]

N.B.—Mr. Punch wishes it to be understood that the above sketch is not intended as a reflection upon any of the deservedly popular restaurants existing at present in either exhibition.



PARLIAMENTARY NIGHT-BIRDS.

MEDICINAL MUSIC.

(A Growl from a "Quiet Street.")

["There is a disposition just now to revive discussion upon a very old subject, namely the curative influence of Music in cases of mental and bodily disease."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

CURATIVE Music? Just as well expect
An Influenza-cure from Demogor-
gon!

Some dolts there be, no doubt, who
would detect

Anodyne influence in a barrel-
organ;

A febrifuge in a flat German Band,
A prophylactic in a street-piano!
Some quackery a man can understand,
But Music I'll not take, even *cum*
grano. [say,

I don't believe what classic noodles
That Music stopped the hæmor-
rhage of ULYSSES;

That CATO's stiffened joints attained
free play

From harmony of sounds. Such
"rot" sense hisses.

I'd just as soon believe the Theban
walls

Were twangled into place by young
Amphion.

Bah! Minds made sane by Music's
scrapes and squalls?

Not *mine*, though the lyre-thrum-
ber were ARION.

Drums, trumpets, fiddles, organs—
all are bad.

And vocal fireworks are far worse
than vanity.

Stop, though! I'm sane, and they
just drive me mad;

So Music may drive *idiots* into
sanity!



AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Distinguished Amateur (with good Method but small Voice, suddenly jumping up from Piano). "LOOK HERE, ALGY. I DO CALL IT BEASTLY BAD FORM FOR YOU AND SIKES TO TALK WHEN I'M SINGING!"
Algy. "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN—AWFULLY SORRY—DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SINGING, YOU KNOW!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 23, 12'15 A.M.—House just adjourned; a little dazed by shock of narrow escape from grievous danger. Been at it through greater part of night debating Second Reading of Education Bill. JULIUS' ANNIBAL PICTON led off with speech of fiery eloquence. The SQUIRE of MALWOOD declares he never listens to J. A. P. without an odd feeling that there have been misfits. Both his voice and his gestures are, he says, too large for him. But that, as ALGERNON BORTHWICK shrewdly points out, is professional jealousy supervening on the arrogance of excessive stature. The SQUIRE, though not lacking in moods of generosity, cannot abear a rival in the oratorical field. Had things turned out differently to-night, he might have enjoyed the advantage of addressing House at this favourable hour, whilst its withers were yet unwrung.



Sir Algernon.

But JULIUS' ANNIBAL has not studied his great ancestor's strategy for nothing. As soon as Second Reading of Education Bill appeared on the paper, he romped in, and put down Amendment. Needn't move it; didn't mean to move it; doesn't move it; but he gets first place in principal Debate of Session, and shows himself worthy of it by the luminous argument and almost passionate eloquence of his oration.

It wasn't that the House was disturbed about. The particular incident arose a quarter of an hour before midnight, when CRANBORNE suddenly got up and moved Adjournment of Debate. J. A. had bowled him and others over in the earlier part of the Sitting; but there was a second night, and the HOPE of HATFIELD determined he would collar that. Had the Motion for Adjournment been accepted, he would, in accordance with usage, have opened the ball when the House met again once more, fresh, and in the mood to listen. But JOKIM objected to losing the quarter of an hour.

"We can," he said, pleasantly, "bear another speech."

All right; CRANBORNE only a private Member, and modest withal; not the person to argue with his pastors and masters. So resumed his seat. If they wanted to use up the time, let some one else speak through the quarter of an hour. Had things been so left, the listening Senate and the waiting world would never have heard CRANBORNE in this Debate. As the SPEAKER gently pointed out to him, having moved the Amendment he had exhausted his privilege of speaking. He might sustain his thesis at any length, or, being on his legs, might continue the Debate without insisting on his Motion for the Adjournment. But he must speak now, or for ever hold his tongue as far as the Debate was concerned. This was awkward, but no help for it; so CRANBORNE plunged in and talked up to midnight, when the Debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Another night with Education Bill. Position rather peculiar; everyone, or nearly everyone, in state of frantic adulation of the measure; and yet everyone passing the cradle in which the infant slumbers gives it a sly pinch. Here and there a Ministerialist gets up and honestly denounces a Bill embodying principle which Conservatives been led for generations to denounce. BARTLEY last night made capital speech in this sense. To-night LAWRENCE bluntly declares his regret that good Tories should be asked to support principles which they, under their present Leaders, violently opposed at General Election of 1885. ADDISON blandly and persuasively attempts to stem this growing torrent of discontent. "The change of opinion on this side of the House," he said, hitching on one side an imaginary wig, clutching at an imperceptible gown, and turning over the pages of an impalpable brief, "is owing to the fact that circumstances and times have altered. It is the duty of statesmen,"—and here ADDISON, like another Fat Boy known to history, wisely swelled,—"to adapt themselves to the necessities of the case."

JENNINGS, speaking from the Bench immediately behind ADDISON, had no patience with this kind of argument. "Six years I've sat in this House, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "and during that time have seen measures which we Conservatives have been encouraged, almost instructed, to denounce, cordially received by our Leaders and passed into law. For my part, I cannot flourish on this diet of broken pledges. One might eat of it now and then, but when continually invited to the same dish, it becomes a little monotonous."

OLD MORALITY happily out of the way of hearing all this. Gone off, and wisely left no address. People walking along Downing Street, find written over the door at the Treasury, "Back in Ten Minutes." That's all; neither date nor hour specified. Ten minutes roll on, and OLD MORALITY comes not. But he sometimes communicates with his most intimate friends. Have this morning a note from him.

"I send these few lines," he writes, "hoping they will find you well as they leave me at present. Talking about lines, mine have fallen in pleasanter places than yours, or JOKIM's chance to be just now. Some people are inclined to deny me the faculty of humour. But I think the merry-go-round of leaving JOKIM in charge of the Free Education Bill is pretty well for a beginner. Everything must have a commencement. Now I've started I may in time become a regular JOSEPH MILLER. Excuse my not mentioning my present address, and be sure that wherever I am, I am animated solely by desire to do my duty to Queen and Country, and to meet the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in whatever part of the House they may sit. If you want to write to me, address 'Mr. SMITH, England.' I have reason to believe that so perfect is the machinery of the Post Office under the direction of my Right Hon. friend, that the missive thus directed will not fail to reach its destination."

Business done.—On Second Reading of Education Bill.

Thursday.—An old acquaintance looked in at Lobby to-night. When he was here, we used to call him LONG LAWRENCE. Now he is one of Her MAJESTY'S Judges, and we must behave to him as such.



Long Lawrence.

"How're you getting on here, TOBY?" he said, just as friendly as if he were still at the Bar.

"As your Ludship pleases," I replied, too old a Parliamentary Hand to be inveigled into familiarity by his unassuming manner.

Fact is, as, on his further entreaty, I proceeded to explain to the learned Judge, we are getting on very well indeed. Truce been called in party conflict, and is strictly observed. Mr. G. is absent on sick leave—not keeping out of the way of Education Bill, as some will have it. OLD MORALITY back to-night; came down in a penny 'bus, in final effort to elude discovery of his place of recent retreat. PARNELL also absent; news comes to-night that his business is matrimonial; graphic accounts current of his expedition "in a one-horse vehicle" from Brighton to Steyning.

"If," says his Ludship, fresh from a Criminal Court, "he had been committing a burglary, and was getting off with the loot in the one-horse O'Shay, he could not have taken fuller precautions to evade pursuit."

At first some doubt as to truth of story. Been rumoured often before. Then comes, in special edition of evening paper, the detail: "The ceremony being concluded, Mr. and Mrs. PARNELL drove away in the direction of Bramber, Mrs. PARNELL taking the whip and reins."

"Ah!" said DICK POWER, "that's KITTY, and no mistake. She always takes the whip and reins. Bet you three to one the trick's done."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD faithful at his post, but he, too, observant of the Truce. Everyone tired to death of dulllest Session ever lived through, and chiefly anxious to bring it to an end.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday.—In Lords to-night, Irish Land Purchase Bill read Second Time, after series of essays delivered by half dozen Peers. Point of honour not to take less than one hour in delivery. DERBY brought down his contribution nicely written out on quarter sheets. Whilst ASHBOURNE declaiming, DERBY seized opportunity to read his speech over to himself. This all very well if he had strictly carried out intention, but, when he grew so interested in it as to mumble passages in an audible voice, situation grew embarrassing. At last KIMBERLEY, who sat near, gently nudged him. "One at a time, my dear DERBY," he whispered. "We know you're accustomed to dual action. DARBY and JOAN, you know; but won't do here."

DERBY blushed, and thrust manuscript in pocket till his turn came, when he had the pleasure of reading it aloud.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill through Lords; Public Health Bill in Commons.

MISS NOMER.



Tree in Hamlet.

TREE is in the provinces he is to appear as the *Prince of Denmark*.

Now why was *The Dancing Girl* ever called *The Dancing Girl* at all? As a matter of fact she never did dance, and from last week's advertisements we find that she has been "running" ever since her first appearance. Now she's off for another run in the provinces, and then back again. Quite a theatrical illustration of the sporting term "running in and out." And when Mr. BEEBOHM

THE PURCHASE-OFFICERS' GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

(Arranged in Question and Answer Form.)

Question. I may take it that the backbone of the British Army (especially in the time of peace) are those commissioned warriors who obtained admission to the Service by paying for their footing?

Answer. Indeed you may.

Q. And, at the time when these warriors were admitted, I fancy the scientific branches of the Force (the "Gunnery" and the "Sappers") were rather looked down upon than otherwise?

A. Certainly, for you see they obtained their Commissions by brains, and not through money-bags.

Q. And now you have to complain that the Generals' Establishment has been reduced from 275 to 68?

A. A scandal and a shame! For this means that only a certain number of us can hope to wear sashes round the waist, instead of hanging down from the left shoulder.

Q. Does not promotion by selection, instead of seniority, cause you also considerable loss?

A. Unquestionably. The Purchase Officer had a right to suppose that once gazetted he would go up to the top of the tree, always supposing he was able to pay his way like an officer and a gentleman.

Q. Is it not also sad that Officers who accept half-pay should be called upon to serve in the Auxiliary Forces?

A. Not only sad, but confoundedly undignified.

Q. And do you not object to your condition generally?

A. Yes, certainly. And let me tell you the subject is *the burning* one of the hour!

Q. And what do you think of other matters affecting the welfare of the Army?

A. That they are merely details that can safely wait indefinitely the consideration of the Authorities!

THE "WHETHER" AND THE PARKS.

To ask The RANGER and the Right Honourable Mr. PLUNKET, or "Plunketto," as the name appears in the opera of *Marta*—

Whether there cannot be some improvement made in that Despondent Slough known as Rotten Row?



Whether Kensington Gardens, now sacred to nursery-maids and their charges, and a few loungers, couldn't be opened up with one or two good rides right across, and a few intersecting bridle-paths, after the fashion of the Bois de Boulogne, and thus relieve the monotony of the Row, which is getting more and more Rotten after every shower, and more and more crowded every summer?

Whether, as every equestrian is rightly complaining, something cannot be done in time for the season of 1892?

VOCES POPULI.

MORE POT-POURRI FROM THE PARK.

SCENE—The Park, near Cumberland Gate, on almost any fine afternoon. Behind the rails separating the turf from the paths, Orators, Preachers, and Reciters are holding forth, for the delectation of small groups, who are mostly engaged in discussing some totally different subject. A set debate, with a time-limit, and a purely ornamental Chairman, is in progress between a Parnellite and an Anti-Parnellite. The reader will kindly imagine himself to be passing slowly along the line.

A Youthful Socialist (haranguing the usual crowd of well-to-do loungers, and working himself up to the requisite white-heat of factitious fury). And what are these Capitalists? I'll tell yer. Jest a lot o' greedy gobblers and profit-mongering sharks, as eat up the smaller fry. And what are you? Why, you're the small fish as eat mud—and let yourselves be gobbled! (The crowd accept this definition of themselves with perfect gaiety and good-humour.) Some will tell yer that these lazy, idle loafers, work as hard as what we do ourselves. (Derisive laughter at this ridiculous idea.) Mind yer, I'm not saying they don't. *Honny*, the 'arder they work, the worse it is for us; because the more they work the more they rob! That's what they send their sons to Oxford and to Cambridge—as was built and endowed for the benefit of us, the labourin' classes—for. They send 'em there to learn 'ow to rob!

[Here a discussion breaks out between a Sceptic and a Spiritualist, who, with half-a-dozen interested auditors, have been putting their heads together in a corner.

The Sceptic. No,—but keep to the point,—you're shufflin' the question. I want to argue this out on logical grounds. I know as well as you do that, if only I 'ave 'armony and a round table in my family, I can make that table dance the poker—but what I'm puttin' to you is (triumphantly), 'ow does that prove to me as I'm in communication with the Bogie Man? That's what you've got to answer.

The Y. S. We Soshalists 'ate the Tories as we 'ate sin. Why, young polertician as I ham, &c., &c.

The Spiritualist (an elderly and earnest person). All I can reply to you is, we Spiritualists do not think—we know that these phenomena appear—yes, as surely as I know I am 'oldin' this stick in my 'and.

The Sceptic (pityingly). There you go again, yer see—that stick ain't the point. I can see the stick. A stick ain't a phenomena—you're confusin' two different things. Now I'm goin' to offer you a fair challenge. You perdooce me a Spirit—not in a back room, with the lights out, but 'ere, in broad daylight, in this Park—you get that Spirit to naturalise itself, or whatever you call it, and I'll believe in 'im. Come, now!

A Bystander. Ah, that's the way to corner 'is sort. 'E knows 'e can't do it!

The Spiritualist (with a smile of sad superiority). Ridicule ain't argment. [The discussion continues.

The Young Socialist. Don't tork to me of Patriotism! What have the likes of you and me got to be patriotic about? I'm a Universalist, I am, and so long as a man rallies round our glorious Red Flag (here he waves a dingy scarlet rag on a stick), it's all one to me whether his own colour is black, yellor, green, brown, or white!

[Applause.
Recit. Number One (in the midst of a thrilling prose narrative about a certain "ARRY," who has apparently got into legal difficulties by throwin' a cocoa-nut stick at a retired Colonel). Well, I like it. 'o the Court 'ouse, and there, sure enough, was my pore mate "I" in the dock, and there was hold (Ginger-whiskers (laughter) a "S" on the bench along with the hother beaks, lookin' biliouser, and pepperier, and more happierplecticker nor ever! "Prison-ar," he sez, addressin' 'ARRY (imitation of the voice and manner of a retired Colonel), "Prison-ar, 'ave you—har—hanythink to say in your beyarf—har?" And then, hall of a sudden, I sor a flash come into my dear 'ole comride 'ARRY's heyes, as he strightened 'imself in the dock, and gave the milingtery slood, and then, in a voice as sounded as true and sweet and clear as a bell, he sez—

A Dingy and Unprepossessing Preacher (unctuously). Well, beloved friends, as I was telling yer, I went 'ome to the 'ouse of that pious Methodist lady, and she told me as 'ow she 'ad two dear unconverted sons, an' I knelt down (&c., &c.), an' after that we 'ad our tea, and then I preached a sermon—ah, I well remember I took my tex from (&c., &c.)—an' then she gave me supper (more unctuously still), as nice a bit o' cold beef and 'ome-brewed ale as ever I wish to taste, and I slep' that blessed night in a warm comfortable bed—and this (drawing the inevitable moral) this brings me round to what I started on, inasmuch as it proves (with a

forbidding smile) as 'ow yer may sometimes hentertain a angel un-awares!

Reciter Number Two (giving his own private version of "The Ticket of Leave Man.") Fourpence 'ap'ny, Gentlemen, is not a very 'arty nor corjial recognition of my talent; 'owever, I will now perceed with the Drammer. The Curtain rises upon the Second Act. Hover three years 'ave elapsed since Robert Brierley—(&c.) We are in May Hedwardses lodgings. She is torkin to 'er goldfinch. If you boys don't give over larkin' and stand back, you'll get a cuff on some of your 'eds. "Goldie," she sez, "I've 'ad a letter from 'Im this morning!" And the bird puts his little 'ed a one side, and a most seems as if he compre'ended 'er meanin'! Mrs. Willoughby is 'eard outside sayin', "May I come in?" I will now hendeavour to give you a imitation of Mrs. Willoughby.

[He cocks his hat rather more on one side, to indicate feminine garrulity, and continues.

Anti-Parnellite Irishman (warmly). Is it kape to the point? Oi till that white-feced an' black-hearted loiar, TIM MURPHY, that if he interrups me wance more whoile o'im in possession o' the chair, oi'll step down an' call 'm to order by landin' 'um a clump on the conk!

Reciter Number Three (who is working his way through a blood-curdling poem, with a hat on the ground before him):—

And on came them maddened 'orses, with their foi-ery, smokin' breath;

As were bearin' the woman I lurved to a crule and 'orrible death!

'Ow could I save my darlin' from layin' a mangled 'eap On the gorrs below where the buttercups blow, along of the inncent sheep!

(Wildly.) I felt my brine was reelin'—I 'adn't a minnit to lose!

[He strains forward, in agony.

With a stifled prayer, and a gasp for air, I— [Here he suddenly becomes aware of an overlooked penny on the grass, and replaces it carefully in the hat before proceeding.

First Bystander (discussing Physical Courage with a friend). No, I never 'ad no pluck. I don't see the use of it myself—on'y gits you into rows. (Candidly.) I'm a blanky coward, I am.

His Friend (admiringly). Give us yer 'and. Yer can't be a blankier coward than me!

The A. P. (with just pride). Oi've been wan o' the biggest libertines in this or anny other city in me toime—there's no blagardism oi'd have put beyant me—but oi till ye this. If PARNELL was to come up to me here, now, and ask me to sheek um by the hand, oi'd say, "Shtand back, ye d—d soundthrel!" Ah, oi would that!

Belated Orator (perorating to an embarrassed stranger on a seat before him, under a muddled impression that he is addressing a spell-bound multitude). I tell yer—yes, hevery man, and hevery woman among yer—(Here he bends forward, and touches his hearer's right and left elbow impressively)—don't you go away under the impression I'm talking of what I don't understan'! (The Stranger shifts his leg and looks another way.) I speak sense, don't I? You never 'eard nothin' like this afore, any of yer, 'ave yer? That's because I read between the lines! (Waving his arm wildly.) An' I want heach man and boy of you to 'member my words, and hact upon them when the time comes!

[Here he staggers off with a proud and exalted air, to the immense relief of his hearer.

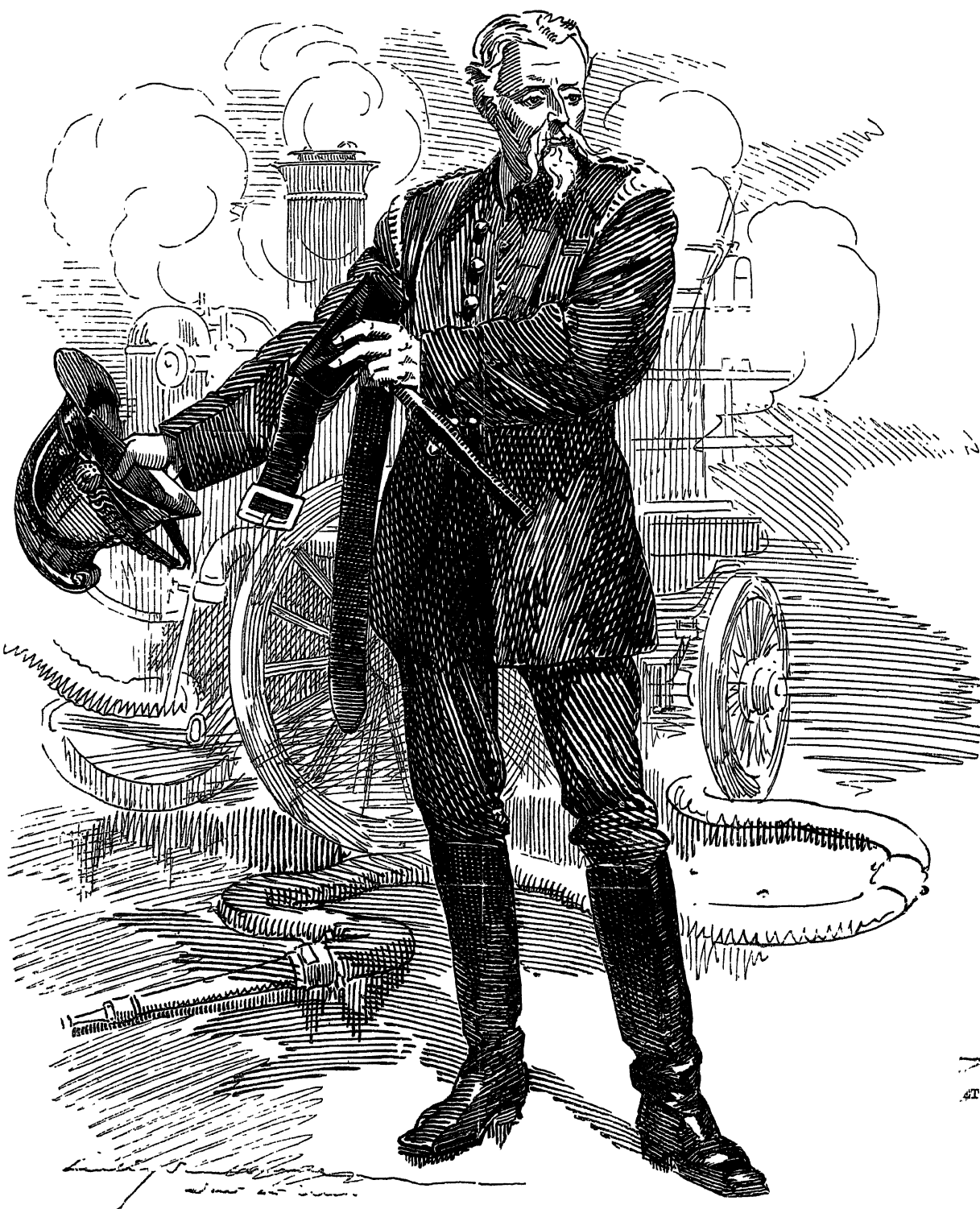
A Professional Pietist (with a modest working capital of one hymn and a nasal drone). "My richest gynes" . . . (To Charitable Passer. A copper, Sir? bless your kind 'art!) "I cayount" . . . (Examining it. A bloomin' French 'ap'ny!) . . . "but loss; And pour contemp" . . . (Call yerself a Christian gen'lman, yer—&c.) . . . "on a—a—ll my pride!"

(Here the Reader will probably have had enough of it.)

A REAL TREAT.—Advice to Covent-gardeners.—If Carmen is to be done again this season with the same cast as it had on Saturday last, no one who cares for an exceptionally first-rate performance should miss this opera-tunity. There is no better representative of Carmen than Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN,—how can there be, since the Spanish Gipsy heroine of the plot is herself a Loose'un? Madame MELBA was charming as Mickie Ella, the Irish girl in Spain. M. LASSALLE appeared as Escamillo, the bull-fighter, in a novel, and doubtless a correct, costume, and his great Toréador song was vociferously encored. Then, finally, JEAN DE RESKÉ, who made of the usually idiotic Don José a fine acting as well as a fine singing part. It drew a big house, and would have been a pretty dish to set before an Emperor on Wednesday, if, on that occasion, the Opera itself were the only consideration.



THE FIRE KING'S ABDICATION.



T, or

"My palate is parched with Pierian thirst,
 Away to Parnassus I'm beckoned."
 I sing of the glories of Fire King the First!
 (Who's fit to be Fire King the Second?)
 Captain EYRE MASSEY SHAW is a "Sovereign"
 indeed,
 Abdicating? Alas! that too true is;
 For he's a Fire King of a different breed
 From the Monarch described by MONK LEWIS.

No mere King of Flames, fiery-faced *à la*
 SKELT,
 Inhabiting regions most torrid,
 With a breath that is warranted copper to
 And eyes indescribably horrid. [melt,
 He hath not a blazing Bardolphian nose,
 He is not *flamboyant* or furious; [hose;
 His Crown's a brass helmet, his Sceptre a
 True Fire King,—all others are spurious.

For he rules the flames; he has done so for
 And now that he talks of retiring, [long;
 Men mourn for the fire-queller cautious and
 strong,
 Whose reign they've so long been admiring.
 Clear-headed, cool Captain, great chief
 All London is sorry to lose you; [M.F.B.,
 As kindly as kingly, from prejudice free;
 No danger could daunt or confuse you.

As doffing your helmet, and dropping your hose,
You bid us farewell, we all own you

As one of Fiend Fire's most redoubtable foes;
As that thirty years we have known you.

Our Big Boards might job, and our Big Wigs might jaw,
But, spite of their tricks and their cackle,

One Chief we could trust; we were sure that our SHAW
His duty would manfully tackle.

So farewell, great Fire King!
Your crown you lay by;
E'en you cannot lay by your credit.

Ignipotent Knight? Well, you ought to stand high
In the next Honour-List!
Punch has said it!

OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

(SECOND LETTER. — B.)

The Magnum Opus.

A propos of this heading, what a treasure a *Magnum Opal* would be. This remark is only "by the way." My motto is Business First, Play (on words) afterwards. So to work.



REALLY think I shall take to Guide-book writing. *Grandolph's Guides* would be immensely popular. I'm sure I can do it—for upon my word I can do almost anything if I only buckle to. By the way, 'Buckle' suggests history. Can go in for "making history" when I've done this work. WILLIAMS—not MONTAGU the Magistrate—(good title this for something)—but my friend the Companionable Captain—is at work; when he has done, he reads out a few des-

criptive paragraphs for my approbation, or the contrary. When I nod it means that I like it; when I don't nod, he has to wait till I do. I generally begin nodding about the middle of the first paragraph.

"Well," says he, the other day, quite suddenly, "I'm glad you like it all so much."

"Like all what?" I exclaimed, blowing the cigar-ash off my pyjamas, and wondering to myself how I could have been so absorbed in his reading aloud as to have let my half-smoked havannah tumble on to the floor.

"Why, all I've been reading to you for the last hour and a half," returned the Captain, apparently somewhat annoyed; peppery chap, the Captain.—"Curried" Captain when on board Sir DONALD's boat,—but to resume. Says the Curried Captain, still a bit annoyed, "You passed all the paragraphs, one after the other, and whenever I stopped to ask you how you liked it, you nodded."

I didn't like to hurt the gallant scribe's feelings, but the fact is that he, as a reader, has a very soothing-syrupy tone, and, I fancy, that in less than a quarter of an hour, judging by the moiety of my cigar, I must have fallen fast asleep.

"That's posted, is it?" I ask, evading further explanation.

"It is," he answers. "But I've got another lot—"

"Good!" I interrupt him, rather abruptly I own, but, from experience I say it, if I don't take myself when in the humour—"on the hop," so to speak, as they said of the *scarabæus* in Kent—(trust me for

natural history and plenty of it)—I'm no use at all. Now at this moment I am wide awake, a giant refreshed; so I light another fragrant weed, and call for another cool drink, as I haven't the smallest idea what became of the one I ordered when the Gallant Graphist commenced reading; I rather suspect he 'put it to his lips when so disposed,' and that, in this instance also, he mistook my nod for silent but emphatic encouragement.

"Now," I say to the Amiable Amanuensis and Adaptable Author, "you read your stuff aloud with emphasis and discretion, and I'll chuck in the ornamental part. Excuse me, that's my drink," I say, with an emphasis on the possessive pronoun, for the Soldierly Scribe, in a moment of absorption, was about to apply that process to my liquor. He apologises handsomely, and commences his recital. In the absence of a gong,—one ought never to travel without a gong,—I whack the tea-tray with a paper-knife. "All in to begin!"

"The mail train," &c., &c. I make my notes, and remark that MURRAY and BRADSHAW lost a great chance in not having long ago secured the services of the Corresponding Captain. "The railroad passes through mountain scenery of exceptional," &c., &c. BRADSHAW and MURRAY, not to mention BAEDERER and BLACK, absolutely not in it with the Wandering Warrior. "About thirty miles from Cape Town"

A SIMPLE SUGGESTION.

I stop him at this point. "Couldn't we have a song here?"

"Why?" asks the Simple Soldier, glaring at me, and pulling his moustache.

"Just to lighten it up a bit," I explain. "You see 'About thirty miles' and so forth, suggests the old song of *Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town*."

"Don't see it," says the Virtuous Veteran, stolidly.

"Well, I'll make a note of it," and I add pleasantly, as is my way, "if it's a song, I'll make several notes of it."

"Um!" growls the Severe Soldier, and once again I defeat him in an attempt at surprising my outpost, i.e., my tumbler of cool drink. He apologises gruffly but politely, and then continues his reading.

ON WE GOES AGAIN.

He continues to read about "distances," "so many feet above sea-levels," "engineering skill," &c., &c., which I observe to him will all make capital padding for a guide-book, when I am suddenly struck by the sound of the word I had just used, viz., 'padding.'

PADDINGTON.

"By Jove!" I exclaim.

"What is it?" asks the Confused Captain, looking up from his MS.

"Padding," I reply—"Only add a 'ton' to it, and that will give it just the weight I require. Don't you see?" I ask him, impetuously. But he merely shakes his head, and lugs at his moustache. I explain the idea, as if it were a charade. I say, "The whole notion is 'padding—ton.' See?"

The Ruminating Reader thinks it won't do. "Yes it will," I urge—"it will lighten it up. Who wants statistics without anecdote? Now for an anecdote; and I knock one off, *sur le champ*, about the engine-driver, the stoker, and several other persons, all on the look-out for promotion, informing me of their being *Paddington men of considerable political influence at home*. The Cautious Captain accepts the anecdote, interpolates it, and after I have called for and imbibed another tumbler of 'my own partik,' and lighted another cigar, the Conscientious Captain resumes his entertainment.

NO PIANO.

He reads on. Another drink, just to rivet my attention. Will he take something? No? Then I will. His health, and song—I mean 'treatise,' or whatever he calls it—say 'lecture.' Wish we'd had a piano. Never will travel without one again. *Mem.*—Gong and piano. I don't pretend to be a thorough musician, but as a one-fingered player I'd give Sir CHARLES HALLÉ odds and beat him. Now then—let's see where were we. Another tumbler iced. Good. *Allez!* Captain, go ahead!

Somehow or another, after this—that is, I can only time it by the fact of my having called for a fourth or fifth glass of iced drink, or it may have been my half-dozen, for time does fly so,—the Captain having, I suspect, drank the greater part of the previous one whenever I didn't happen to be looking that way—I begin to think I must have once more given my assent by nodding to a lot of stuff of which I could not have heard more than three pages, as, when I arouse myself from my reverie, the tumbler is empty, the Captain has gone out, and so has my cigar.

AWAY! AWAY!

"Action is the word!" said I, suddenly jumping up; and, having seized a spade, and provided myself with a large sack, which I carried across my shoulders, I set off for the diamond-fields. Unrecognised by a soul, I went to work on my own account;



and the brilliant things I saw—far more brilliant than even the witticisms of WOLFFY, or the sarcasms of ARTHUR B! Into my sack go thousands of diamonds! The sack is full! *Aladdin* and the Lamp not in it with me! "Hallo!" shouts a voice, gruffly. I could see no one. "*Vox et præterea nil*," as we used to say at Eton. Suddenly I felt myself collared. I made a gallant attempt at resistance. A spade is a spade I know, but what is a spade and one against twenty with pistols and daggers, headed by the redoubtable Fillibusterer THOMAS TIDDLER himself? "Strip him!" said T. T., shortly.

Will you believe that the only way in which in this country they arrive at implicitly believing every word you utter, is by denuding you of all your clothes, so as to get at the naked truth, holding you



up by the heels for the purpose of shaking the diamonds out of you, in case any are concealed in your hair, mouth, ears, eyes and so forth. "He has diamonds on the brain!" I hear some ruffian exclaim, and in another second—

Well—what happened I cannot tell you: I must have fainted. When I came to myself I was lying by the chair in which I had been previously sitting when listening to the Captain's reading, and bending over me with a glass of water in his hand, was the faithful and clever Doctor whose companionship on this voyage of discovery I am daily and hourly learning to appreciate at its proper value. I fancy the ship's crew were round about me, with the Engineer and the Chaplain. I feel inclined to say, "HARDY, HARDY, kiss me, HARDY!" and then something about "Tell them at home"—but the words stuck in my throat, as they did in *Macbeth's* throat (only they were other words) when he was on his throat-sticking expedition. (Little Shakspearian reference thrown in here, and no extra charge.) "How many of these has he had?" I hear the Doctor say, and I perceived that he was holding up an empty tumbler. I should like to explain that, as we were engaged in composition, there had been 'composing draughts.' I fancy I caught the tone of the Clever Captain's voice in reply, but the next minute I felt myself being lifted up and carried off. I wished to tell them of my strange adventure, and how I had barely escaped with my life, but somehow drowsiness overcame me, and I must have fallen asleep.

BUSINESS AS BEFORE.

To-day I sit down to write out this strange story. Once I asked the Cautious Captain and the Doubting Doctor "if they had seen anything of my pickaxe and the sack of diamonds." But they only smiled at one another, elevated their eyebrows, then winked, and laughed. What is their little game?

No matter. I will lie low. My motto is "Diamonds are trumps." I'm not here as *Aladdin* for nothing. "Aha!" as the old melodramatic villain used to say, "a time will come! No matter!"

RATHER CURRIE-OUS!

I don't know whether it is owing to my voyage in a DONALD CURRIE steamer—'twas the first opportunity that ever I had of tasting a DONALD CURRIE, and excellent it is, as of course, was all our "board" on board—(send this joke to WOLFFY—he'll work it up and make a real *impromptu* sparkler of it—and I don't grudge him

the *kudos* of it, not one little bit)—or to the change of air, but I am bound to say openly that I do think the G.O.M. has been right about most things, especially about Majuba (who was *Pa JUBA*? Send this to DRUMMY WOLFFY), and—well, I shall have more to say on this subject. If this meets the eye of any friendly person, will he kindly remember me to my Uncle? Thanks. That's the ticket. More anon.

Grandolph the Explorer.

ROBERT ON THE HEMPERER'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

THE pore overworked Committee has gone and got themselves into a nice mess, and all by their kindness in wanting to let as many people as possible see the grate show on Friday. They has aeshally bin and ordered a grate bilding with rows of seats, out in Gildhall Yard, enuff to hold about a thousand Ladies and Gentlemen, all in their best close, with capital views of everybody and everything, and now they are told that it won't be possible not to give em nothing to heat or to drink, tho' they must set there quite quiet for at least three hours! I wonder what they will all think of Copperashun Horspitality after that!

I'm told as one werry respectable but ancient Deputy aeshally surgested, that after the Hemperer and Hempress and their sweet had all gone home, all the whole thousand starving visitors should be turned into Gildhall and allowed to eat and drink all the fragments as was left. Yes, Mr. Deputy, all very kind and thortful of you as regards the harf-starved visitors, but how about us Waiters? You, with all your experience, ewidentally don't know the wally of what such eminent Swells as Hemperers and Hempresses leaves on their plates, and the skrambel for 'em drectly as they leaves. Why, I have aeshally seen with my owa estonished eyes, a lady, after enquiring of me which chair a suttan elustreous person had set in, stoop down and kiss its harm, wich was nex to kissin his hand, and then give harf-a-crown for harf a happel as was left on the plate! Ah, that's what I calls true loyalty, and werry much it is admired by all of us.

I hunderstands as the Government, wanting to estonish the Hemperer, has lent the City a reglar army of troops to stand on both sides of the Streets from Buckinham Pallis all the way to Gildhall. And in case the estonishing site shood make him feel just a leetle dazed, the jolly old Copperashun has bin and gone and hired no less than three Millingerry Bands of Music to play to him, and cheer him up.

There was a talk of engaging all the many German Bands, as makes our streets so musical, to give the Hemperer a sorrinyade at Lunch; but Mr. WEST HILL, of the Gildhall Skool of Music, thort it might be too much for His Madjesty's feelinx, so the highdear was given up. I weryly bleeves that of all the many anxious buzzzoms as is a beating with suppressed emotion for next Friday, the carnest and the all serenest of the lot is that of

ROBERT.

"A BOOK OF BURLESQUE."

A VOLUME most welcome on table or desk Is DAVENPORT ADAMS's *Book of Burlesque*. He deals with the subject from earliest days, To modern examples and Gaiety plays. We've extracts from PLANCHÉ and GILBERT to hand, With puns ta'en from BYRON and jokes from BURNAND. There's fun at your asking wherever you look, And not a dull page you'll declare in the book. You'll find it delightful, for no one Macadams The road of the reader like DAVENPORT ADAMS.

LIBERTY AND LICENCE.—It is said that *The Maske of Flowers* would never have drawn gold on Monday last to the coffers of that excellent charity, the Convalescent Home at Westgate-on-Sea had not one of the Prominent Performers consented to become the responsible and actual Manager of the "Theatre Royal, Inner Temple." By the terms of his licence he was bound, amongst other things, to see that no smoking was permitted in the auditorium, no exhibition of wild beasts was allowed on the premises, and no hanging took place from the flies. It is satisfactory to learn (that, in spite of many Benchers being present) none of these wholesome regulations were infringed. It is true that the Music of the *Maske* was duly executed, but then this painful operation was conducted (by Mr. PRENDERGAST) from the floor of the building, and not from its roof. Thus the orders of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN were strictly observed by a Barrister, who can now claim to have been Manager of a genuine Temple of the Drama.

A REMINDER.—MR. EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN, in *Baily's Magazine*, quoted by the P. M. G. last Thursday, complains "that cricket, the most popular of games, fills so small a space in literature." Does he forget that CHARLES DICKENS devoted one entire Christmas Book to *The Cricket on the Hearth*?

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. I.—TO SOCIAL AMBITION.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,

I TRUST you will observe and appreciate the discreet ambiguity of style with which I have chosen to address you. I may assure you at once that I have done this not without considerable thought. For, though I have often watched you in the exercise of your energies, I have never yet been able to satisfy myself as to whether I ought to class you amongst our rougher sex, or include you in the ranks of those who wear high heels, and very low dresses. Sometimes you fix your place of business in a breast adequately covered by a stiff and shining shirt-front and a well-cut waistcoat.



Sometimes you inhabit the expansive bosom of a matron. Nor do you confine yourself to one class alone out of the many that go to the composition of our social life. You have impelled grocers to ludicrous pitches of absurdity; you have driven the wife of a working-man to distraction because her neighbour's front room possesses a more expensive carpet, of a spruocer pattern than her own. Clerks have suffered acutely from your stings, and actresses have spent many a sleepless night under your malign influence. You have tortured Dukes on the peaks of gracious splendour where they sit enthroned as

far above common mortals as they ought to be above the common feeling of envy; and you have caused even Queens to writhe because there happened to be a few stray Emperesses in the world.

On the whole, then, I think I do wisely in leaving the question of your sex a doubtful one. You would wish it so left yourself, otherwise so powerful a personality as yours would, I am certain, have revealed itself with greater clearness to an honest investigator, such as I humbly trust I have proved myself. But, be that as it may, I can assert with perfect confidence that you are no respecter of persons, though it must, in fairness, be added, that one of your chief functions seems to be to implant an exaggerated respect and admiration of others in the minds of your victims. In saying this I praise your impartiality, while I hint a dislike of your ordinary methods. Not that I have any hope of causing you to desist. For to desist would be to cease to exist, and I cannot fairly expect you to commit suicide, however much I may desire it. Moreover, your subjects—for, to be candid, you are a despot—seem to like you. You minister so craftily to their self-esteem, you flatter their vanity with an adroitness so remarkable, that, after a few feeble struggles, they resign themselves, body and soul, to your thrall. Even then you proceed warily. Your first labour is to collect, with patient care, all the little elements of dissatisfaction that are latent in every nature, and to blend them with the petty disappointments to which even the best of us are liable. The material thus obtained you temper with intentions that seem to be good, and eventually you forge out of it a weapon of marvellous point and sharpness, with which you mercilessly goad your victims along the path that leads to ridicule and disaster.

Let me take an instance which I am sure you will remember. When I first met little DABCHICK, I thought I had never seen a happier mortal. He was clever, good-natured, and sprightly. He sold tea somewhere in Mincing Lane, and on the proceeds of his sales he managed to support a wife and two pleasant children in reasonable comfort at Balham. Mrs. DABCHICK could not be accused by her best friends of over-refinement, but everybody agreed that she was

just the homely, comfortable, housewifely person who would always make DABCHICK happy, and be a good and careful mother to his children. Often in the old days when I came down to Balham and took pot-luck with DABCHICK, while Mrs. DABCHICK beamed serenely and middle-class satisfaction upon me from the other end of the table, and the juvenile JOHNNY DABCHICK recited in a piping treble one of Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS's most moving pieces for our entertainment, often, I say, have I envied the simple happiness of that family, and gone back to my bachelor chambers with an increased sense of dissatisfaction. Why, I thought to myself, had fate denied to me the peaceful domesticity of the DABCHICKS? I was as good a man as DABCHICK, probably, if the truth were known, a better than he. Yet there he was with a good wife, an agreeable family, and a comfortable income to compensate him for his extravagance with the letter h, while I had to toil and moil in solitary gloom.

Now, however, all is changed. In an evil moment for himself, DABCHICK speculated largely and successfully in the Gold Trust of Guatemala. In a very short time his income was multiplied by ten. The usual results followed. The happy home in Balham was given up. "People about here," said DABCHICK, "are such poor snobs"—and a more ornate mansion in South Kensington was taken in its stead. The old friends and the old habits were dropped. JOHNNY DABCHICK was sent to Eton with an immoderate allowance of pocket-money, and was promptly christened "PEKOE" by his schoolfellows. Mrs. DABCHICK rides in a huge landau with blue wheels, and leaves cards on the fringes of the aristocracy. DABCHICK himself aspires to Parliament, and never keeps the same circle of friends for more than about six months. He knows one shady Viscount to whom rumour asserts that he has lent immense sums of Guatemalan money, and the approach of a Marquis makes him palpitate with emotion. But he is a profoundly miserable man. Of that I am assured. It amuses me when I meet him in pompous society to address him lightly as "DAB," and remind him of the dear old Balham days, and the huge amount of bird's-eye we used to smoke together. For his motto now is, "*Delenda est Balhamia*"—I speak of course figuratively—and half-crown havannahs have usurped the place of the honest briar. I know the poor wretch is making up his mind to cut me, but I must bear it as best I may.

Now, my dear Sir or Madam, for this melancholy deterioration in the DABCHICKS you are entirely responsible. I am saddened as I contemplate it, and I appeal to you. Scarify Dukes and Duchesses, make vain and useless social prigs as miserable as you like, but leave the DABCHICKS of this world alone. They are simple folk, and really I cannot think that the game is worth the candle.

Believe me to be, your obedient servant,

DIOGENES ROBINSON.

BROADLY SPEAKING.

ADVISED by friend to try Norfolk Broads for holiday. Oulton Broad, Wroxham Broad, Fritton Decoy (curious name!), Yare, Waveney, and no end of other rivers. Yachting, shooting, fishing, pretty scenery, divine air, he says. Have come down to Yarmouth for a start.

Up the Bure in a yacht, and into river Thurne. All right so far. Fish scarce. My pilot says, "wait till I get to Hickling Broad. Full of bream and roach." I agree to wait.

In Hickling Broad. Surprised to find notice-boards up all round saying, "sailing" is prohibited in the Broad, also fishing and shooting! "What's the meaning of this?" I ask pilot. He says, "it's all the doings of the Lord of the Manor." Wants to keep the Broad free from tourists. He certainly does it "as to the Manor born." Quite a village autocrat. Shall I be the "Village HAMPTON?" I will.

Fishing. Several men on bank shouting at me. One comes off in a boat and serves me with a summons. This might almost be called a Broad hint to go away! But I don't go. I stop and fish. Another man comes off in boat and threatens me with action "on behalf of riparian owners." Tell him "ripe-pear-ian season isn't till Autumn, and I shall wait here till then." He doesn't see the joke—perhaps too broad for him.

Other yachtsmen, we hear, have been stopped, and threatened. Yachtsmen up in arms generally. Savage artists wander along banks, denouncing Lord of Manor of Hickling. Say they have "right of way" along banks (sounds as if they were Railway Guards). Hear that Lord of Manor is going to put a gunboat on Broad, also torpedoes. Hear, also, that Wroxham Broad—one of the biggest—is to be closed in same way.

Disgusted at such inhospitality. Back to Yarmouth. Give up yacht, and decide to go to Switzerland instead. Find Yarmouth yacht-owners furious with Hickling's Lord of Bad Manners. Say "closing the Broads will ruin them." Very likely, but it'll help the foreign hotel-keeper. Glad to see they've started a "Norfolk Broads Protection Society," subscriptions to be sent to Lloyd's Bank. "I know a Bank"—and all lovers of natural scenery and popular rights ought to know it too, and help in giving the Hickling obstructionist a "heckling," when he takes the matter (also the Manor) into Court.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

(A Scene of To-day, in a Shakspearian Setting.)

Mr. Punch. "How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'We Three?'"

Emperor. Marry, forfend, *Mr. Punch!* Well quoted indeed,

and, pertinently, from the Swan! "A mellifluous, voice, as I am a true Knight!" But talk not of things triune too openly, lest quidnuncs overhear, and L-B-CH-RE devise thereanent fresh heckling interrogations for the Treasury Bench.

Mr. Punch. Nay, Kaiser; 'tis not the actual Triple, but the conceivable Quad-ruple, that perturbs the importunates. *We Three* form an informal but fast-knit trinity, that can offend none but churls, and affright none but dullards. Peace, Good-fellowship, Wit! By my bauble, a triad that PYTHAGORAS himself might have favoured! Talking of Threes, Kaiser, it's your third visit to us—and, believe me, you are thrice welcome.

Emperor. "Yea, and I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home" (as *Jack Falstaff* put it), that—you gird not too suspiciously at those who would fain embrace her abroad!

Mr. Punch. Well quoted, Sir, though not directed to *mine* address. But "A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity." Two diseases of the time are, faction and fussiness—the one a fever, the other a prurigo. The one makes little of greatness, the other makes much of littleness. You have been the mark of both, young Hohenzollern!

Emperor. "An't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

Mr. Punch. *Falstaff* again, and pertinently applied. Fittingly did the Fat Knight say that he was not only witty himself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

Prince. By cock and pye, *Poins*,—*Punch* I mean—am I to be out of this tournament of tags, this joust of quotations? Marry, not so! [Grasps the EMPEROR'S hand cordially.]

"The Prince of WALES doth join with all the world
In praise of—Kaiser WILHELM; by my hopes,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,

More daring, or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds."

Mr. Punch. Bravo! "Delivered with good respect." Your Royal Highness has fairly capped us! *Harry Monmouth*, KAISER, could not more fitly have

"Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle."



INANITIES OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"SEEN THE ENFANT PRODIGE, MR. SOTFEY?"
"NO; WAITING TILL THEY DO IT IN ENGLISH!"

Statecraft's Scarlet Seals, or scrawly Imperial Signs-manual need we for our Amicable Treaty. A handclasp and a loving-cup shall suffice us for marking the happy accord of Peace—Goodfellowship—Mirth!!! These be verily the "Central Powers," which RUDINI might have referred to when he said,—“Our Alliance, firmly and sincerely maintained, will assure the Peace of Europe for a long time to come.” So mote it be! Let us toast them—in a Bumper!

and *Harry Hotspur* less deserved the praise.

Emperor. "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity." I can but thank you both! (To the PRINCE.)

"By heavens, I cannot flatter; I defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself."

Mr. Punch. That's as it should be. If 'twere not always wholly so—but no matter! I love not to speak in needless or heedless dispraise of dignities, of "Shouting Emperors," or "Madcap Princes," but rather—

"As in reproof of many tales devised,— Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,— By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers."

Sweet WILLIAM (of Avon, *bien entendu*), hath armed us in advance against even the latest developments of the detestable. The "base newsmongers" of the day are to be shunned as carefully as the "smiling pick-thanks." They would set strife between the two sides of a sixpence or a sovereign. In vain, let us hope! Than that Uncle should admire Nephew, and Nephew respect Uncle, who could wish more or better—for both? We Three!!! My Emperors and Heirs-Apparents, pray charge your glasses! Something like a Triple Alliance! A Veritable League of Peace! Kaiser; at least this is as pleasant as the proceedings on board the *Cobra* during her passage down the Elbe, *n'est-ce pas?* No formal appending of

[Left doing so.]



A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES DOTH JOIN WITH ALL THE WORLD
IN PRAISE OF—KAISER WILHELM; BY MY HOPES,
I DO NOT THINK A BRAVER GENTLEMAN,

"MORE ACTIVE-VALIANT, OR MORE VALIANT-YOUNG,
MORE DARING, OR MORE BOLD, IS NOW ALIVE
TO GRACE THIS LATTER AGE WITH NOBLE DEEDS."

HENLEY REGATTA.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Oarsman.)

SIR,—This letter is private and is not intended for publication. I particularly beg that you will note this, as on a former occasion some remarks of mine, which were intended only for your private eye, were printed. I of course accepted your assurance that no offence was meant, and that the oversight was



due to a person whose services had since the occurrence been dispensed with; but I look to you to take care that it shall not happen again. Otherwise the mutual confidence that should always exist between an editor and his staff cannot possibly be maintained, and I shall have to transfer my invaluable services to some other paper. The notes and prognostications which I have laboriously compiled with regard to the final results of the Regatta will arrive by the next post, and will, I flatter myself, be found to be extraordinarily accurate, besides being written in that vivid and picturesque style which has made my contributions famous throughout the civilised world.

There are one or two little matters about which I honestly desire to have your opinion. You know perfectly well that I was by no means anxious for the position of aquatic reporter. In vain I pointed out to you that my experience of the river was entirely limited to an occasional trip by steamboat from Charing Cross to Gravesend. You said that was an amply sufficient qualification, and that no aquatic reporter who respected himself and his readers, had ever so far degraded himself as to row in a boat and to place his body in any of the absurd positions which modern oarsmanship demands. Finding you were inexorable, and knowing your ridiculously hasty temper, I consented finally to undertake the arduous duties. These circumstances, however, make it essential that you should give me advice when I require it. For obvious reasons I don't much like to ask any of the rowing men here any questions. They are mostly in what they call hard training, which means, I fancy, a condition of high irritability. Their strokes may be long, but their tempers are, I regret to say, painfully short. Besides, to be candid, I don't wish to show the least trace of ignorance. My position demands that I should be omniscient, and omniscient, to all outward appearance, I shall remain.

In the first place what is a "lightship?" As I travelled down to Henley I read in one of the newspapers that "practice for the Royal Regatta was now in full swing, and that the river was dotted with lightships of every description." I remember some years ago passing a very pleasant half hour on board of a lightship moored in the neighbourhood of Broadstairs. The rum was excellent. I looked forward with a lively pleasure to repeating the experience at Henley. As soon as I arrived, therefore, I put on my yachting cap (white, with a gold anchor embroidered in front), hired a boat and a small boy, and directed him to row me immediately to one of the lightships. I spent at least two hours on the river in company with that boy—a very impudent little fellow,—but owing no doubt to his stupidity, I failed to find a single vessel which could be fairly described as a lightship. Finally the boy said they had all been sunk in yesterday's great storm, and with that inadequate explanation I was forced to content myself. But there is a mystery about this. Please explain it.

Secondly, I see placards and advertisements all over the place announcing that "the Stewards Stand." Now this fairly beats me. Why should the stewards stand? They are presumably men of a certain age, some of them must be of a certain corpulence, and it seems to me a refinement of cruelty that these faithful officials, of whom, I believe, the respected Mayor of Henley is one, should be compelled to refrain from seats during the whole of the Regatta. It may be necessary for them to set an example of true British endurance to the crowds who attend the Regatta, but in that case surely they ought to be paid for the performance of their duties.

Thirdly, I have heard a good deal of talk about the Visitors' Cup. Being anxious to test its merits, I went to one of the principal hotels here, and ordered the waiter to bring me a quart of Visitors' Cup, and to be careful to ice it well. He seemed puzzled, but went away to execute my orders. After an absence of ten minutes he returned, and informed me, with the Manager's compliments, that they could not provide me with what I wanted, but that their Champagne-cup was excellent. I gave the fellow a look, and departed. Perhaps this is only another example of the asinine and anserous dunder-headedness of these crass provincials. Kindly reply, *by wire*, about all the three points I have mentioned.

I have been here for a week, but have, as yet, not been fortunate enough to see any crews. Indeed, I doubt if there are any here. A good many maniacs disport themselves every day in rickety things which look something like gigantic needles, and other people have been riding along the bank, and, very naturally, abusing them loudly for their foolhardy recklessness. But no amount of abuse causes them to desist. I have puzzled my brains to know what it all means, but I confess I can't make it out. I fancy I know a boat when I see one, and of course these ridiculous affairs can't be boats.

Be good enough to send me, by return, at least £100. It's a very difficult and expensive thing to support the dignity of your paper in this town. Whiskey is very dear, and a great deal goes a very short way.

Yours sincerely,

THE MAN AT THE OAR.

Henley-on-Thames, July 4.

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

(By a Daily Victim.)

O EDITORS, who earn your daily bread
By giving us all kinds of information,
There's something that I fear ought to be said,
Which may—which will arouse your indignation;
For you may not be happy when it's more than hinted
Your news is such that we can't read it when it's printed.

Yet I would have
you fully under-
stand

The real reason
why I choose to
quarrel

With what you
print—your
columns are not
banned

Because their con-
tents are at all
immoral

Yet if there is a
scandal, though a small
amount of it,
You sometimes soil your
pages with a long account
of it.

Far other reasons urge me to
reveal

My feelings on this matter
—to assail your

Too common practice, and
say why I feel

Your daily efforts are a
daily failure;

Your paper by its columns
and its size confuses me,
and worse—there's nothing
in it in the least amuses
me.

Can you indeed in seriousness suppose—

To me, I tell you, naught could be absurder—
That anywhere at all there can be those

Who read the noisome details of a murder,
Or take delight in knowing that in such a county
Some teeming, triple mother earns the Royal Bounty?

Ibsenity! Amid the maze of words
I find it difficult to pick my way right;

This critic at the Master only girds,
That promptly hails him as the "premier playwright."
Whilst I don't mind confessing that I swear right roundly
At mention of a subject that I hate profoundly.

Then Parliament—without the slightest doubt

Of all dull things the dullest. What could be more
Distressing than to have to read about

The coming (?) KEAY, whose other name is SEYMOUR?
And now that Patriots' speeches flow with milk and honey,
They're very much less Irish, and of course less funny.

The Bye-Elections are a little fun,

I laugh to note the jubilant precision

With which you tell me that a seat that's won

Exactly counts two votes on a division,
Though this is all I care for, and am bored at knowing
How pleased is Mr. GLADSTONE with the tide that's
flowing.

Yet all these many, varied forms of pain

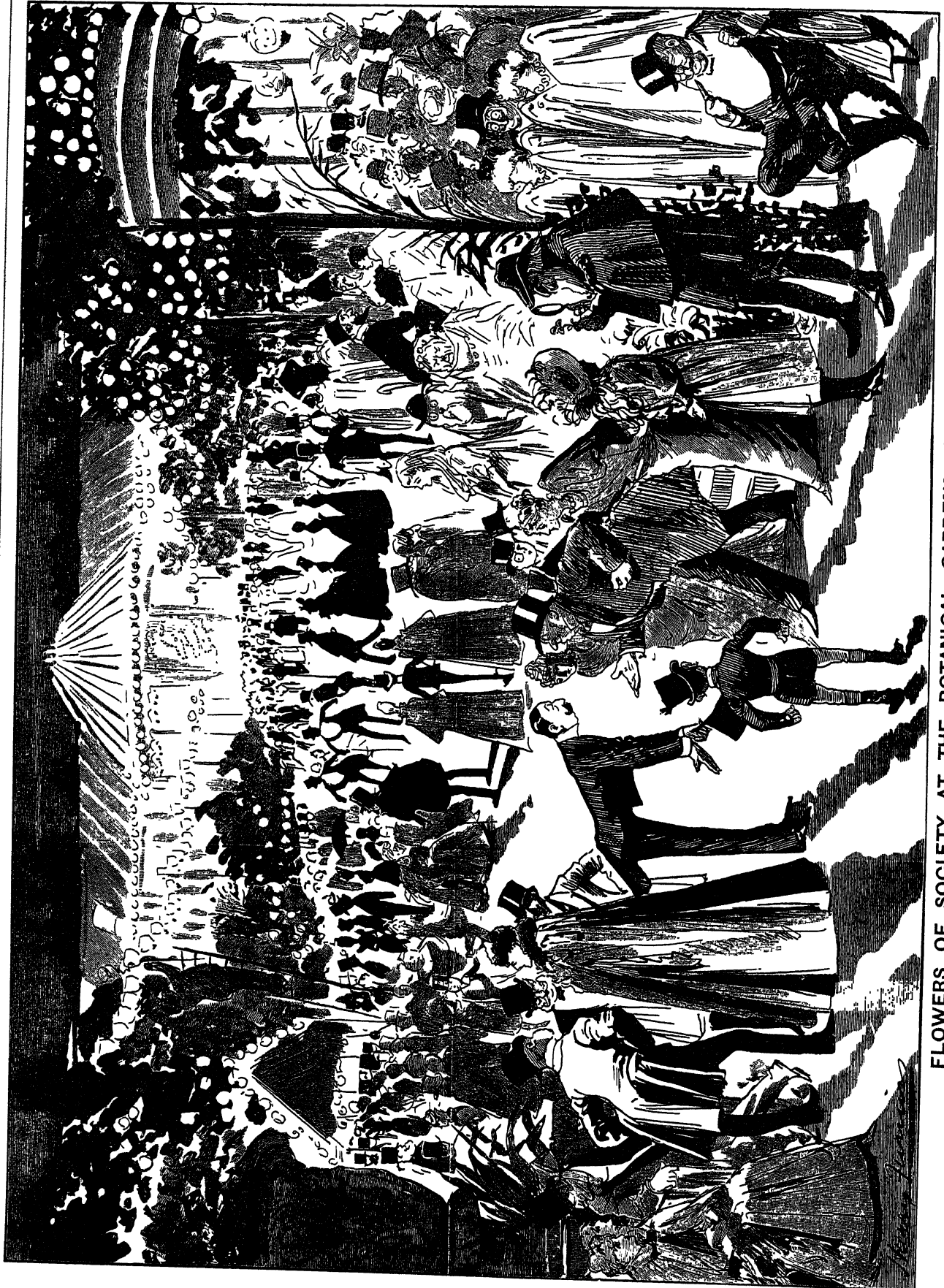
Are trifling, small and hardly worth attention.

One thing is so much worse—oh! pray again

The "epidemic" never, never mention,
And promptly tell your poet that the rhyme "cadenza"
Must never more be worked in for the Influenza!

Defeat—or Something Near It.

WHEN a few months ago on the Thames with the oar
The 'Varsities met in a contest of strength,
7 to 2 were the odds that the Dark Blues would score
A win, which they did—by a lucky half-length:
And last week, when the thousands assembled at Lord's
To see Cambridge win by an innings—at Cricket's
Great luck they're astonished, as Fortune awards
The Light Blues the game—by a couple of wickets!



FLOWERS OF SOCIETY AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS. WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

A BALLADE OF EVENING NEWSPAPERS.

THE evening shadows gather round the room ;
 How full of joy it were to sit and greet
 The twilight slowly deepening into gloom,
 And in the cool forget the noontide heat.
 The busy hum, the noise of passing feet,
 Such quiet calm could scarcely serve to mar,
 Did there not come to us from out the street,
Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !
 The gaily-coloured omnibuses loom,
 Approach, and disappear with footsteps fleet,
 The crossing-sweepers blithely ply the broom,
 Policemen slowly pace upon their beat.
 We buy the blossoms with their fragrance sweet,
 And only on our senses sadly jar
 The noises of the ruffians who repeat,
Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !
 The latest aspect of the latest boom,
 The starting price of winners and of wheat,
 The thousand lives lost in a late simoom,
 A conflagration, or a bursting leap,
 How gallant gentlemen can stoop to cheat,
 The spiey current gossip of the Bar—
 Can all be found in this or that news-sheet,
Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !

L'ENVOI.

Friend, if you wish for happiness complete,
 Look for it in some hamlet distant far.
 Forget—where catkins blow and lambkins bleat—
Globe, Evening News, Pall Mall, St. James's, Star !

QUEER QUERIES.—FISH-DIET.—I am writing an important historical work, which takes a great deal out of my brain, and I shall be glad to know what is the best kind of diet for nourishing the brain-cells. Fish has been strongly recommended to me. Would a herring and a half for breakfast take me through a chapter on the Norman Conquest? If a herring and a half does for WILLIAM the Conqueror, how many would be necessary for ELIZABETH? Would a whole salmon or barrel of oysters be best for tackling our early Constitutional History?—MACAULAY JUNIOR.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNWRITTEN.

Proud Father (reading his Son's School Report). "MANNERS VULGAR—VERY VULGAR. BUT PERHAPS THIS IS HEREDITARY!"

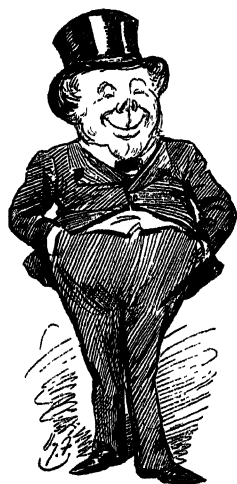
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 29.—Early promise of JAMES BAIN, Knight, begins to be realised. Created profound sensation on night he took his seat, by walking about with his hat on. SPEAKER down on him with swift stern reproof. BAIN couldn't make out what all the bother was about. Seeing a friend on Bench below him, thought he would go and have a chat with him. Members seated all about had their hats on; he had cautiously mounted his without reproof, and now, when he moved three steps with his hat on, Members howled, "Order! order!" and SPEAKER joined in the cry. Six or seven Members having explained to him that though a Member

may wear his hat when seated, the stability of the Constitution is imperilled if he does not uncover when he moves, albeit a step, to the right or left, the new Member passed remainder of sitting in safety.

Next night in his place when BARTLEY was speaking from corner seat below Gangway, BAIN on top Bench behind. Thought he would stroll out. Not going to be caught again moving about with his hat on. Carefully took it off, and holding it firmly in right hand, walked with springy steps down Gangway and, crossing between BARTLEY and the Chair, made for the door. As he emerged in full view, there went up from a hundred throats such a howl of indignation that BAIN stood stock still; stared round with look of astonishment. Were they howling at him? No doubt about it. SPEAKER also calling "Order! order!" in those thrillingly solemn tones. What had he done how? hat in his hand; could someone else's by any chance have got on his head? passed his left hand over massive brow.



Barran de Leeds.

No, all right. Best thing to do would be to get off premises as quickly as possible. So BAIN bolted.

"My dear fellow," said BARRAN, running after him, "you know you mustn't do that any more. You're a young man, and I'm an old one. I know all the ropes in this machine. When you want anything ask me."

"Well," said BAIN, "since you are so kind, I'd like to ask you what I've done now?"

"Done?" cried BARRAN, "why you've crossed between a Member on his legs and the Chair. If you wanted to go out, you should have gone round by the back of the Bench."

After this BAIN disappeared for some days. Getting coached up in Parliamentary practice. Back to-night and made maiden speech. Quite delightful; button-holed House as it were; informed Members he was sent there with a mandate; incidentally mentioned that he was a Magistrate in several counties; waved his arm in defiance of School Board and sat down, after declaiming, with much animation, a new and original peroration. "Gentlemen," he said,—"I mean Mr. SPEAKER, I'm for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."

This would have been speech of the evening only for HENRY FOWLER'S. That admirable in every way; a distinct and far advance on a Parliamentary position won by sheer hard work and ability; an epoch in a Parliamentary career already notable for its steady progress. Pity Mr. G. wasn't present to witness the triumph of the most promising of his recruits of the '80 Parliament.

Business done.—HENRY FOWLER'S Instruction to Education Bill negatived by 267 against 166.

Tuesday.—"My studies as you know, dear TOBY, have not specially lain in the domain of history," said Professor STOKES, in the course of a brief address delivered to me in a corner of the Library. "The pure dry light of mathematics has had an irresistible attraction for me. Possibly, therefore, I am wrong in some more or less immaterial points when I say that, since the time of WARWICK, we have had no one prominently in English public affairs with quite the same influence as is possessed by my Right Hon. friend JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. The time is gone by when kings were made and unmade. But my Right Hon. friend has done more than anyone to make the present Ministry possible, and, having made them, he claims

the right to direct, and, in some respects, even to mould their policy. A very curious phenomenon, very curious indeed. If you were not so evidently in a hurry, I should like to dilate upon it."

A good deal in what the Professor says; CHAMBERLAIN, as a rule, most considerate in his attitude. At much pains to preserve an appearance suitable to a Gentleman who sits on the Opposition Benches, and is supposed to know no more of the secret councils and intentions of the Ministry than anyone else in same quarter of House. Made a slip in earlier stages of Education Bill; talked about "Our Bill," and disclosed familiarity with its details remarkable since, at the time he spoke, it was not printed. Doesn't blunder twice along same road. Pretty to see him yesterday inviting LORD-ADVOCATE across the table to explain details of measure, he asked leave to introduce, dealing with state of things in Highlands and Islands of Scotland. CHAMBERLAIN being much interested in question, having marked it for his own, might be supposed to have been consulted by LORD-ADVOCATE before Bill was drafted. All a mistake. JOSEPH knew no more about it than an ordinary Member of Opposition, and would be much obliged if LORD-ADVOCATE would briefly sketch his Bill.

To-night, on Committee on Education Bill, MUNDELLA moved Amendment extending beyond fourteen years limit of age at which fee grants would be made. DYKE obdurate. JOKIM wrung his hands, and protested thing couldn't be done. Hour after hour Debate went forward, Ministers refusing to budge; JOSEPH chanced to look in after dinner; thinks it would be well to accept Amendment; says so in brief incisive speech, a very model of debate, and OLD MORALITY straightway capitulates. Remarkable state of things; as a study more interesting even than mathematics.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—Land Purchase Bill came on in Lords for Committee stage. House unusually crowded; quite animated in appearance; when at length it gets into Committee LORD CHANCELLOR leaves Wool-sack and, still wearing wig and gown, lends new air of grace and dignity to Ministerial Bench. Sits between MARKISS and ASHBOURNE. Wonder what the MARKISS thinks of him? For a cheerful, social, soothing hour, imagine nothing more supreme than the confidences of the MARKISS in respect to some half-dozen other of his colleagues.

Before Committee is reached, The McCULLUM MORE comes to front, and modestly engrosses attention. Other Peers prepared, once in while, to buckle down to hard night's work, fighting over Clauses of Bill in Committee. That sort of obscure labour might suit them, but not the thing to attract the McCULLUM MORE. Had already enjoyed himself on Second Reading, delivering one of those orations which, as COLCHESTER says, may be magnificent but are not debate. That should have satisfied vanity of ordinary man; but the McCULLUM MORE not an ordinary man. There were several things he forgot to say in the speech. Others had occurred to him since. He might, without stopping progress of business, work them off in Committee; but in Committee he must needs stand on level with ordinary Peers anxious to get on with business, and his observations would probably not be reported. Thing to do was to move Instruction to Committee. This would bring him on first thing in a full House, before Peers had wearied themselves with application to real business. So gave notice of Instruction. Doesn't matter in what terms; sufficient that he was able to deliver his speech. MARKISS a little sarcastic in begging him not to press Instruction. Nobody showed inclination to debate it, but it had served its turn. Having delivered his speech, The McCULLUM MORE stalked off home, leaving to others the drudgery of Committee work.

Business done.—Land Bill through Committee in Lords.

Friday Night.—Education Bill through Committee. Last scene of



"The pure dry light of Mathematics."



Lord Colchester.

all a little lively owing to revolt on Conservative side. RICHARD TEMPLE led it in speech of unwonted eloquence. Quite overflowing wealth of imagery: described School Board as the ogre that eats up everything; that enough by way of description; but TEMPLE rising to fresh heights, went on to characterise it as the thin edge of the wedge.

Capital speech of quite another kind from JENNINGS. As the Member for Sark says, JENNINGS when he has anything to say to the House of Commons *talks*, doesn't speechify; style excellent, and so is the matter. House would like to hear a little oftener from JENNINGS; due to it from Stockport who has also sent us GEDGE.

Business done.—Education Bill through Committee.

SONGS OF THE UNSENTIMENTALIST.

THE GREENGROCER'S REBUKE.

WE gave a little dinner; and I own,
Led by a wish with style to stamp the *fête*,
Palmed off, as though a butler of our own,
A skilled Greengrocer we had in "to wait."

I thought he seemed to sway beneath
the fish—

And stagger with a half familiar
smile,

When, lo! he fell, remarking blandly,
"Thish

All comes of tryin' to do the thing
in shyle!"

I thundered, "Leave the room!"
He saw my fix,

And but retorted, "'Ere, you ain't
a Duke!

I'm not a-goin' without my three-
and-six!"

Thus came on me that Green-
grocer's Rebuke!

That banquet was our last. No more
we "dined,"

In, now and then, perchance a
friend might drop.

It is our boast that he will ever find
At least the welcome of a homely
chop.

Some day, perhaps, when I have
made my pile,

And can from ostentatious show
refrain,

Without the Greengrocer to purchase
"style,"

I possibly once more may enter-
tain!

And so,—I know not how it came about,
But if by chance, it is a happy fluke
That I at length without the slightest doubt
Have lived to bless that Greengrocer's Rebuke!



J.B.V.

QUELCHING QUELCH.—Mr. QUELCH, before the Labour Commission, is said to have expressed his opinion that "the liberty to combine should not involve the liberty not to combine." Doesn't Mr. QUELCH see, that without "liberty not to combine" there cannot be any "liberty to combine." For if a man is not at liberty to abstain from combination, it is obvious that he is compelled to combine; and compulsion is hardly liberty. Freedom lies in choice, and Mr. QUELCH would leave the workman none.

A MASK ON A MASK.

[A face-mask, the latest addition to the toilet, worn during the hours of sleep, is designed to remove wrinkles.]

WEAR masks at night? Nay, when I saw your face,
Old but unwrinkled, topped with sunny ringlets,
Dear Lady OLDGARDE, while you made the pace,
And flitted like a fairy borne on winglets

From boy to boy, and flirted here and there
With that unchanging smile of rouged enamel,
I thought, "Since you are rich beyond compare,
And since the needle's eye doth bar the camel,

'Tis right perhaps that wealth should purchase youth,
'And peaceful age become a ceaseless playtime;
Still, if you'd wear *two* masks to hide the truth,
Oh, wear this last one always *in the daytime*."

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. II.—TO SOCIAL AMBITION.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,

I HAD not intended to annoy you with another letter. But since I addressed you last week I have received one or two communications—not from you, *bien entendu*, for you are too wary to dispute the accuracy of what I have written; but from concrete human beings, who pretend to speak on your behalf, and deny that I have “proved my case.” I might answer by saying that I never set out to prove a case—that I wished merely to enjoy a friendly chat with you, and to appeal to your clemency on behalf of the large class whom I ventured to represent by the DABCHICKS. “But,” says one of my detractors, in a letter now lying before me, “you have only given one instance. You have talked grandly about Queens, and Dukes, and actresses, and, in the end, you have put us off with a wretched story about the *parvenu* DABCHICK. For my part, I refuse to admit your authority until you prove, in greater detail, that you really know something of the subject on which you presumed to write.” “Sir,” I reply, “you are brusque, and somewhat offensive in the style you use towards me. For my part I do not admit that you are entitled to an answer from me, and I have felt disposed to pass you by in silence. But since there may be other weak vessels of your sort, I will do violence to myself, and pen another letter.” And thus, my dear SOCIAL AMBITION, I once more take the liberty of addressing you, not without an inward tremor lest you should pounce upon me unawares, and cause me to expiate my rashness by driving me from the calm seclusion in which I spend my days, to mingle with the feverish throng who wrangle for place and precedence, myself the most feverish wrangler of them all. But, on the principle that we are both, in some sort, hawks, I think I may trust you to spare my eyes, while I remind you of one or two incidents in which you bore a part.

And first BLENKINSOP knocks at the door of my memory. I bid him enter, and I see a tall slim youth, not ill-favoured, wearing well-cut clothes, and carrying a most beautiful, gold-topped Malacca cane delicately in his hand. He is smoking a cigar, and complains to me that his life is a succession of aimless days, and that he cannot find any employment to turn his hand to. That very night, I remember, he dined with me. We went to the play together, and afterwards looked in at Lady ALICIA PARBOIL's dance. Dear Lady ALICIA, how plump she was, and how good-natured, and how well she married her fiddle-headed daughters. Her husband too, that clumsy, heavy-witted oaf, how cunningly and how successfully withal she schemed for his advancement. *Quid plura?* you knew her well, she was devoted to you. I only speak of her to remind you that it was in her hospitable rooms that GERVASE BLENKINSOP met you—and his fate. He had danced for the second time that evening with ELVIRA PARBOIL, and, having returned that blushing virgin to her accustomed corner, was just about to depart when the ample form of Lady ALICIA bore down upon him: “Oh, Mr. BLENKINSOP,” her Ladyship began, “I really cannot allow you to go before I introduce you to Mr. WILBRAHAM. I hear,” she continued, “he has just lost his Private Secretary, and who knows but that—” Here she paused, and archly tapping her *protégé's* cheek with her fan, she bore him off to introduce him to the Cabinet Minister. I watched the ceremony. Something whispered to me that BLENKINSOP was lost. Must I go through the whole painful story? He became Private Secretary to his new Right Honourable friend, and from that moment he was a changed man. His cheery good-nature vanished. Instead of it he cultivated an air of pompous importance. One by one he weeded out his useless friends, and attached to himself dull but potentially useful big wigs who possessed titles and influence. At one of our last speaking interviews (we only nod distantly now when we meet), he hinted that in the next distribution of honours his name might be expected. It appeared, but, alas for gratitude, he had to satisfy himself with a paltry K.C.M.G., which his wife (I forgot to say that he married ELVIRA) despises. He is now a disappointed man whom his friends, if he had any, would pity. He is getting on in life; the affectations he so laboriously cultivated no longer amuse. The wittings of his

Clubs remark openly upon his ridiculous desire to pose as an earth-shaking personage, and when he goes home he has to listen to a series of bitter home-truths from the acrid ELVIRA. Would it not, I ask, have been better for Sir GERVASE BLENKINSOP, K.C.M.G., to have continued his ancient and aimless existence, than to have had a fallacious greatness dangled before his eyes to the end of his disappointed, but aspiring life?

One more instance, and I have done. Do you remember TOMMY TIPSTAFF at Trinity? I do. He was, of course, a foolish youth, but he might have had a pleasant life in the fat living for which his family intended him. In his second year at the University, he met Sir JAMES SPOOF, an undergraduate Baronet, of great wealth, and dissolute habits. Poor TOMMY was dazzled by his new friend's specious glare and glitter, and his slapdash manner of scattering his money. They became inseparable. The same dealer supplied them with immense cigars, they went to race meetings, and tried to break the ring. When Sir JAMES wished to gamble, TOMMY was always ready to keep the bank. And all the time poor Mrs. TIPSTAFF, in her country home, was overjoyed at her darling's success in what she told me once was the most brilliant and remarkable set at Cambridge.

Where is TOMMY now? The other day a ragged man shambled up to me, with a request that I should buy a box of lights from him. There was a familiar something about him. Could it be TOMMY? The question was indirectly answered, for, before I could extract a penny, or say a word, he looked hard at me, turned his head away, and made off as fast as his rickety legs would carry him. Most men must have had a similar experience, but few know, as I do, that you, my dear SOCIAL AMBITION, urged the wretched TOMMY to his destruction.

On the whole, I dislike you. Those who obey you become the meanest of God's creatures.

Pardon my candour, and believe me,
Yours, without respect,
DIOGENES ROBINSON.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

LORD COLERIDGE's summing up to the Jury in the action taken by Jones (author of burlesques) v. Roberts (player of the same) was excellent common sense, a quality much needed in the case. Mr. JONES, —not our ENERY HAUTHOR, whose contempt for Burlesque generally is as well known as he can make it,—wrote to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, formerly of the Music Halls and now of the legitimate Stage, styling him “Governor,” and professed that he would “fit him to a T.” *Poeta nascitur non “fit.”*—and the born burlesque-versifier was true to what would probably be his comic version of the Latin proverb. But the inimitable ARTHUR, who does so much for himself on the stage, hardly required any extraneous help, and at last rejected the result of poor JONES's three months' hard labour at the Joe-Millery mill. This, however, was no joke to JONES, who straightway decided that this time he would give the inimitable ARTHUR something quite new in the way of a jest; and so, dropping the dialogue, he came to “the action,” which, in this instance, was an action-at-law. Whatever Mr. ROBERTS may have thought of the words, he will hardly have considered the result of this case as “good business” from his own private and peculiar point of view. But all Dramatic Authors,—with the solitary exception of Mr. YARDLEY, formerly famous in the field, but now better known in “The Lane,” at pantomime time, than to any Court where he has a legal right to appear in wig and gown,—from the smallest, who write to please a “Governor,” up to the biggest, who write to please themselves, should rejoice at the decision in the case of Jones v. Roberts.

AN OMISSION AT THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON.—On the occasion of the Civic Banquet to the German EMPEROR, an Alderman, distinguished for his courtesy to strangers, and his appreciation of good dishes, especially of anything at all spicy, wished to know why, as a compliment to their Imperial guest, they had omitted “pickelhaubes” from the bill of fare? He had understood, from well-informed friends, that the EMPEROR seldom went anywhere without some “pickelhaubes,” whatever they might be, as he himself, the worthy Alderman, had never had the opportunity of tasting one.





THE RED QUEEN AND THE WHITE; OR, ALICE IN THUNDERLAND.

JOLLY JULY.

THE storm of rain comes swirling down,
Our helpless flow'rets droop and die;
The thunder crashes o'er the town—
In wet July.

Our cricket-match is spoilt, the stumps
We draw beneath a drenching sky;
Then homeward wend in doleful dumps—
In wet July.

The lawn's a lake, whereon there float
The balls that erst would o'er it fly;
We can't play tennis from a boat,
In wet July.

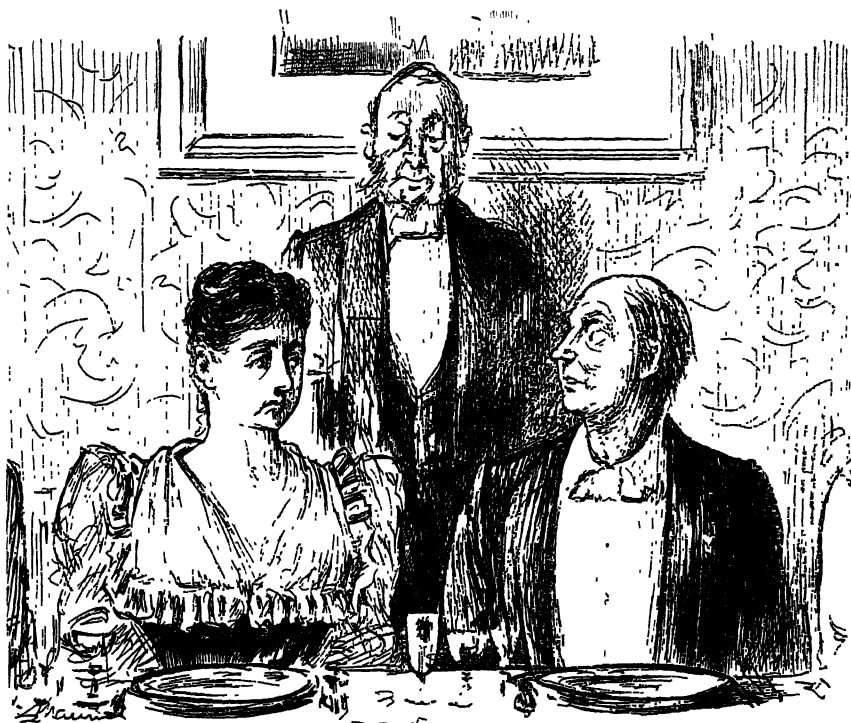
Our garden-party's ruined quite,
Of invitations friends fight shy;
They wisely shun the sloppy sight
In wet July.

Take that old aneroid away,
A new barometer we'll try;
With hope for haply one fine day—
In wet July.

BEATING THE RECORD.—Mrs. MALAPROP'S "Cerberus, as three single gentlemen rolled into one," was "not in it" last week with H. R. H. the Prince of WALES, who, in the course of the Royal Entertainments given to our Imperial Cousin-German, appeared as "a host of illustrious personages." An admirable performance.

A Nursery Echo from Carlow.

PARNELL put the KETTLE on,
TIM HEALY came it rather strong,
HAMMOND was the people's man,
And he's now M.P.



IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

Jones (*Blue Ribbon*—to abstemious Lady he has taken in to dinner). "LOOK HERE, MADAM, WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON A BIT! EITHER YOU MUST HAVE A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE, OR, BY JOVE, I MUST!"

ALICE IN THUNDERLAND.

Alice... The TH-ND-R-R. White Queen... H-RC-RT.
Red Queen... CH-MD-RL-N.

"I'LL tell you what it is, your Majesty," said ALICE in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding the White Queen); "it'll never do to swagger about all over the place like that! Dignitaries have to be dignified, you know!"

Everything was happening so oddly (since Thunderland had turned against Blunderland) that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side. But she found it rather difficult to be quite civil to them—especially the White Queen, who had once been rather a favourite with her, but at whom she now never lost an opportunity of girding.

"Always speak the truth," said the Red Queen (cocking her nose at the White)—"think before you speak—and write it down afterwards. It's safest, if you're dealing with some persons."

"That's just what I complain of," said the White Queen, loftily. "You couldn't tell the truth—about that Table—if you tried with both hands."

"I don't tell the truth with my hands," the Red Queen objected, icily.

"Nobody said you did," said the White Queen. "Nobody said you told it *anyhow*. I said you couldn't if you tried. And you don't try either. So there!"

"She's in that state of mind," said the Red Queen, "that she wants to deny *something*—only she doesn't know what to deny!"

"A nasty vicious temper," the White Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a month or two.

The White Queen broke the silence by saying to the Red Queen, "I invite you to ALICE's Party—which *used* to be neutral ground—to explain, if you *can*, that nondescript nonsense of yours about National Councils as a substitute for Home Rule."

The Red Queen smiled sourly, and said, "And I invite you."

"I didn't know I was to have a Party at all," said ALICE. "Parties are things I don't hold with, as a rule; too great a tax and a tie. I like my freedom, I do. But, if I *am* to have one, I think I ought to invite the guests."

"ALICE of Thunderland, you require some lessons in manners," the White Queen remarked.

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said ALICE. "Lessons teach some people to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do addition?" the Red Queen asked scornfully of the White. ("Bah, she can't do sums a *bit*!" she added, aside.) "She is doubtless better at *Division*," interposed ALICE, significantly.

"Divide a State by a Statutory Parliament," said the Red Queen, with a derisive wink. "What's the right answer to that?"

"Much the same as dividing a Nation by an indefinite number of Councils," retorted the White Queen, smartly. "Talk about *tu quoques*, there's one for you!"

"Oh, as for that," rejoined the Red Queen, sniffing, "try another subtraction sum! Take a Grand Old Leader from a 'Party,' of discredited 'Items,' and what would remain?"

"Why, a Policy, of course," replied the White Queen. "And another Leader," she added, *sotto voce*. "Here's another for you," she pursued, aloud. "Take a Liberal-Unionist Tail from a Radical 'Rat,' what would remain then?"

"I suppose you think *nothing* would remain," sneered the Red Queen.

"Wrong, as usual," said the White Queen; "the Rat's nasty temper would remain."

"But I don't see how!"

"Why, look here," the White Queen cried; "the Rat would lose its temper with its 'tail,' wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," ALICE replied, cautiously.

"Then, if the 'Rat' went away from its 'Tail,' its temper would remain," the White Queen exclaimed.

ALICE said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways—the 'Rat,' the 'Tail,' and the 'Temper.'" But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we are talking!"

THE ONLY ONE.—A ready-penning writer in his *Daily Graphic* notice of doings in the Houses of Parliament, winds up his description of giving the Royal Assent to Bills in the Upper House with these words—"So ends the ceremony, which seems to take one away from the Nineteenth Century"—a little sum in subtraction—i.e., take one away from the Nineteenth Century, and the Eighteenth Century remains; but to continue—"back to the days of the Edwards and the Henrys." But why go back to any other century than the "so-called Nineteenth"? Isn't it only a very few years ago that the EDWARDS, the singular HENRY with plural surname of EDWARDS, sat for Weymouth? What other HENRYS or EDWARDS could ever occur to any well-conditioned Parliamentary scribe?

VOCES POPULI.

A RECITATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SCENE—An Evening Party; Miss FRESIA BLUDKINSON, a talented young Professional Reciter, has been engaged to entertain the company, and is about to deliver the favourite piece entitled, "The Lover of Lobelia Bangs, a Cowboy Idyl." There is the usual crush, and the guests outside the drawing-room, who can neither hear nor see what is going on, console themselves by conversing in distinctly audible tones. Jammed in a doorway, between the persons who are trying to get in, and the people who would be only too glad to get out, is an Unsophisticated Guest who doesn't know a soul, and is consequently reduced to listening to the Recitation. This is what he hears:—

Miss Fresia Blud. (in a tone of lady-like apology).

I am only a Cowboy—

[Several Ladies put up their glasses, and examine her critically, as if they had rather expected this confession. Sudden burst of Society Chatter from without.

Society Chatter. How d'ye do? . . . Oh, but her parties never are! . . . How are you? . . . No, I left her at . . . Yes, he's somewhere about . . . Saw you in the Row this mornin' . . . Are you doing anything on—? . . . Oh, what a shame! . . . No, but doesn't she now? . . . No earthly use trying to get in at present . . . &c., &c.

Miss Fresia B. (beginning again, with meek despair, a little louder).

I am only a Cowboy; reckless, rough, in an unconventional suit of clothes;

I hain't, as a rule, got much to say, and my conversation is mostly oaths.

[Cries of "Shh!" intended, however, for the people outside, who are chattering harder than ever.

When the cackle of females strikes my ear—

Society Chatter (as before). Oh, much cooler here . . . Yes, delightful, wasn't it? Everybody one knows . . . No, you don't really? . . . Oh, Popsy's flourishing, thanks . . . The new Butler turned out a perfect demon . . . but I said I wouldn't have his tail docked for anything . . . so they've painted it *eau de Nil*, and it looks so nice!

Miss F. P. (pointedly).

When the cackle of females strikes my ear, I jest vamoose, for they make me skeered, And I sorter suspicion I skeer them too, with my hulking form, and my bushy beard!

[Here, of course, she strokes a very round chin. Society Chatter. Seems to be somethin' goin' on in there—singin', actin', dancin', or somethin' . . . Well, of course, only heard her version of it as yet, y' know . . . Have you seen him in . . . white bensaline with a Medici collar, and one of those . . . nasty gouty attacks he will have are only rheumatism, &c., &c.

Miss F. B. (when next heard).

I cleared my throat, and I tried to speak—but the words died strangled—

A Feminine Voice outside. So long since we had a quiet talk together! Do tell me all about, &c., &c.

Miss F. B. —strangled by sheer alarm.

For there in front—
[Here she points dramatically at a stout matron, who fans herself consciously.

—was the slender form, and the sweet girl-face of our new "School Marm"!

Say, boys! hev' ye heard an Æolian harp which a Zephyr's tremulous finger Wa'al, it kinder thrills ye the way I felt when I first beheld LOBELIA BANGS!

Soc. Chat. Oh, you really ought to go—so touching! DICK and I both regularly howled all through the last Act . . . Not in the least, thanks. Well, if there is a seat . . . You're sure there are any ices? Then, strawberry, please—no, nothing to drink! . . . Will you allow me? . . . Told she could dress hair perfectly, but I soon found she was . . . a Swedenborgian, my dear, or something horrid . . . Haven't you? I've had it three times, and . . . so many people have asked me for cards that really I . . . had the drains thoroughly looked to, and now they're . . . delicious, but rather overpowering in a room, I think! &c., &c.

Miss F. B. (with genuine feeling).

Who would imagine one meek-voiced girl could have held her own in a deafening din!

But LOBELIA's scholars discovered soon she'd a dead-sure notion of discipline;

For her satin palm had a sting like steel, and the rowdiest rebel respected her, When she'd stretched out six of the hardest lots in the Bible-Class with a Derringer!

Soc. Chat. No, a very dull party, you could move about quite easily in all the rooms, so we . . . kicked the whole concern to shivers and . . . came on here as soon as we could . . . Capital dinner they gave us, too . . . &c., &c.

Miss F. B. (with as much conviction as possible under the circumstances).

And the silence deepened; no creature stirred in the stagnant hush, and the only sound Was the far-off lumbering jolt, produced by the prairie rolling for leagues around!

Soc. Chat. (crescendo). Oh, an old aunt of mine has gone in for step-dancing—she's had several lessons . . . and cut her knees rather badly, y' know, so I put her out to grass . . . and now she can sit up and hold a biscuit on her nose . . . but she really ought to mix a little grey in her wig!

[&c., &c., to the distraction of the Unsophisticated Guest, who is getting quite interested in LOBELIA BANGS whom he suddenly discovers, much to his surprise, on horseback.

Miss F. B.

And on we cantered, without a word, in the mid-day heat, on our swift mustangs.

I was only ignorant Cowboy CLEM—but I worshipped bright LOBELIA BANGS!

Soc. Chat. (fortissimo). Not for ages; but last time I met him he was . . . in a dreadful state, with the cook down with influenza . . . and so I suppose he's married her by this time!

Miss F. B. (excitedly).

But hark! in the distance a weird shrill cry, a kinder mournful, monotonous yelp—

(Further irruption of Society Chatter) . . . is it jackal?—bison?—a cry for help?

Soc. Chat. Such a complete rest, you know—so perfectly peaceful! Not a soul to talk to. I love it . . . but, to really enjoy a tomato, you must see it dressed . . . in the sweetest little sailor suit!

Miss F. B.

My horse was a speck on the pampas' verge, for I dropped the rein in my haste to stoop; Then I pressed my ear to the baking soil—and caught—ah, horror—the Indian whoop!

Soc. Chat. Some say it isn't infectious, but one can't be too careful, and, with children in the house, &c., &c.

Miss F. B.

I rose to my feet with quivering knees, and my face turned white as a fresh-washed towel; I had heard a war-cry I knew too well—'twas the murderous band of Blue-nosed Owl!

Soc. Chat. Nice fellow—I'm very fond of him—so fresh—capital company—met him when I was over there, &c.

Miss F. B.

"What? leave you to face those fiends alone!" she cried, and slid from her horse's back;

"Let me die with you—for I love you, CLEM!" Then she gave her steed a resounding smack, And he bounded off; "Now Heaven be praised that my school six-shooter I brought!" said she.

"Four barrels I'll keep for the front-rank foes—and the next for you—and the last for me!"

Soc. Chat. Is it a comic piece she's doing, do you know? Don't think so, I can see somebody smiling. Sounds rather like SHAKESPEARE, or DICKENS, or one of those fellahs . . . Didn't catch what you said. No. Quite impossible to hear oneself speak, isn't it?

Miss F. B.

And ever louder the demons yelled for their pale-faced prey—but I scorned death's pangs, For I deemed it a doom that was half delight to die by the hand of LOBELIA BANGS!

Then she whispered low in her dulcet tones, like the crooning coo of a cushat dove!

(At the top of her voice). "Forgive me, CLEM, but I could not bear any squaw to torture my own true love!" And she raised the revolver—"crack-crack-crack!"

[To the infinite chagrin of the Unsophisticated Guest, who is intensely anxious to hear how Miss BANGS and her lover escaped from so



"I am only a Cowboy."

unpleasant a dilemma—the remaining cracks of her revolver, together with the two next stanzas, are drowned in a fresh torrent of small-talk—after which he hears Miss F. B. conclude with repressed emotion :

But the ochre on Blue-nosed Owl was blurred, as his braves concluded their brief harangues

And he dropped a tear on the early bier of our Prairie belle, LOBELIA BANGS!

[Which of course leaves him in a state of hopeless mystification.

Soc. Chat. Is that the end? Charming! Now we shall be able to talk again! &c., &c.

OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

(THIRD LETTER.—C.)

LANDS-CAPE POLITICS.

HAVE'N'T time to send you much information this week, as We,—the firm of Self and Corresponding Captain,—have had to write rather a heavy packet for the *Daily Graphic*. I suppose you will have got Herr Von GERMAN EMPEROR with you by the time you receive this from yours truly; or His Imperialness may have quitted your,—that is, our, though I'm here now,—hospitable

old DRUMMY; he can bring it out in his new Persian *Joe Miller*. Cheeky little street-boys give you Capers' sauce. They can lead you a pretty dance if you chivy them.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE BOERS.

To-day came across a Peep-Boer-Show. Seen it all before. Also a kind of Punch-and-Judy performance going on, translated into South-African dialect. There was not a paying public to witness it; and, with all my desire and with every intention to encourage native talent, I was compelled to turn away, "more in sorrow than in anger," (SHAKESPEARE again—*Hamlet's Ghost*, I think,) when the pipe-and-drummer man came to me for a contribution. Not a penny in my pocket. "I will reimburse thee nobly," said I, "on my return from the Mine-land." He quoted some line or other, which I did not catch, and gave the name of the writer,

one "WALKER," as his authority. WALKER is associated in my mind with an English Dictionary, but, though it has been much added to in recent years, I doubt whether the words the Showman used on this occasion can be found in my pocket edition, or in any other edition of that excellent and trustworthy compilation.

CHANGE OF HAIR.

Called at native barber's to-day. Gave him no instructions. Thought of course he was going to cut it; and so fell asleep. I almost always fall asleep when under the mesmeric influence of a capillary administrator. I should like him to keep on doing it; cut and comb again. So soothing! Woke up and found myself—like this. (See *Hair Cut*.) Here-with please receive portrait, and treasure it.

ARMA VIRTUQUE.

Must send you a sketch of some of our B.B.B.'s, or the Bold Bobbies of Basuto all armed. Ha! ha! as dear old WOLFFY would have said, "I was quite all-armed at seeing this!" Hope to be on the track of TOM TIDDLER'S ground very soon. But anyhow till I am *sur la tache*, "on the spot," any one of these letters of mine (emphasis on the "mine") of which all are genuine—"proofs before letters" you have in my signed promise—is well worth a hundred pounds, and cheap at the price. It's my note of hand in exchange for the cash,—for the "ready ay ready!" as we say at sea. Away to the fields of gold!

PROSPECTING POSSIBILITIES.

N.B.—Rather think I am going to call on Queen ZAMBILI this afternoon. Ahem! Do you remember the ballads of "*My heart is true to Poll*," and "*The King of the Owyhees*"? Again, ahem! "Black Queen to mate in three moves." Of course, can't go in for this sort of thing myself, but by deputy, eh? Representative Government and King PROXY THE FIRST, with myself for Prime Minister. How's that Empire?

Grandolph, the Explorer.

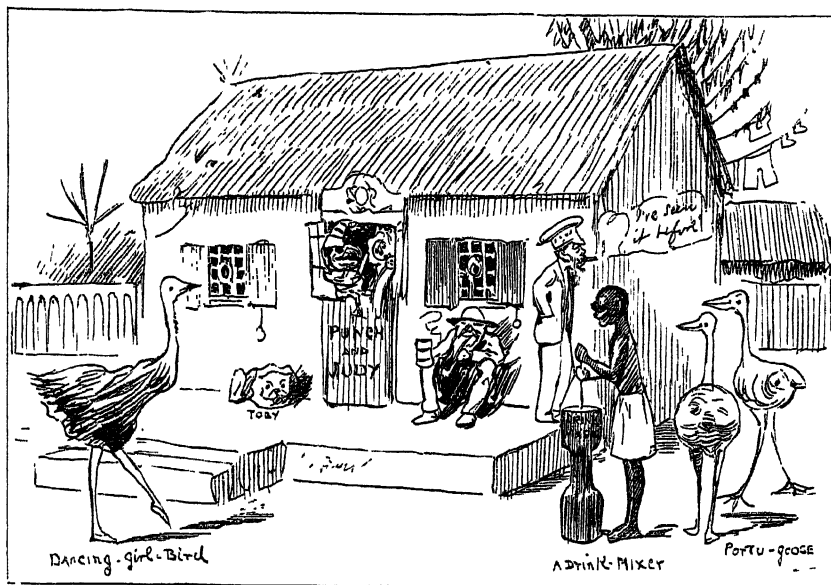
FROM OUR OWN BEN TROVATO.—Said an artistic collector to Mr. FARNELL, "Now I'll show you a beautiful specimen of CARLO DOLCI." "I wish you could have shown it me some days ago," replied the Ex-misleader of the Irish Party, "when I was presented with a specimen of *Carlrow* without the *Dolci*."

COOK'S TOURIST PRIZE JUBILEE JOKE.—*Mem. for Travellers contemplating a first visit to the Continent.*—Being raw to the business, get Cook'd. Depend upon it, you won't be "done."

"THE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS."—*Punch's Half-Yearly Volumes* from the commencement, i.e., July 17, 1841, to June 27, 1891.



Native Masher from Masherland.



Native Amusements—"A Poor House."

shores. *A propos* of Hospitable Shores, remember me to the most hospitable of all Shores—Captain SHAW—of the Fire-and-Water Brigade. My companions—"Jolly companions everyone"—the Cautious Captain, or the Wily WILLIAMS, Doubting Doctor, Energetic Engineer, all well. Wily WILLIAMS hard at his MS., giving an account of the "agricultural and mineral resources" of the What-can-the-Matterland, "through the instrumentality of the Chartered Company." He's great at this. Think I shall start new Company—"The Chartered Libertine."

If my memory doesn't fail me, that's a Shakspearian title. But who was the "Chartered Libertine"? I notice these South-African States are independent of Home Government. 'Pon my word, I fancy W. E. G. was right about Home Rule. On whose shoulders can the G. O. M.'s mantle fall, without enveloping him in entire obscurity, except on those of the Leader of the once united, but now fractured *quartette* party, "*quorum pars magna fui*?" I still keep up my Latin, you see. I wasn't sent to Eton for nothing; nor was any other boy that I've ever heard of.

CAPERS.

No wonder we've had so many dancing parties at the Cape, when all the inhabitants are Capers. I make this a present to my dear



Caperycornamental Hairdressing.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Fair Visitor (to Hostess). "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL CONCERT YOU GAVE US LAST WEDNESDAY, DEAR MRS. JONES! SUCH LOVELY MUSIC!—SUCH SMART PEOPLE! EVERYBODY ONE KNOWS, YOU KNOW!"

[Mrs. Jones's Aunt Tabitha (from whom she has great expectations) hears of this delightful Concert for the first time!]

"GOOD-BYE, GRANDMAMMA!"

(A Long Way after "Childe Harold.")

ADIEU, adieu, Old Albion's shore!
I leave, to bound the blue.
My Yacht lies yonder! 'Tis a bore,
But I must part from you.
I sniff the brine, I love the sea;
Half Englishman am I.
Farewell to England, and to thee,
Dear Grandmamma—good-bye!

I leave your isle, the truth to tell,
With qualified regret.
July in London would be well,
But for the heavy wet.
The soaking shower, the sudden squall,
Spare not Imperial "tiles."
May it be dry when next I call,
Your slushiest of isles!

Yet I've enjoyed my visit, much,
In spite of wet and wind.
I with JOHN BULL have been in touch;
You have been passing kind.
My father and grandfather gone
Once trod your city sad;
Now I the daring deed have done,
And—it is not half bad.

That Opera Show was quite a sight;
Your Sheriff HARRIS—well—
AUGUSTUS, after Actium's fight,
Was scarce a greater swell.
The long parade, led by the Blues,
Gave me the blues again.
Not that the citizen were screws,
No, Grand'ma, 'twas that rain!

I—ahem! *blessed* it fervently,
Emperors must not complain;
But do, do keep your Babylon dry,
When I come back again.
For Garden Parties, Shows, Reviews,
And civic functions pale,
When water soaks the stoutest shoes,
And it blows half a gale.

Your Lord MAYOR and his liveried lot,
They know a thing or two.
Speeches of course are always rot,
But then—the skies were blue!
As for your Crystal Palace—ah!
Your pride I would not shock,
But you owe much, dear Grandmamma,
To PAXTON and to BROOK.

Your warriors are fine, if few;
But still, if you ask me,
You leave far too much power to
A Railway Company.
I would not let civilians snub
My paladins—no fear!
But then a Teuton—there's the rub!
Is no mere Volunteer!

And now I really must be gone
Upon the wide, wide sea.
Stiff state no more shall make me groan,
Hurrah for liberty!
I'm tired to death of functions fine,
And ceremonial rot;
Hurrah for ease! the breezy brine
Tar-toggery, and my Yacht!

With yonder bark I'll gladly brave
The seas about your isle.

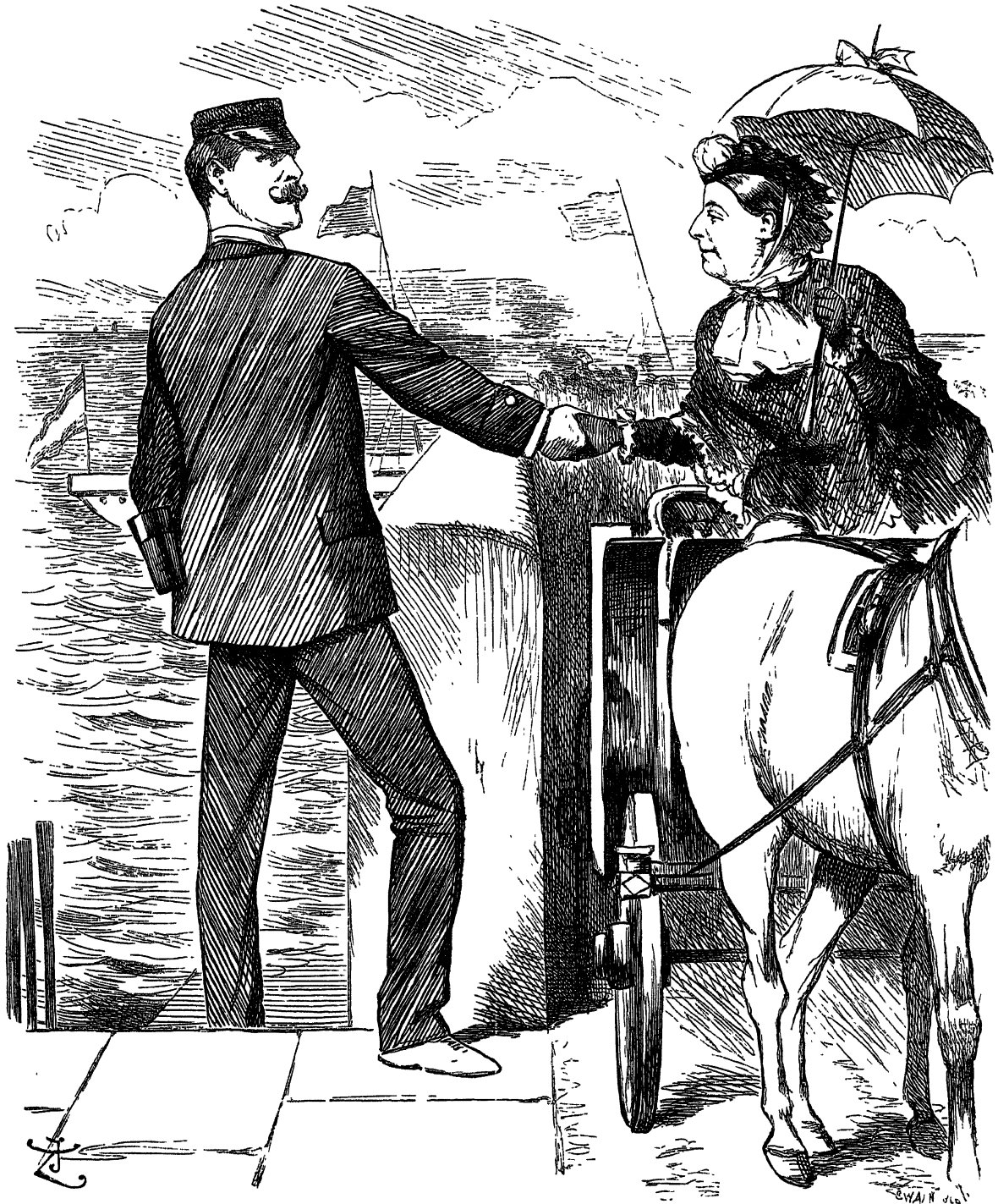
Thanks, Grand'ma, for that kerchief wave,
And that right royal smile!
Welcome, ye billows, tumbling brisk
Beneath a cloud-swept sky!
Give your white kerchief one more whisk,
Dear Grandmamma—Good-bye!

SCOTT (ANYTHING BUT) FREE.

"It is human nature, after all. When conscientiously I cannot praise actors or actresses, or authors, they turn their backs upon me. But when conscientiously I am able to draw attention to their great merits, they simply overflow."—MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, in *The Illustrated London News*.]

UNLUCKY MR. CLEMENT SCOTT!
Since those who act our plays or write them,
Are so exacting that he's got
The greatest trouble to delight them.
When conscience tells him not to praise
They "turn their backs" and will not know him,
When their "great merits" make him raise
His voice—they "simply overflow" him!

NOTE FOR AN IMPERIAL DIARY.—There were just a couple or so of real good wet days for our Imperial and Royal Highnesses. Jupiter Pluvius ladled it out to us unstintingly in Imperial buckets full. Our Cousin German, so affectionately dutiful to "Grandmamma," won't forget *La Rain d'Angleterre* in a hurry. *Mem.* Next visit to London, bring fewer uniforms and more waterproofs and umbrellas.



“GOOD-BYE, GRANDMAMMA!”



IMPERIAL AND OPERATIC.

AFTER considerable calculation as to re-imbursement for present outlay by a consistent course of future economy, I took a six-guinea stall for the EMPEROR's state visit to the Opera. "Court dress" being "indispensable," I decided to summon to my aid the well-known amateur theatrical costumier, DATHAN & Co. DATHAN sees at a glance what I want. He measures me with his eye. "Co." in waiting is dispatched to bring down two or three Court suits. In less than ten minutes I am perfectly fitted, that is, in DATHAN's not entirely disinterested but still highly artistic opinion, with which "Co." unhesitatingly agrees. For my own part, as a mere lay-figure, I should have preferred the continuations being a trifle less tight round the knee; also if the coat were a little easier about the shoulders, and not quite so baggy in the back I should breathe more freely; and, while we are on the subject, the collar might be lower, as it is in close proximity to the lobes of my ears and irritatingly tickles me. The white waistcoat—"well," as "Co.," in the absence of DATHAN, rapturously observes, "might ha' been made for yer!" "It might," true: but it certainly wasn't, as it is somewhat long, and there's a little shyness on the part of the last button but one in meeting the button-hole with which it ought to be on the best possible terms. But sharp-eyed little "Co." sees his way out of the difficulty; he hoists up the collar, he adjusts pins in the back, and, in a second, button and hole are in each other's embrace. The coat-collar can be taken in and done for—"nothing easier," says the undaunted Co.—and the part across my manly chest can be let out,—of course not a difficulty, as the whole suit, will be "let out" for the evening.

I am generally satisfied with my appearance in the glass as a portrait of a gentleman in repose, but I feel that any display of emotion, even of irrepressible loyalty, would probably be disastrous to some portion of my attire. The Court sword, too, is rather embarrassing, and, though Co. has adroitly fixed it for me by some mysterious process of invisible arrangement, yet, when I shall be left alone with the sheathed weapon, and have to do all this buckling and hitching for myself, I feel sure that that sword, which is only worn on the left to defend the right, will give me no inconsiderable trouble. Fortunately our washerwoman's husband, who comes late on a Wednesday for the linen, is a retired sergeant, and knows how this sort of thing should be done. He will assist in arming me for the operatic fray. *Tout va bien.*

At Opera, Wednesday Night, July 8.—Grand sight. Very grand; not only that, but beautiful. Costumes, uniforms, military, diplomatic,—all sorts, the real article and the Dathanic,—impossible to tell one from the other, taking them as a lot; but still, I feel that it is better to remain in my Stall, where only the upper part of me is visible to the unclothed eye. The consciousness that I am here, not as myself, but in disguise as somebody else, name unknown, rather oppresses me; only at first, however, as very soon I recognise a number of familiar faces and figures all in strange array. A stockbroker or two, a few journalists, several ordinary people belonging to various callings and professions, some others noble, some gentle, some simple, but most of us eyeing each other furtively, and wondering where the deuce the other fellow got his costume from, and what right he has to wear it.

Every moment I expect some gaily attired person to come up and say to me confidentially, "I know that suit; I wore it last so-and-so. Isn't it a trifle tight about the shoulders? Beware! when I wore it, it went a bit in the back." Man in gorgeous uniform makes his way to the vacant Stall next to me. I am a bit flustered until he salutes me heartily with—"How d'ye do? How are you?" Why, it's—well, no matter who it is. I have met him everywhere for years; we are the best of friends. I know he is something somewhere in the City, but not much anywhere else, and at all events he is no more a military man than I am a courtier, but when he confides to me that he was once upon a time in the Damphshire Yeomanry, and that this uniform has served him for years, and looks uncommonly well at night though it wouldn't bear the light of day, I begin to comprehend the entire scene.

My friend—we will call him TOMMY TUCKER (for I have frequently encountered him at supper, and am aware of his capacity)—is full of information. Some of our neighbours of an inquiring turn are asking one another who *that* is, and who *this* is, and so forth; and when the answers are incorrect, or even before the answers can be given, TOMMY TUCKER has replied in a low voice, with a view to imparting general information gratis, that So-and-So, in scarlet and silver, is Mr. BLACKSTONE, of BLACKSTONE & SONS, head of the great Coal Merchant Firm; that the man in blue and silver, supposed to be a Hungarian *attaché*, is the junior partner in BUNNOMS & Co., the Big Cake Purveyor; and that the warlike person, with a jingling sabre, is not

a Prussian officer, but is Deputy JONES, in the gorgeous uniform of the Old Buckshire Yeomanry; and when he's in the City, where he began in the usual way that millionnaires always do begin, by sweeping out an office, he is simply JONES, of Messrs. BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON & Co., Wharfingers. TOMMY TUCKER knows everybody, and everything about everybody, too. Who is that lady with a splendid tiara of diamonds?—that is the Duchess of BURLINGTON, "who"—and here, in a semi-whisper, intended for everybody's information, he tells how those brilliants come out for "one night only," and how they will be called for to-morrow morning by a confidential agent from POPSHOPPER'S Establishment in the Great Loan Land. TOM TUCKER is full of these stories. There isn't a person he doesn't know, until happening to recognise here a one and there a one, I correct him of my own private and personal knowledge, when he frankly admits that I am right; and after casually explaining how he does occasionally mistake the Countess of DUNNOYER for Lady ELIZABETH MARTIN, he goes off at a tangent, and picks out several other distinguished-looking personages, numbering them as "first to right," "second to left," and so forth, as if in a collection of wax-works, giving to each one of them a name and a history. His acquaintance with the private life of the aristocracy and the plutocracy is so extensive that I can only wonder at his knowledge, or marvel at his wondrous powers of ready invention.

So it goes on. Then enter the chief characters. All rise; the orchestra plays the "National Anthem" in German, I suppose, out of compliment to our Imperial visitors; and afterwards in English (translated, and, I fancy, "transposed"), in honour of H.R.H. the Prince and Princess. All the wax-work figures form in a row, under the direction of Lord Chamberlain LATHOM; the machinery is put in motion; they all bow to the audience; glasses are riveted on them; everybody is craning and straining to get a good view; the people in the gallery and just over the Royal Box loyally enjoy the scene, being quite unable to see any of the distinguished persons who are, in this instance, "quite beneath their notice." And then Signor MANCINELLI turns his back on everybody, and gets to business.

After this, I feel that a buckle, somewhere or other, has turned traitor, and inventing an excuse with a readiness worthy of TOMMY TUCKER himself, I suddenly, but cautiously, retire. I descend the grand staircase between two rows of beefeaters reclining drowsily at their ease. Fast asleep, some of 'em, after too much beef. Imagine myself a prisoner, in disguise of course, escaping from the Tower in the olden time. Then, fearing the collapse of another buckle or button, or the sudden "giving" of a seam, I steal cautiously past the Guards—then past serried ranks of soldiers under the colonnade—then—once more in the street of Bow, and I am free! I breathe again.

Hie thee home, my gallant steed (an eighteenpenny fare in a hansom), and let me resume the costume of private life, trifle with a cutlet, drain the goblet and smoke the mild havannah. *Sic transit gloria Wednesday!*

(Signed.) (Mysteriously.) THE DUKE OF DIS GUISE.

P.S.—Although there was more money in the house than on any previous occasion, yet never did I see so many persons who had "come in with orders," which they displayed lavishly, wearing them upon their manly buzzums.

Men in Possession.

THE Manager of Covent Garden is Sheriff HARRIS. Can all his operative officials all over the house be correctly termed "Sheriff's Officers"?



Birds that can sing, but wouldn't sing, and couldn't be made to sing, at Covent Garden, Wednesday, July 8.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.

SKETCHES ON THE SPOT. BY OUR OWN GAILY CHAFFIC ARTIST.

IMPERIAL IMPRESSIONS.

THAT they are not accustomed to ultra punctuality in the arrival of steam-yachts at Port Victoria.

That some one ought to catch it for not looking after the water-pipes in the State dining-room.

That it is rather trying to have to remain dignified with your boots in three inches of water.

That the Eton Volunteers are just the sort of boys to follow the tradition of the past, and win a second Waterloo.

That still it was a little awkward to have to review them in the pauses of a thunderstorm.

That the wedding as a wedding was not bad, but a couple of hundred thousand troops or so posted as a guard of honour, would have made it more impressive.

That Buckingham Palace is rather *triste*, when it is populated on the scale of one inhabitant to the square mile.

That Covent Garden Opera House, decorated with leagues of flower wreaths, is the finest sight in the world.

That Sheriff AUGUSTUS GLOSSOP HARRIS deserves a dukedom, and, if he were a German, should have it.

That one State Ball is like every other, but still it was very well done on Friday.

That the visit to the City was an entire success (although I wish the audience had made up their minds whether they would stand up or sit while I was speaking), thanks no doubt to the influence of the Sheriff.

That Saturday's doings were delightful. I was absolutely deafened with the cheering.

That it is very pleasant to be so well received, especially when, three years ago, I was generally snubbed and treated as a nobody.

THE BUSY BISLEY.

SCENE—Within measurable distance of Woking. Enter Lounge and Marksman, R. and L.

Lounge (heartily). Why, I am glad to see you! And how are things going on?

Marksman (cordially, but abruptly). Capitally! Good-bye!

Lounge. But I say, what a hurry you are in! Can't you stop a minute for a chat?

Marks. Another time, but just now moments are precious.

Lounge. But I say, you see I have found myself here—it doesn't take much longer than getting down to Wimbledon.

Marks. Of course it doesn't—whoever said it did? But there, old chap, I must be off!

Lounge. You are in a hurry! Ah, we used to have pleasant days in the old place?

Marks. Did we? I daresay we did.

Lounge. Why, of course! Grand old days! Don't you remember what fun it used to be decorating your tent; and then, when the ladies came down—which they did nearly all the day long—what larks it was getting them tea and claret-cup?

Marks. Very likely. But we don't have many ladies now, and a good job too—they are a bore.

Lounge. Well, you are a chap! Why, how can there be any fun without your sisters, and your cousins, and your maiden aunts?

Marks. We don't want fun. But there, good-bye!

Lounge. But I say, I have come all this way to look you up.

Marks. (unbending). Very kind of you, but, my dear fellow, you have chosen rather an unfortunate time.

Lounge. Why, at Wimbledon you had nothing to do!

Marks. Very likely. But then Bisley isn't Wimbledon.

Lounge. (dryly). So it seems. Everyone said that, when they moved the camp further away from home, they would ruin the meeting.

Marks. Then everyone was wrong. Why, we are going on swimmingly.

Lounge. It must be beastly dull.

Marks. Not at all. Lovely country, good range, and, after it rains, two minutes later it is dry as bone.

Lounge. Yes, but it stands to reason that it *can't* be as popular as Wimbledon.

Marks. My dear fellow, figures are the best test of that. In all the history of the Association we have never had more entries than this year.

Lounge. That may be, but you don't have half the fun you had nearer town.

Marks. (laughing). Don't want to! Business, my dear fellow, not pleasure! And now, old man, I really *must* be off! Ta, ta! See you later. [Exit.]

Lounge. Well, whatever he may say, I prefer Wimbledon. And as there doesn't seem much for me to do down here, I shall return to town. [Does so. Curtain.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—Don't know what the House of Lords would do without WEMYSS. How the House of Commons gets along without ELCHO is another story. Of course we are not absolutely ELCHO-less. Amurath has succeeded to Amurath, and there is still an ELCHO in the Commons. Perhaps in time he may reach the towering height of his illustrious father. He does very well as it is; made exceedingly smart speech the other afternoon on adjournment over Derby Day. We try to bear up; make the best of things; but in our secret hearts confess that this century has seen but one Lord ELCHO, and now he's Earl of WEMYSS.

Was in fine old style to-night. DORCHESTER brought on question of Volunteers. They are going to Wimbledon on Saturday to be reviewed by that veteran the German EMPEROR. DORCHESTER, in modest, convincing speech, pointed out how unfair it was that, in addition to, in many cases, losing a day's pay, in all cases incurring a day's hard work, that Volunteers should be required to pay expenses of their trip to Wimbledon. DORCHESTER left nothing unsaid; put the whole case in brief speech. But WEMYSS not going to be left out. Interposed in fine patronising manner; made acknowledgment of DORCHESTER's good intention; but, suggesting an absolutely imaginary case, took exception to the presentation of the Volunteers in the light of asking for a day's pay. That, he said, would spoil the whole case.

No one had suggested anything of the kind. WEMYSS had brought this nine-pin in with him as if it were one of a set of baccarat counters, had set it up, and was now knocking it down. Noble Lords sat and stared in polite amazement. CRANBROOK, in his impetuous way, jumped up and raised point of order. WEMYSS put him aside with sweep of sword-arm, and went on to end of his speech, which showed who was the true friend of the Volunteer forces.

"Ah," said young LAMINGTON, second Baron, regarding with pleased interest the flush of satisfaction that mantled WEMYSS' brow when he resumed his seat, "this House would have been nothing only for us fellows coming in from the Commons. It's new blood that does it. I'll make them a speech myself some day."

Business done.—Quite a lot in the Commons.

Tuesday.—FERGUSON says life at Foreign Office would be endurable only for LABBY. The Sage has got the Triple Alliance on the

brain; spends his mornings in drafting questions there ament. That FERGUSON wouldn't mind so much, only it involves his spending his afternoons in drafting answers that shall look coherent, and yet say nothing. Answers often so admirably suited to their purpose, that doubts arise as to whether a firmer hand than FERGUSON's has not traced them on paper. "A dull man," was the phrase in which, years ago, JOHN BRIGHT dismissed from consideration the statesman then known as Sir CHARLES ADDERLY. To House of Commons FERGUSON is a dull man, incapable, as it seems, of framing these subtle answers that look as if they meant so much, and yet say so little.

Whoever be the author, it must be said that FERGUSON contributes to success of answers by his manner of reading them. So portentous is his gravity, so like a stone wall his imperturbability, that the Sage dashes himself up against it with much the same effect as if he were attacking one of the buttresses of Westminster Hall. It is a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances, most happy in its result, that when in the House of Commons an answer is to be given which shall convey no information, the MARKISS should dictate it, and FERGUSON recite it. If, in reply to the Sage's question to-night, as to the understanding between this country and Italy with respect to the *status quo* in Mediterranean, FERGUSON had stood up, and



Second Baron.



Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

recited the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve, the remarks would have been just as relevant and informing as those he read from the paper. Moreover, the gravity of his aspect and the solemn inflection of his voice, would have compelled Members to listen to the end of the recitation with a sort of dim consciousness that they were really being informed as to the details of an understanding come to between Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Governments of Germany and Italy.

Business done.—Education Bill through Report Stage.

Thursday.—House having disposed of Land Purchase Bill and Education Bill, is able to devote portion of sitting to consideration of its own personal affairs. MORTON brings on subject of Bar in Lobby of House of Commons. Nothing to do with the Bar that Lockwood, ASQUITH, and REID adorn; merely a counter, at which they sell what JEMMY LOWTHER alludes to, with a bewitching air of distant acquaintance, as "alcoholic liquors." MORTON, whose great ambition in life is to make people thoroughly comfortable, wants to close the Bar. SYDNEY HERBERT, making a rare appearance as spokesman for the Government on the Treasury Bench, pleads as a set-off against alleged evil example, the large consumption of "lemon squash," which he explains to the House is "a non-intoxicant." CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN sends thrill of apprehension through listening Senate by inquiring whether the House of Commons is licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors?

No one ever thought of that before. As far as anyone knows, place isn't licensed; consequently, in very birthplace of legislation, the law has for years been systematically defied. Worse this than what happened at Temple the other day, when LORD CHANCELLOR and a score of principal Members of Bar of England narrowly escaped indictment for playing a drama in an unlicensed hall. Vision conjured up of the police making sudden descent on the House, walking off with SPEAKER, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, and possibly OLD MORALITY, to nearest station, there to be locked up till released on bail.

JEMMY LOWTHER much struck by suggestion. His innate magisterial instincts on the alert. We all know and like JEMMY, but few of us have opportunity of seeing him at his very best. That happens when he sits on the Magisterial Bench and dispenses justice. It is as JEMMY, J.P., he rises to the fullest height of his judicial manner. Still, pretty well just now. A little embarrassed at the outset by consciousness that his postal address at Leeds is "Swillington House." Afraid some ribald person will remember this, and vulgarly connect it with the discussion. Delightful to observe the way in which he reproved GEORGE CAMPBELL for language unbecoming the precincts of the Court. CAMPBELL had lightly spoken about "Members requiring a pick-me-up." "Persons enjoying the privilege of obtaining alcoholic liquors," was the way JEMMY put it, with a severe glance towards the abashed Knight of Kircaldy.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Turns out to-night that MORTON doesn't approve the Triple Alliance. This would be awkward, in any circumstances. Particularly embarrassing just now with one of the principal signatories our guest. Emperor WILLIAM was most anxious to come down to House; meant to see everything whilst he was here, not knowing what may happen before another opportunity presents itself.

"Always read your Diary, TOBY," he said to me, over a strawberry and cream at Marlborough House yesterday; "gather from it the impression that House of Commons is exceedingly interesting place; all its Members eloquent, and all its Ministers virtuous. Must go and see it. Look in on Friday."

Here's a go! Known beforehand that MORTON meant to state his views on the MARKISS's foreign policy, with its evident leaning toward Germany. Very awkward if EMPEROR came in just while MORTON was speaking.

"It would play the doose with the *ententy cordially*," said JULIUS ANNIBAL PIXON, who resents MORTON's interference in the field of foreign policy.

Happily Emperor WILLIAM didn't get as far as Westminster; detained at Guildhall; just got off in time to dine with the Great Dook, and afterwards to the ball at Buckingham Palace. So peace between two great nations is maintained. But MORTON ran us pretty close. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.



Jemmy, J.P.

THEN AND NOW.

MR. PUNCH'S JUBILEE RETROSPECT.

["*Punch* and the Elections were the only matters which occupied the public mind on July 17, 1841."—Introduction to "*Punch*," Vol. I.]

FIFTY years ago, my Public, fifty years ago!
Faith, the years fleet swiftly onward, though sad hours seem slow.
Forty-One beheld my advent, Friend of Truth and Fun;
From my *sanctum* still I greet you now in Ninety-One.

"*Punch* and the Elections!" Truly a compendious text.
With how many Burning Questions men to-day are vexed!
Then the Whigs perceived their tether pretty nearly run,
And—they're watching Bye-Elections now in Ninety-One.

Then Lord JOHN was on the Treasury Bench, though ill at ease,
Thence to be soon torn—like Theseus;—PEEL, the Hercules.
Now SMITH smiles a toothy smile in little JOHNNY's place,
While the Grand Old Hercules sits watching, grave of face.

He remembers Forty-One! Few, except *Punch* and him,
Linger from those brave old days, now distant grown and dim!
He has reached his Jubilee, as *Punch* this year hath done.
Veterans both, we drink each other's health in Ninety-One!

Forty-One was fierce and fiery. Young DISRAELI then
Bravely buttered stout Sir ROBERT as the best of men.
Pheugh! But in how short a time was BEN's envenomed steel
Destined to find rankling lodgment in the breast of PEEL!

Now? Well, there is jaunty JOSEPH poisoning his point;
Seeking in GRANDOLMAN's mail some penetrable joint!
Heroes and ex-armour-bearers still keep up the fun;
One-and-Forty saw it so, and so does Ninety-One!

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD (who was *he*? Let quidnuncs guess!)
Moved Amendment relative to "Popular Distrress."
Then his cure was Wider Suffrage. Now what would it be?
Land with little or no Rent, and Education Free?

Then the Corn Laws cramped Free Trade; free Competition now
Breeds the Sweater, harsh exploiter of the toiler's brow.
When brave PEEL achieve? Repeal some deemed the task was done,
But Commissions upon Labour sit in Ninety-One.

SIBTHORP then amused St. Stephen's; we have SEYMOUR KEAY,
D'ORSAY then was wit and dandy, OSCAR WILDE have we.
And if wild FEARGUS O'CONNOR fashioned Land Schemes then,
BURNS and MORRIS well can match him now with tongue or pen.

Then TOM HOOD could sing that Song* which moved a world to tears,
London Laundrydom on Strike now in Hyde Park appears.
Ah! since Eighteen Forty-One much has been tried—and *done*,
But *Punch* finds no lack of labour e'en in Ninety-One!

Then HER MAJESTY, a Maiden Queen, fresh graced the Throne,
Now her Royal Jubilee is full four years bygone.
He who has illumed her reign with wisdom, wit, and fun,
Greets her loyally to-day as then, in Forty-One.

Madam, much since then has happened, much has been achieved;
Marvels, commonplace to-day, few then would have believed.
Science, Liberty, Pure Manners, Order, Peace, Goodwill,
Punch for Fifty Years has championed, and will champion still.

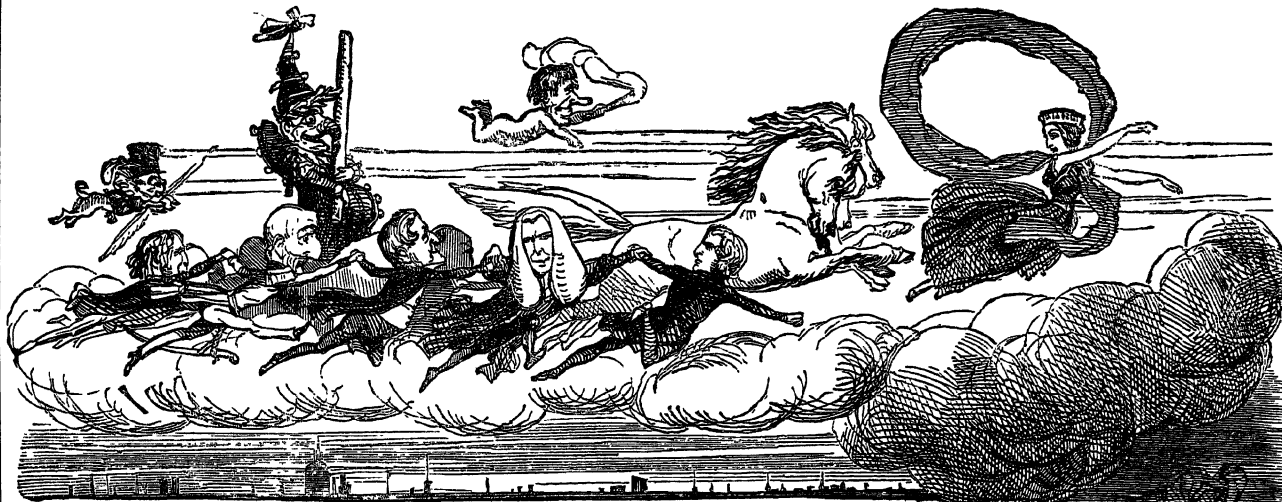
Then and now! The captious cynic at the contrast sneers,
Punch believes in, and would help, the Progress of the Years.
When his Century's full course, fifty Years hence, has run,
With good heart and glad may he look back on Ninety-One!

* "*The Song of the Shirt*," which appeared on page 260 of Vol. V., 1843, in a supplementary number entitled, "*Punch's* Triumphant Procession."

QUEER QUERIES.

INFLUENZA.—I should feel really grateful to any reader who can tell me whether I have Influenza or not. I think I must have it, as I have tested my temperature with a thermometer attached to a weather-glass hanging in the hall, which is only slightly cracked, and find that it—my temperature, not the weather-glass—stays constantly at 120 degrees, which seems rather high. My headaches are *frightful*, and the pills with forty grains of quinine in them, which I have been recommended to take by a neighbouring chemist's assistant, do not seem to do any good. Cough and chemist's bill both very heavy. Ought I to have a change? If so, whom should I try and take it out of?—NERVOUS SUBJECT.

MR. PUNCH'S JUBILEE NUMBER.



"MY Reminiscences!" said *Mr. Punch*, replying to a question put by his Interviewer, ANNO DOMINI EIGHTEEN-NINETY-ONE; "They are already before the World, in exactly One Hundred Volumes! My first 'Number' bore date for the week ending July 17th, 1841. My memory is indeed stored with recollections, pleasant, picturesque, pathetic, of the teeming past, memories of my joyous 'Table,' of my well-beloved 'Young Men,' of Great Names, of Genial Comrades, of Bright Wits, of Warm Hearts, of Famous Artists, of Clever Writers, who—in the words of the greatest of them all—

'Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.'

"How well the words of the wise wit written in 1847 express our thoughts to-day, Mr. ANNO DOMINI:—

'Here let us sport
Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to their dust!
We sing round the tree.'

It is one of my proudest memories to recollect that THACKERAY'S 'Mahogany Tree,' was my Table."

"To have been Amphitryon to such guests must have been the most pleasant privilege of hospitality," said ANNO DOMINI.

"Very true," responded *Mr. Punch*, "And of all my Deputy-Amphitryons—if I may use the term—who more fully, fitly, justly, and genially filled the post than the earliest of them all, the kindly and judicious MARK LEMON? Had not he and clever HENRY MAYHEW, and Mr. Printer LAST, and EBENEZER LANDELLS, my earliest engraver, foregathered first with me in furtherance of the 'new work of wit and whim,' embellished with cuts and caricatures, to be called:—

PUNCH; OR, THE LONDON CHARIVARI?

"LEMON, and LAST, and MAYHEW, were they here to-day, would probably agree to divide between them the early honours, as they shared the early responsibility. But doubtless MARK LEMON was the literary shaper of the 'Guffawgraph,' as he jocularly called it in his 'Prospectus,' and, from the first, its guiding spirit. Happily so, for his was a spirit fitted to rule, both by power, and tact, and taste. With 'Uncle MARK' in the chair, I knew there would be neither austere autocracy, nor *fainéant* laxity, neither weakness of stroke nor foulness of blow, neither Rosa-Matilda-ish mawkishness, nor Rabelaisian coarseness.

"How well I remember my first group of 'Young Men,'" pursued *Mr. Punch*, musingly. "There was swift and scathing DOUGLAS JERROLD, with his tossed and tangled mane of grey hair. GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT, too, the whimsically witty, the drolly satirical, the comically caustic. HENRY MAYHEW, of course, and, a little later, his brother HORACE, the simple, lovable 'PONNY.' HENNING, NEWMAN and BRINE, were my earliest Artists. HENNING drew the first Cartoon, whilst NEWMAN and BRINE, and, later, HINE, between them, were responsible for most of the smaller cuts, head-and-tail-

pieces, pictorial puns, and sketchy silhouettes, wherewith *Punch's* early pages abounded.

"In the fourth Number of *Punch*, published on August 7th, 1841, first appeared the soon-to-be-famous signature of 'JOHN LEECH.'"

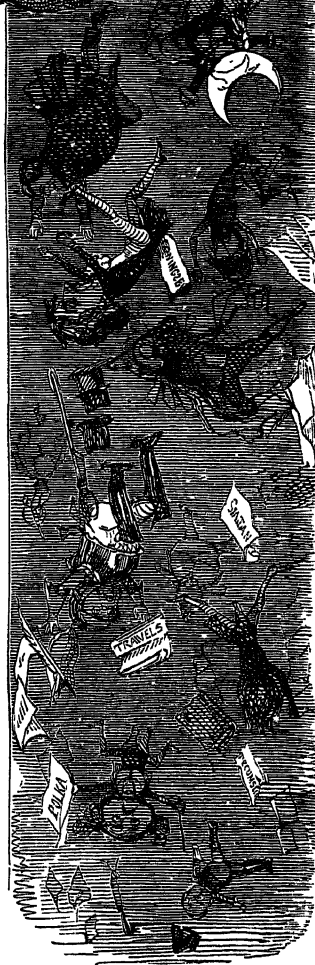
"Ah! JOHN LEECH," cried the attentive ANNO DOMINI. "A name to conjure with! How did that 'Star swim into your ken'?"

"There was a certain clever, scholarly, and genial gentleman," responded *Mr. Punch*, "who had lately published, under the pseudonym of 'PAUL PRENDERGAST,' an extremely funny *Comic Latin Grammar*. 'PAUL PRENDERGAST' was, in reality, Mr. PERCIVAL LEIGH, originally a medical gentleman, the well-beloved 'Professor' of later *Punch* days. The *Comic Latin Grammar* had been admirably illustrated by a personal friend, and fellow-student, of LEIGH's named LEECH. The services of both of the contributors to the *Comic Latin Grammar* were soon enlisted in my interests.

"Another of LEECH's medical student friends was ALBERT SMITH, and he before long was penning his 'Physiology of London Evening Parties' (illustrated by PHIZ—HALBOT KNIGHT BROWNE—NEWMAN, and others) for my pages. KENNY MEADOWS, WATTS PHILLIPS, ALFRED 'CROW-QUILL' (FORRESTER), JOHN GILBERT, and others, drew also for the young Journal, the printing of which had been taken over by the Whitefriars firm of BRADBURY AND EVANS, with whom as proprietors and fast friends, *Punch* has ever since been happily associated.

"As early as my Fourth Volume," pursued *Mr. Punch*, "it became obvious that, in the person of 'Our Fat Contributor,' a certain 'MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH' was writing and drawing for *Punch*.

(Continued on Page 4.)



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 17, 1891.

THE MORAL OF PUNCH.

As we hope, gentle public, to pass many happy hours in your society, we think it right that you should know something of our character and intentions. Our title, at a first glance, may have misled you into a belief that we have no other intention than the amusement of a thoughtless crowd, and the collection of pence. We have a higher object. Few of the admirers of our prototype, merry Master PUNCH, have looked upon his vagaries but as the practical outpourings of a rude and boisterous mirth. We have considered him as a teacher of no mean pretensions, and have, therefore, adopted him as the sponsor for our weekly sheet of pleasant instruction. When we have seen him parading in the glories of his motley, flourishing his baton (like our friend Jullien at Drury-lane) in time with his own unrivalled discord, by which he seeks to win the attention and admiration of the crowd, what visions of graver puppetry have passed before our eyes! Golden circlets, with their adornments of coloured and lustrous gems, have bound the brow of infamy as well as that of honour—a mockery to both; as though virtue required a reward beyond the fulfilment of its own high purposes, or that infamy could be cheated into the forgetfulness of its villainy by the weight around its temples! Gilded coaches have glided before us, in which sat men who thought the buzz and shouts of crowds a guerdon for the toils, the anxieties, and, too often, the speculations of a life. Our ears have rung with the noisy frothiness of those who have bought their fellow-men as beasts in the market-place, and found their reward in the sycophancy of a degraded constituency, or the patronage of a venal ministry—no matter of what creed, for party *must* destroy patriotism.

The noble in his robes and coronet—the beadle in his gaudy livery of scarlet, and purple, and gold—the dignitary in the fulness of his pomp—the demagogue in the triumph of his hollowness—these and other visual and oral cheats by which mankind are cajoled, have passed in review before us, conjured up by the magic wand of PUNCH.

How we envy his philosophy, when SHALLA-BA-LA, that demon with the bell, besets him at every turn, almost teasing the sap out of him! The moment that his tormentor quits the scene, PUNCH seems to forget the existence of his annoyance, and, carolling the mellifluous numbers of *Jim Crow*, or some other strain of equal beauty, makes the most of the present, regardless of the past or future; and when SHALLA-BA-LA renews his persecutions, PUNCH boldly faces his enemy, and ultimately becomes the victor. All have a SHALLA-BA-LA in some shape or other; but few, how few, the philosophy of PUNCH!

We are afraid our prototype is no favourite with the ladies. PUNCH is (and we reluctantly admit the fact) a Malthusian in principle, and somewhat of a domestic tyrant; for his conduct is at times harsh and ungentlemanly to Mrs. P.

"Eve of a land that still is Paradise,
Italian beauty!"

But as we never look for perfection in human nature, it is too much to expect it in wood. We wish it to be understood that we repudiate such principles and conduct. We have a Judy of our own, and a little Punchinny that commits innumerable improprieties; but we fearlessly aver that we never threw him out of window, nor belaboured the lady with a stick—even of the size allowed by law.

There is one portion of the drama we wish was omitted, for it always saddens us—we allude to the prison scene. PUNCH, it is true, sings in duress, but we hear the ring of the bars mingling with the song. We are advocates for the *correction* of offenders; but how many generous and kindly beings are there pining within the walls of a prison, whose only crimes are poverty and misfortune! They, too, sing and laugh, and appear jocund, but the heart can ever hear the ring of the bars.

We never looked upon a lark in a cage, and heard him tilling out his music as he sprang upwards to the roof of his prison, but we felt sickened with the sight and sound, as contrasting, in our thought, the free minstrel of the morning, bounding as it were into the blue caverns of the heavens, with the bird to whom the world was circumscribed. May the time soon arrive, when every prison shall be a palace of the mind—when we shall seek to instruct and cease to punish. PUNCH has already advocated education by example. Look at his dog Toby! The instinct of the

brute has almost germinated into reason. Man *has* reason, why not give him intelligence?

We now come to the last great lesson of our motley teacher—the gallows! that accursed tree which has its *root* in injuries. How clearly PUNCH exposes the fallacy of that dreadful law which authorises the destruction of life! PUNCH sometimes destroys the hangman: and why not? Where is the divine injunction against the shedder of man's blood to rest? None *can* answer! To us there is but *one* disposer of life. At other times PUNCH hangs the devil: this is as it should be. Destroy the principle of evil by increasing the means of cultivating the good, and the gallows will then become as much a wonder as it is now a jest.

We shall always play PUNCH, for we consider it best to be merry and wise—

"And laugh at all things, for we wish to know,

What, after all, are all things but a show!"—Byron.

As on the stage of PUNCH's theatre, many characters appear to fill up the interstices of the more important story, so our pages will be interspersed with trifles that have no other object than the moment's approbation—an end which will never be sought for at the expense of others, beyond the evanescent smile of a harmless satire.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THERE is a report of the stoppage of one of the most respectable *hard-bake* houses in the metropolis. The firm had been speculating considerably in "Prince Albert's Rock," and this is said to have been the rock they have ultimately split upon. The boys will be the greatest sufferers. One of them had stripped his jacket of all its buttons as a deposit on some *tom-trot*, which the house had promised to supply on the following day; and we regret to say, there are whispers of other transactions of a similar character.

Money has been abundant all day, and we saw a half-crown piece and some halfpence lying absolutely idle in the hands of an individual, who, if he had only chosen to walk with it into the market, might have produced a very alarming effect on some minor description of securities. Cherries were taken very freely at twopence a pound, and Spanish (liquorice) at a shade lower than yesterday. There has been a most disgusting glut of tallow all the week, which has had an alarming effect on dips, and thrown a still further gloom upon rushlights.

The late discussions on the timber duties have brought the match market into a very unsettled state, and Congreve lights seem destined to undergo a still further depression. This state of things was rendered worse towards the close of the day, by a large holder of the last-named article unexpectedly throwing an immense quantity into the market, which went off rapidly.

SOMETHING WARLIKE.

MANY of our readers must be aware, that in pantomimic pieces, the usual mode of making the audience acquainted with anything that cannot be clearly explained by dumb-show, is to exhibit a linen scroll, on which is painted, in large letters, the sentence necessary to be known. It so happened that a number of these scrolls had been thrown aside after one of the grand spectacles at Astley's Amphitheatre, and remained amongst other lumber in the property-room, until the late destructive fire which occurred there. On that night, the wife of one of the stage-assistants—a woman of portly dimensions—was aroused from her bed by the alarm of fire, and in her confusion, being unable to find her proper habiliments, laid hold of one of these scrolls, and wrapping it around her, hastily rushed into the street, and presented to the astonished spectators an extensive back view, with the words, "BOMBARD THE CITADEL," inscribed in legible characters upon her singular drapery.

HUME'S TERMINOLOGY.

HUME is so annoyed at his late defeat at Leeds, that he vows he will never make use of the word Tory again as long as he lives. Indeed, he proposes to expunge the term from the English language, and to substitute that which is applied to his own party. In writing to a friend, that "after the inflammatory character of the oratory of the Carlton Club, it is quite supererogatory for me to state (it being notorious) that all conciliatory measures will be rendered nugatory," he thus expressed himself:—"After the inflammawhig character of the orawhig of the nominees of the Carlton Club, it is quite supererogawhig for me to state (it being nowhigous) that all conciliawhig measures will be rendered nugawhig."

NATIVE SWALLOWS.

A CORRESPONDENT to one of the daily papers has remarked, that there is an almost total absence of swallows this summer in England. Had the writer been present at some of the election dinners lately, he must have confessed that a greater number of *active swallows* has rarely been observed congregated in any one year.

LORD MELBOURNE TO "PUNCH."

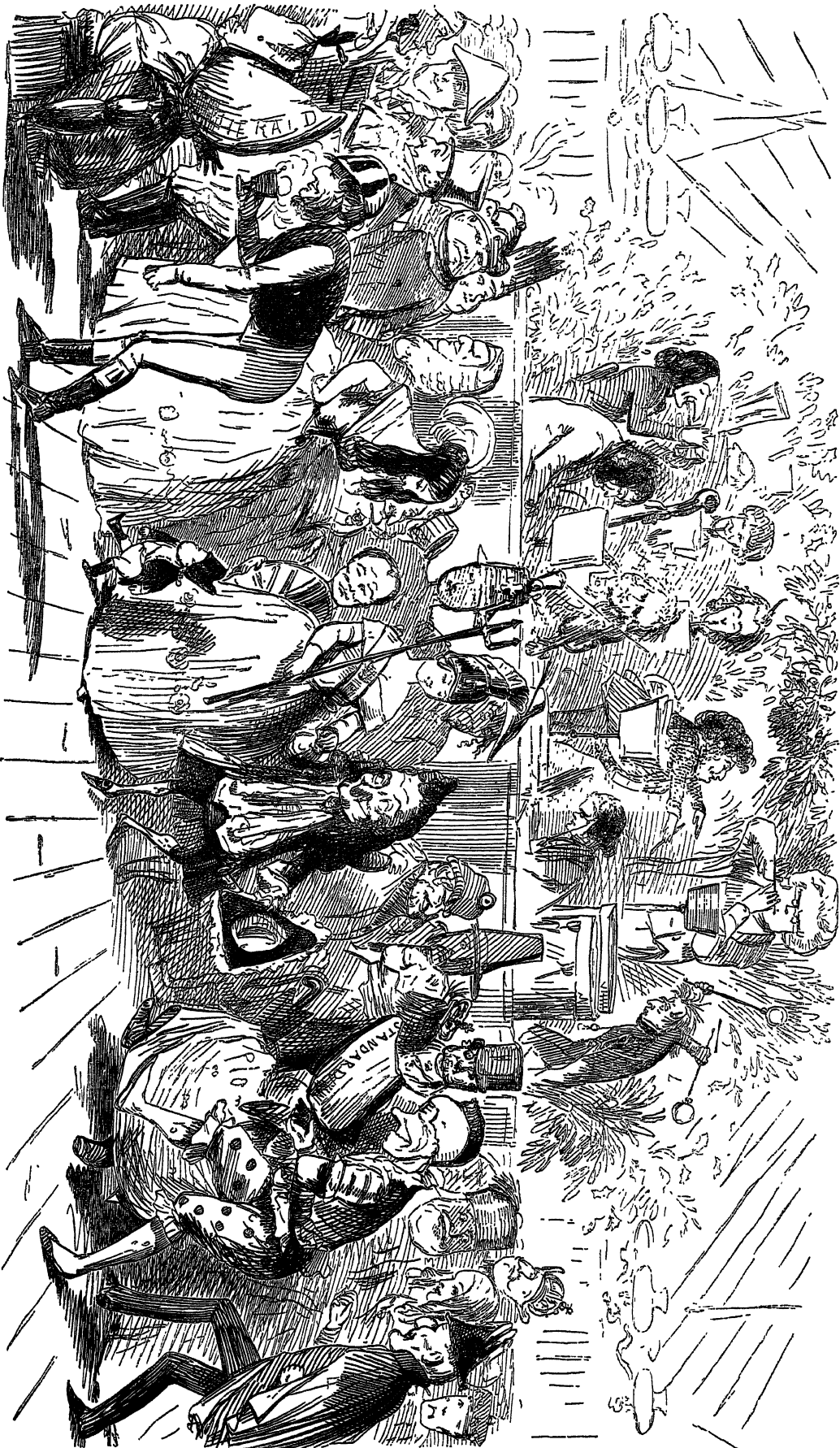
MY DEAR PUNCH,—Seeing in the "Court Circular" of the *Morning Herald* an account of a General Goblet as one of the guests of Her Majesty, I beg to state, that till I saw that announcement, I was not aware of any other *general gobble* than myself at the Palace.

Yours, truly,

MELBOURNE.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—JUNE 18, 1891.

Horace Mayhew. Richd. Doyle. John Leech. Mark Lemon. W. M. Thackeray.
 Jerviall Leigh. Gilbert A. Beckett. Tom Taylor. Douglas Jerrold.



Prince de Joinville.
 Sir R. Peel. Sir J. Graham.
 Richd. Cobden.

Geo. Hudson. Shaw Lefevre.
 D. O'Connell.
 Lord George Bentinck.

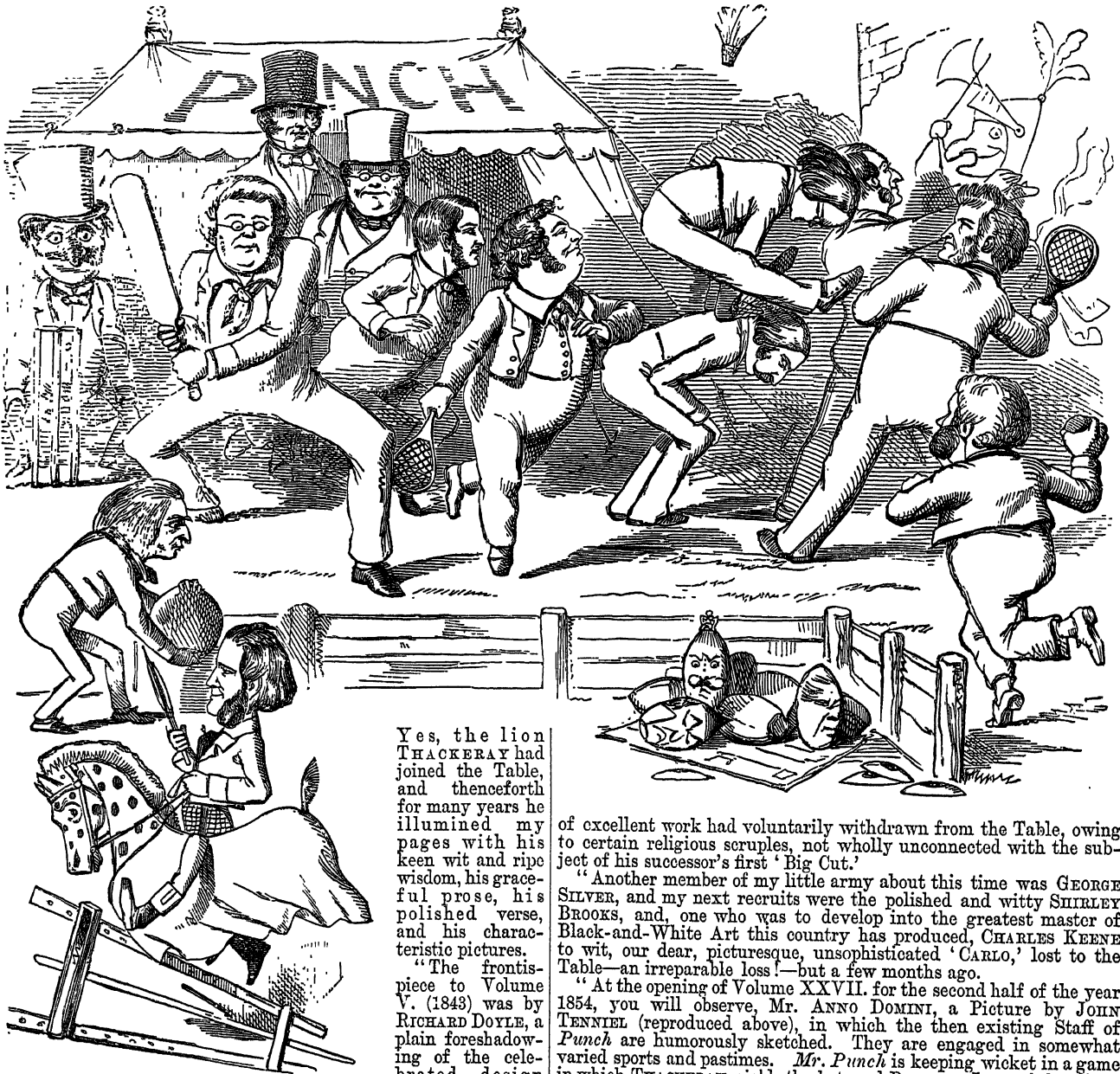
Prince Albert.
 Lord John Russell.
 Gen. Tom Thumb.

B. Disraeli.
 THE QUEEN.
 Mr. Punch.

Col. Sibthorp.
 Louis Philippe.
 The British Lion.

Sir Fredk. Trench.
 Duke of Richmond.
 Duke of Wellington.
 Emperor of Russia.
 Mehemet Ali.
 Lord Brougham.

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY BALL. 1847.



"The very first page of my Volume for 1864, Mr. ANNO DOMINI.

recorded a great, a grievous, an irreparable loss to me and to the world. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, the greatest of my contributors, had gone for ever from my Table. And a little later—only a little later—in my Number for November 12th, 1864, appeared an obituary notice—alas the day!—of the great, the genial, the loved, the lamented JOHN LEECH.

"In the Volumes for this year, 1865, appear for the first time the fanciful, ingenious, elaborately symbolical designs of CHARLES H. BENNETT, who unhappily did not long enrich my pages with his facile execution and singular subtlety of fancy. He died on the 2nd April. His place at my Table was soon after taken by LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

"On the 23rd May, 1870, he who had sat at the head of my Table ever since its first establishment, 'who wrote the first article in this Journal, who from its establishment had been its conductor,' left empty the chief seat at my board.

"If this Journal has had the good fortune to be credited with habitual advocacy of truth and justice, if it has been praised for abstinence from the less worthy kind of satire, if it has been trusted by those who keep guard over the purity of womanhood and of youth, we, the best witnesses, turn for a moment from our sorrow to bear the fullest and the most willing testimony that the high and noble spirit of MARK LEMON ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy onslaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured in being coadjutors with him."

"This, MR. ANNO DOMINI, was the high and merited tribute which the spokesman of his surviving colleagues paid to the beloved memory of MARK LEMON.

"SHIRLEY BROOKS succeeded him in the editorial chair, which he filled fittingly and faithfully for—alas!—only four years. In 1874 I lost my second Editor. TOM TAYLOR was his successor, taking up with the Editorship, the extraction of that weekly 'Essence of Parliament,' so long and so delightfully distilled by the deceased Chief.

"Meanwhile, on April 30th, 1872, HORACE MAYHEW, had departed from our midst. A little later the Table received a further accession in the person of ARTHUR WILLIAM ABECKETT, ('Mr. BRIEFLESS Junior,') son of that GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT who was one of my earliest 'Stars.' His brother, a second GILBERT ABECKETT, took his seat at the Table a few years later. In Volume LXVIII. for 1875, E. J. MILLIKEN made his first appearance as a *Punch* Writer. The Author of the 'ARRY papers, 'CHILDE CHAPPIE'S Pilgrimage,' &c., joined my Table two years later.

"On the 12th July, 1880, another great loss befel me. TOM TAYLOR, my third Editor, left that honourable post vacant, after occupying it with credit and distinction for six years. MR. F. C. BURNAND, author of 'Happy Thoughts,' &c., reigns in his stead. R. F.

SKETCHLEY, who had a seat at my Board for several years, resigned it a little later.

"The same year, 1880, saw the introduction of a new Artist, in the person of HARRY FURNISS; and the next introduced HENRY W. LUCY, the 'TOBY' of *Mr. Punch's* remodelled Essence of Parliament.

"In 1887, the appearance of '*Mr. Punch's* Manual for Young Reciters,' gave evidence of the fact that the Author of *Vice Versa*, MR. F. ANSTEE, had joined my Table. He, with R. C. LEHMANN, Author of '*Modern Types*,' &c., and E. G. REED, the Artist, are the very latest additions thereto. That Table has, within the last two years, sustained yet two other losses: PERCIVAL LEIGH, last survivor of the '*Old Guard*,' dying on 24th October, 1889, whilst, early in the present year, the inimitable CHARLES KEENE, universally acknowledged to be the greatest master of 'Black-and-White' technique who ever put pencil to wood-block, was taken away from me.

"Merely to mention *all* the bright pens and pencils which have occasionally contributed to my pages, would occupy much space. Amongst Writers may be named MAGUIN HANNAY, STIRLING COYNE, COVENTRY PATMORE, MORTIMER COLLINS, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, ANDREW LANG, JAMES PAYN, and Lord TENNYSON; amongst Artists, HOWARD (whose signature, a trident, was at one time familiar to *Punch* readers), MISS BOWERS, RALSTON, BRYAN, BARNARD, W. S. GILBERT (who illustrated several of his own articles), CORBOULD, CALDECOTT, RIVIERE, H. S. MARKS, FRED WALKER, SIR JOHN MILLAIS, and SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

"The present Staff, MR. ANNO DOMINI, you may see assembled 'round the old Tree' in the accompanying Cartoon. Around on the walls are the counterfeit presentments of their illustrious and honoured predecessors. My guests, you perceive, are drinking a toast. That toast is, '*Mr. Punch*, his health and Jubilee!'"

"In which I am delighted to join!" responded ANNO DOMINI. "*Mr. Punch*, you must be as proud of your '*Mahogany Tree*,' and its many memories, as King ARTHUR of his Table Round."

"For dear to ARTHUR was that hall of ours,
As having there so oft with all his Knights
Feasted,"

quoted the Sage, musing deeply of many things. Many of my Knights have 'gone before,' but they have not

"Left me gazing at a barren board."

"Their monograms are carven on this Table, their memories abide with us as we drink to *Punch's* Jubilee, and will abide when, as I hope, yet another fifty years hence, our successors drink with equal heartiness to *Punch's* Centenary!"



J. Tenniel.

H. Mayhew.

H. Silver.

M. Lemon.

C. Keene.

Shirley Brooks. Du Maurier.

T. Taylor. F. C. Burnand.

R. F. Sketchley.

P. Leigh.

PAST AND PRESENT.



IN THE SIXTIES.



IN THE SEVENTIES.



IN THE EIGHTIES.



IN THE NINETIES.

1

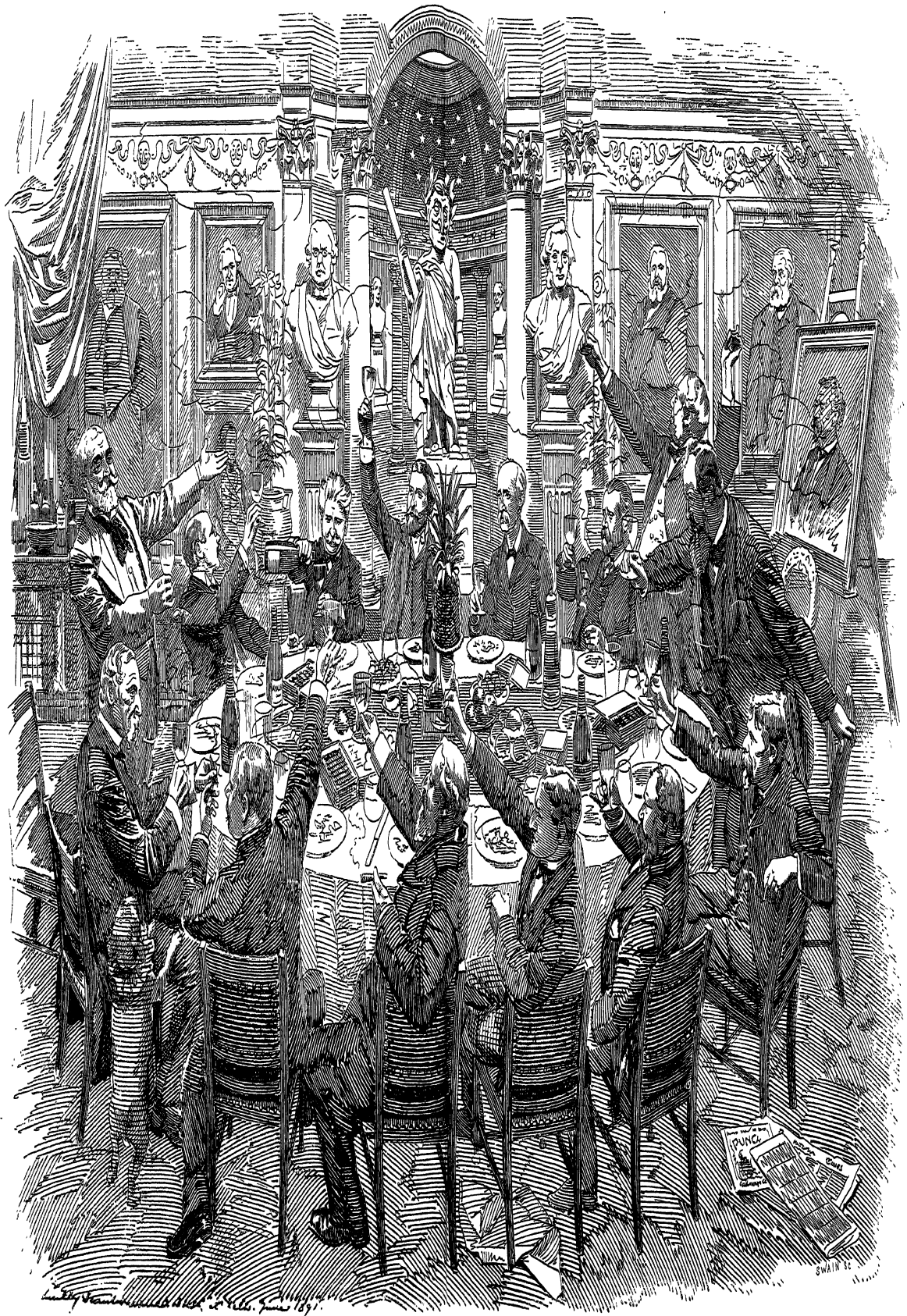
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MR. PUNCH'S JUBILEE PAGEANT.

(AS REFLECTED IN HIS OWN MAGIC MIRROR.)





"THE MAHOGANY TREE."



JUBILEE SHADOWS; OR, THE WHIRLIGIGS OF TIME.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, July 14th, 1891.—Things going on here much as usual. Rapidly winding up Session amid familiar surroundings. OLD MORALITY in seat of Leader of the House; Mr. G. opposite; SPEAKER in Chair; Sergeant-at-Arms on guard by the door; and WINDBAG SEXTON on his feet.



"Dizzy," 1847.

Brings back to my mind the first time I saw House. Wasn't in the House then; a mere puppy, which, indeed, some say I remain to this day. The date was August the 19th, 1841, and from seat where Strangers were admitted in the old House (the temporary building occupied whilst BARRY was erecting this lofty pile) I looked on at the opening of the first Session of the Fourteenth Parliament of the then United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, appointed to meet at Westminster in the fifth year of the Reign of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Remember it as if it were yesterday. It was MELBOURNE'S Ministry; but he of course sat in another place. On the Treasury Bench, distinctly visible under his hat, was JOHNNY RUSSELL, Colonial Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons. At a safe distance from him sat PAM, then in the prime of life, and at the time holding the post of Foreign Minister, in which he was able to make a remarkably large number of people uncomfortable. There was Sir GEORGE GREY, Chancellor of the Duchy, whilst a sturdily built gentleman, then known as the Right Hon. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, was Secretary for War; HENRY LABOUCHERE (not the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE) was President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint; whilst FRANCIS BARING was Chancellor of the Exchequer, all untroubled by the necessity of constructing a Budget since he knew he would never be called on to bring one in.

On the Front Bench opposite was Sir ROBERT PEEL with JAMES



"The Sphinx is Silent," 1876.

GRAHAM at his right elbow. In modest retirement at the end of the Bench sat a young man, of full height, and good figure, with a mass of black hair crowning a large, well-shaped head. Remember noticing how carefully the hair was parted down the middle, in a fashion then unusual with men. His face was pleasant to look upon,

even mild in its expression; but from time to time, more particularly when he spoke, there flashed from beneath his dark and bushy eyebrows a pair of eyes that shone like stars. This was the Mr. G. of those days, whose highest Ministerial office, as yet, had been the Under-Secretary h p for the Colonies, held for a few months six years earlier.

Big House on this first night, as Houses were counted then, when the number of Members was considerably less. First business was to choose SPEAKER. SHAW-LEFEVRE (not the Member for Bradford, but a forbear) had been SPEAKER in last Parliament; re-elected now, PEEL, who, by the lifting of a finger, could have put his own nominee in the Chair, graciously consenting.

Of all who filled the House on that night, only two have seats in the present Parliament—Mr. G., and the humble person who, by favour of the Electors of Berkshire, is permitted to pen these lines. (CHRISTOPHER TALBOT, then represented Glamorganshire, but he just failed to live into this Jubilee time.) Yet, when I look round on the Benches now, I see a score of men who bear the names, and are, in many cases, descendants, of Members who sat in the Parliament that will ever have a place in history, if only because it was born in the same year, almost in the same month, as *Mr. Punch*. There was a THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, representing Devonshire; there were two HENEGAGES, one representing Devizes, and the other, EDWARD, sitting for Grimsby, as EDWARD HENEGAGE sits to-day for the same borough.

There was a BORTHWICK, Member for Evesham. There was a PHILIP STANHOPE, Member for Hertford. STANSFELD sat for Huddersfield, and MARJORIBANKS for Hythe, a LAWSON for Knaresborough, a BECKETT for Leeds, a CHILDERS for Malton, a MANNERS for Newark-upon-Trent, having a certain WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE for colleague. He was the Lord JOHN, well known to students of poetry, who now wears a Ducal coronet.

Of course there was a SMITH, VERNON by Christian name,



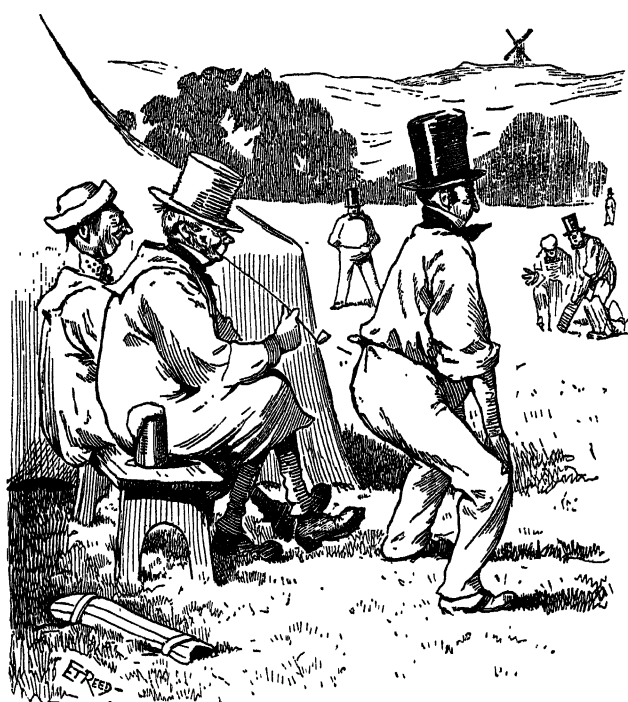
"W. E. G.," 1860.



"The Colossus of Words," 1879.

Member for Northampton; a HOULDSWORTH representing Nottinghamshire, a MACLEAN for Oxford, a HARCOURT for Oxfordshire—nay, in this happy Parliament there were two HARCOURTS, GRANVILLE HARCOURT VERNON sitting for East Retford. A VIVIAN sat for

MR. PUNCH KEEPS HIS EYE ON CRICKET.



THEN (1841)



NOW (1891).

and

Penrhyn—HUSSEY VIVIAN's father, JOHN HENRY, sat in the same Parliament for Swansea. Lord EBRINGTON sat for Plymouth, and CHARLES RUSSELL for Reading. ORMSBY GORE represented North Shropshire, long a possession of his family. The Markiss o' GRANBY sat for Stamford, with a CLARK for colleague. FREDERICK VILLIERS (not our present Father) kept the name green at Sudbury, and there was a WYNDIAM for Sussex. The HENRY LABOUCHERE of those less lively days sat for Taunton, and Sir ROBERT PEEL, our SPEAKER's father, for Tamworth. There was a HAYTER, GOOD-ENOUGH for Wells, one LOWTHER represented Westmoreland, and another York. A WALTER LONG sat for North Wilts, STUART WORTLEY sat for the West Riding, and JAMES DUFF for Banffshire. We had a BALFOUR for Haddington, and Lord DALMENY of that day, happier than the present head of the family, sat in the Commons for Inverkeithing, a place long since swept off the electoral board. These surnames, with one or two others I can't recall—yes, there was a DALRYMPLE for Wigtonshire—are familiar on the Roll of Parliament to-day.

Amongst the prominent Members of this Parliament I remember ROEBUCK sitting for Bath; and PAKINGTON—then plain JOHN all unconscious of the coming marvel of a Ten Minutes' Reform Bill—for Droitwich. STRATFORD CANNING had a seat for King's Lynn, and MONCKTON MILNES was Member for Pomfret. JOHN BRIGHT was not in the House, but RICHARD CORDEN sat for Stockport, and there was an acidulous person, then known as RALPH BERNAL, who sat for Wycombe. We knew BERNAL OSBORNE in many later Parliaments.

Curious to think how Ireland at this epoch belonged to the classes! DANIEL O'CONNELL was just in his prime, and in addition to himself returned three of his name. SMITH O'BRIEN was yet far off the cabbage garden, and HENRY GRATTAN sat for Meath. There is a living image of him now among the busts in the corridor leading out of the Octagon Hall; a fiery dramatic speaker in the House, who, as someone said of him at the time, used in his passion to throw up his arms, bend over till he touched the floor with his finger-nails, and thank

Heaven he had no gestures. The O'CONNOR DON whom Members younger than I remember as he sat above the Gangway in the Parliament of 1874, then represented Roscommon. But for the most part the Irish Members of those days were Earls, Viscounts, Knights, Baronets, Honourables and Right Honourables.

There were, on the Motion for the Address, big debates in both Houses on this particular night, when I first saw the SPEAKER in wig and gown. The fate of the Ministry could scarcely be said to hang in the balance; they knew they were doomed. In the Lords the shrift was short. Not too late for dinner, their Lordships divided: "Contents 96, Not Contents 168," majority against Government 72. I well remember COVENTRY's speech; worth reciting as a model for these later days. He followed LANSDOWNE, and House wanted to hear NORTHAMPTON. When COVENTRY presented himself, fearful row kicked up. He stood there till silence partially restored, then he said in deep voice, as who should say "My name is—Norval,"—

"I am Lord COVENTRY. A few words from me. I think the country is in a safe state, and I hope to find it placed in the hands of the Duke of WELLINGTON. My Lords, I hope I have not detained you."

Then he sat down.

In the Commons, debate lasted four days; majority against Government 91.

The LABBY of 1841 spoke at length, and was followed by Mr. D'ISRAELI (he spelt it with an apostrophe in those days): a good Disraelian ring about the last sentence of his speech.

"The House," he said, "ought now to act as it had been acted upon in times when Parliament was unreformed, when DANBY found himself in a dungeon, and STRAFFORD on a scaffold. Now the Whigs hold office by abusing the confidence of the Sovereign, and defying the authority of Parliament."

After him came the still budding BERNAL OSBORNE, CHARLES NAPIER, ROEBUCK, JOHNNIE RUSSELL, fighting to the last with his back to the wall; CORDEN, HENRY GRATTAN, PAM, MILNER GIBSON, O'CONNELL, PEEL, and Colonel SIBTHORP.



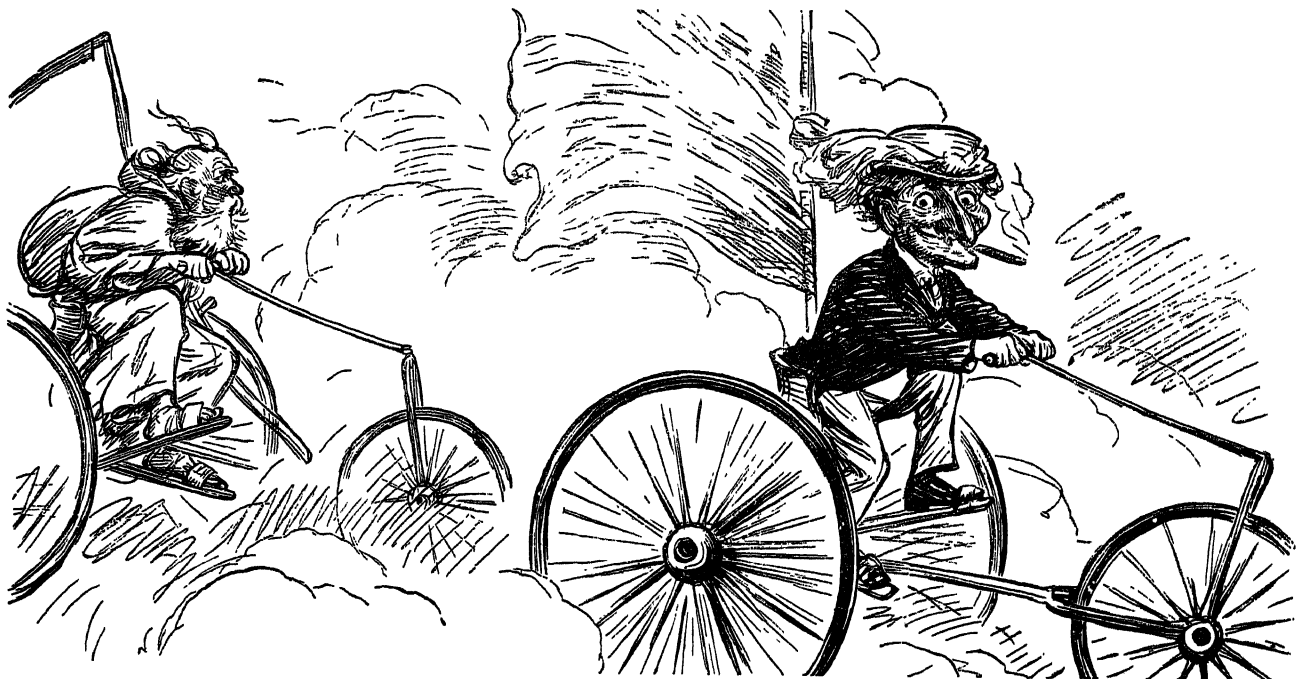
"AU REVOIR!"



PUNCH PRESENTING YE TENTH VOLUME TO YE QUEENE.
(1846.)

FROM W. M. THACKERAY TO MR. PUNCH. (FEBRUARY, 1849.)

MR. PUNCH,—“When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performance of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never was before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that your modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children; we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.”



“ON WE GOES AGAIN!”

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, July 14.—Madame NORDICA is not at her best as *Aida*. It lacks colour—that is on the face and hands, where at least should be shown some more “colourable pretence” for being the daughter of so blackened a character as is her father *Amonasro*,

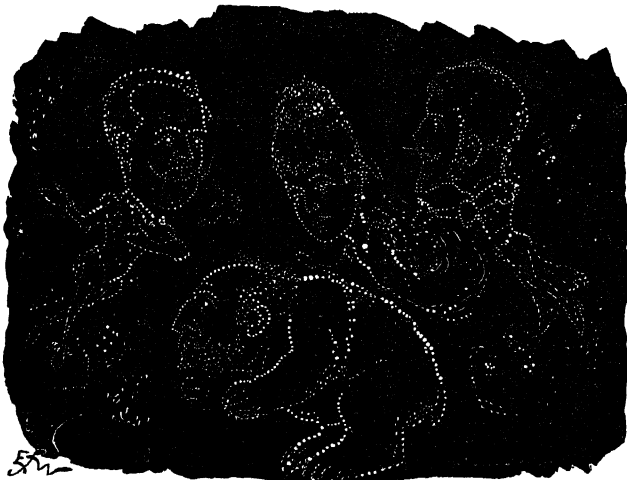


Amonasro (the Black King). “I am your father. I’ve kept myself dark so long that I’ve become quite black!”

Aida (the White Maiden). “Oh! go away, black man; don’t come anigh me! You ought to be *Otello* to-morrow night.”

Little Ravelli-Radames (aside). “No matter what colour, I love her!!”

played as a villain of the deepest dye by M. DEVOYOD. When the celebrated march was heard, the players didn’t seem particularly strong in trumps, and the trumpets giving a somewhat “uncertain sound,”—a trifle husky, as if they’d caught cold,—somewhat marred the usually thrilling effect. Gorgeous scene; and RAVELLI the Reliable as *Radames* quite the success of the evening. Mlle. GUERCIA as *Amneris* seemed to have made up after an old steel plate in a bygone Book of Beauty. Where are those Books of Beauty now! And *The Keepsake*? Where the pseudo-Byronic poetry and the short stories by Mrs. NAMBY and Mr. PAMBY? But this is only a marginal note, not in the Operatic score. Signor ABRAMOFF was a powerful *Ramphis*, his make-up suggesting that his title would be more appropriately *Rumfiz*,—which would be an excellent Egyptian name. Very good House, but still suffering from reaction after Imperial visit, and not to recover itself till to-morrow, *Wednesday*, when the House is crowded with a brilliant audience to hear a brilliant performance of *Otello*. *The Grand Otello Co. Covent Garden, Limited*. Thoroughly artistic performance of *Iago* by M. MAUREL. His wicked “Credo” more diabolically malicious than ever it was at the Lyceum; an uncanny but distinctly striking effect. Then DRURIO-LANUS ASTRONOMICUS gave us a scenic startler in the way of imitation



Covent Garden Stars seen through the Harriscopo.

meteoric effect. ’Twas on this wise: of course, neither DRURIO-LANUS nor any other Manager can carry on an operatic season without

stars, and so they are here, a galaxy of ’em, up above, on the “back cloth,” as it is technically termed, shining brilliantly but spasmodically, strange portents in the operatic sky. Pity Astronomer-Royal not here to see and note the fact. Next time *Otello* is given, if this atmospheric effect is to be repeated, the attendants in the lobbies might be permitted to supply powerful telescopes at a small fixed charge. But the greatest star of all is Madame ALBANI as *Desdemona*; a triumph dramatically and operatically. Her song in the last Act, the celebrated “*Willow Song*”—which of course no cricketer ought to miss hearing—was most beautifully and touchingly rendered. Those persons suffering from the heat of a crowded house, and dreading the difficulty of finding their “keb or ker-ridge” in good time, and who therefore quitted their seats before ALBANI sang the “*Willow Song*,” must, perforce, sing the old refrain, “*O Willow, we have missed you!*” and go back for it whenever this Opera is played again. M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ was not, perhaps, quite up to his usual form, or his usual former self; but, for all that, he justified his responsibility as one of the largest shareholders in the Grand Otello Company, Limited. All things considered, and the last best thing being invariably quite the best, *Otello*, or *Symphonies in Black and White*, is about the biggest success of the season.

TO AMANDA.

(Accompanying a Set of Verses which She bade me write.)

ONLY a trifle, though, i’ faith, ’tis smart,
A jeu d’esprit, not art concealing art,
Fruition of a moment’s fantasy,
Mere mental bubbles, verbal filagree.



But, though thy lightest wish I would not thwart,
I prithee bid me play some other part
Another time, and I will give thee carte
Blanche to dictate; in truth aught else will be
Only a trifle,

Compared with versifying. I will dart,
At thy behest, e’en to the public mart
To buy a bonnet, or will gleefully
Carry a babe through Bond Street. My sole plea
Is—no more verses. Surely ’tis, sweetheart,
Only a trifle.

SUPPLEMENTARY AND CORRECTIVE.—In his Jubilee Number Mr. PUNCH remarked, “Merely to mention all the bright pens and pencils which have occasionally contributed to my pages would occupy much space.” And space then was limited. But among the “Great Unnamed” should assuredly have been mentioned W. H. WILLS, one of the originators of Mr. PUNCH’s publication, CLEMENT SCOTT the flowing lyrist, and author of “The Cry of the Children,” &c., ASHBY STERRY of “Lazy Minstrel” fame, and “ROBERT,” the genial garrulous “City Waiter,” whilst the names of J. P. (“Dumb-Crambo”) ATKINSON, and E. J. WHEELER, were omitted by the purest accident. The late H. J. BYRON contributed a series of papers. Mr. PUNCH hastens to put them—as he would gladly some others—“on the list,” since, of no one of them, could it be truly said “he never would be missed.” “HALBOT” was a misprint for “HABLOT,” “MAGUIN HANNAY” should read “MAGINN, HANNAY, &c.,” and for “GEORGE” SILVER read “HENRY.”

THE METROPOLITAN MINOTAUR;

OR, THE LONDON LABYRINTH AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL THESEUS.

["Certainly, if some members of the London County Council have their way, it will soon have plenty to occupy it without being called upon to form a scheme of water-supply for the Metropolis."—*The Times*.]



L. C. C. loquitur:—

Bless me! Things combine so a hero to humble!
I fancied that Bull-headed Minotaur—BUMBLE,
Would fall to my hand like Pasiphae's monster
To Theseus. But oh! every step that I on stir
Bemuddles me more. I *did* think myself clever,
But fear from the Centre I'm farther than ever,
Oh, this is a Labyrinth! Worse than the Cretan!
Yet shall the new Theseus admit himself beaten?

Forbid it, great Progress! Your votary I, Ma'am,
But in this Big Maze it seems small use to try, Ma'am.
Mere roundaboutation's not Progress. Get forward?
Why eastward, and westward and southward, and nor'ward,
Big barriers stop me! Eh? Centralisation?
Demolish that monster, Maladministration,
Whose menaces fright the fair tower-crowned Maiden.
Most willingly, Madam; but look how I'm laden,

WATERLOO TO WEYBRIDGE.

BY THE 6.5 P.M.

A YOUNG man—it's no matter who—
Hailed a cab and remarked "Water-
loo!"

The driver, with bowed
Head, sobbed out aloud,
"Which station?" They frequently
do.

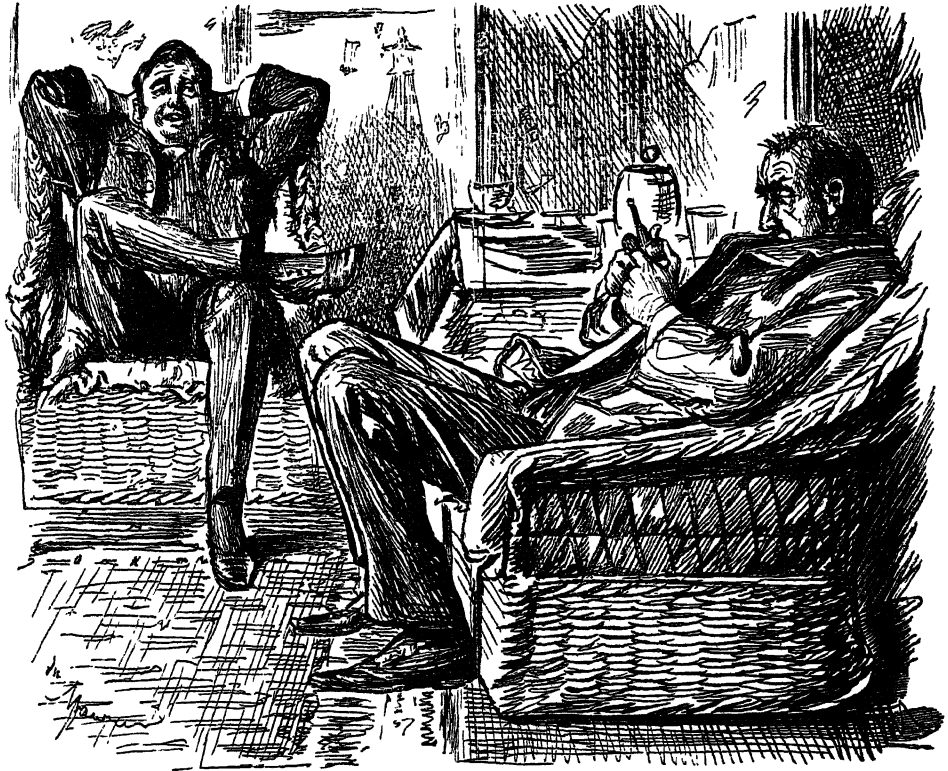
A poet once said that to Esher
The only good rhyme was "mag-
nesher;"

This was not the fact,
And he had to retract,
Which he did—he retracted with
plesher.

A fancier cried: "There's one fault
on
The part of the sparrows at Walton;
And that's why I fail
To put salt on their tail—
The birds have no tails to put
salt on.

The dulness of riding to Weybridge
Pleasant chat (mind the accent) may
abridge,
But not when it deals
With detaching of wheels,
Collisions, explosions, and Tay
Bridge.

THE STOLEN PICTURES. — The
Débats informed us, last week, that
the thief who stole TENIERS' pictures
from the Museum at Rennes has
been discovered. His punishment
should "fit the crime," as Mr. GIL-
BERT'S *Mikado* used to say, and
therefore he ought to be sentenced
to penal servitude for *Ten years*.



THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Dick (who hasn't sold a single Picture this year). "AND AS FOR THE BEASTLY BRITISH PUBLIC, NOTHING REALLY GOOD EVER GOES DOWN WITH IT—NOTHING BUT VULGAR ROT!"

Tom (who has sold every Picture he has painted). "OH, BOSH AND GAMMON, MY DEAR FELLOW GOOD HONEST WORK IS ALWAYS SURE OF ITS MARKET—AND ITS PRICE!"

[Next year their luck will be reversed, and also their opinions of the B. P.]

And hampered! Oh! I should be grateful to you, Ma'am,
If, like Ariadne, you'd give me a clue, Ma'am.
I'll never—like treacherous Theseus—desert you;
My constancy's staunch, like my valour and virtue.
Through Fire, Water, Wilderness trackless I'll follow,
But astray in a Maze high ambition seems hollow!

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Wednesday, June 11th.—Left Billsbury last Saturday, having in DICKY DIKES's words "broken the back of the blooming canvas." During my last night's round we went into a small house in one of the slums. The husband was out, but the wife and family were all gathered together in the back room. There were five children, ranging in age from ten down to two, and the mother looked the very picture of slatternly discomfort. We asked the usual questions, and I was just turning to go, when I heard a violent fit of convulsive coughing from a dark corner. The mother got up and went to the corner. I couldn't help following, and saw the most miserable spectacle I ever set eyes on. In a sort of cradle was lying the smallest, frailest and most absolutely pinched and colourless baby choking with every cough, and gasping horribly for breath. I don't know what I said, but the mother turned to DIKES and said, "He haven't much longer to cough. I shall want the undertakers for him soon." I asked her if nothing could be done, but she merely replied, "It'll be better so. We've too many mouths to feed without him." I couldn't stay longer after that, but fairly bolted out of the house.

Our people are jubilant about our prospects. The canvas shows, they say, a steady increase in our favour, the registrations have been uniformly good, and, best of all, Sir THOMAS CHUBSON again voted and spoke on the wrong side, when the Billsbury Main Drainage Bill came on for Second Reading in the House the other day. Our point is of course that, if this scheme were carried out, there would be a great deal of work for Billsbury labourers, and, somehow or other, a large amount of money would be spent in the town. We have rubbed this well in at every meeting we have held lately, and found it a most effective point during the canvas. CHUBSON and the Radicals talk about a great increase of the rates which would follow on it; but we pooh-pooh this, and point out

that the ultimate saving would be enormous, and that the health of the town must be benefited. They don't like the business at all, and feel they've made a mistake.

Have been made on successive nights a Druid, a Forester, and a Loyal and Ancient Shepherd. All these three are Benefit Societies, and the mysteries of initiation into each are very similar. Colonel CHORKLE (who ought to have gone through the business long ago) was made a Druid with me. I never saw anybody so nervous. All the courage of all the CHORKLES seemed to have deserted him, and he trembled like a Volunteer aspen. I told Major WORBOYS on the following day that his Colonel, who I was sure might be trusted to face a hostile battery without flinching, had been very nervous when he was made a Druid. WORBOYS sneered, and said that he'd be willing to take his chance of CHORKLE's facing the battery or not, if CHORKLE would only learn to ride decently. "Give you my word of honour," said WORBOYS, "when the General inspected us last year, CHORKLE's horse ran away with him three times, and at last we had to march past without him. One of the tamest horses in the world, too. My boy JACK rides it constantly." But WORBOYS despises CHORKLE, and thinks he ought to command the regiment himself. He sprang it all over Billsbury that CHORKLE was found hiding under a table when he was summoned to be initiated, and was dragged out screaming piteously for mercy.

On my last morning I was interviewed by a deputation from the Billsbury Branch of The Women's Suffrage League. The deputation consisted of Mrs. BOSER, the President of the Branch, Miss AMY GINGELL, the Secretary, and two others. It was a trying business. Mrs. BOSER is the most formidable person I ever met. I felt like a babe in her hands after she had glowered at me for five minutes. Finally I found myself, rather to my own astonishment, promising to vote for a Women's Suffrage Bill, and adding that Mrs. BOSER's arguments had convinced me that justice had in this matter been too long denied to women, and that for my part, if elected, I should lose no opportunity of recording my vote on the side of women. They seemed pleased, but the *Meteor* of the next day had a frightful leader about the "shameful want of moral fibre in a Conservative Candidate who was thus content to put the whole Constitution into the melting-pot, if by so doing he could only secure a few stray votes, and get the help of the women in his coal-and-blanket expeditions."

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. I.

SCENE—An Excursion Agent's Office. Behind the counters polite and patient Clerks are besieged by a crowd of Intending Tourists, all asking questions at once.

First Int. T. Here—have you made out that estimate for me yet?

Clerk. In one moment, Sir. (He refers to a list, turns over innumerable books, jots down columns of francs, marks, and florins; reduces them to English money, and adds them up.) First class fares on the Rhine, Danube and Black Sea steamers, I think you said, second class rail, and postwagen?

First Int. T. I did say so, I believe; but it had better be second class all through, and I can always pay the difference if I want to.

[The Clerk alters the sums accordingly, and adds up again.]

Clerk. Fifty-five pounds fourteen and a penny, Sir. Shall I make you out the tickets now?

First Int. T. Um, no. On second thoughts, I'd like to see one of your short Circular Tours for the English Lakes, or Wales, before I decide.

[The Clerk hands him a quantity of leaflets, with which he retires.]

Enter Mr. CLARENDON CULCHARD, age about twenty-eight; in Somerset House; tall; clean-shaven, wears glasses, stoops slightly, dresses carefully, though his tall hat is of the last fashion but two. He looks about him expectantly, and then sits down to wait.

Culchard (to himself). No sign of him yet! I do like a man to keep an appointment. If this is the way he begins—I have my doubts whether he is quite the sort of fellow to—but I took the precaution to ask HUGH ROSE about him, and ROSE said he was the best company in the world, and I couldn't help getting on with him. I don't think ROSE would deceive me. And from all I've seen of PODBURY, he seems a pleasant fellow enough. What a Babel! All these people bent on pleasure, going to seek it in as many directions—with what success no one can predict. There's an idea for a sonnet there.

[He brings out a pocket-book, and begins to write—"As when a—"]

An Amurcan Citizen (to Clerk). See here, I've been around with your tickets in Yurrupe, and when I was at Vernis, I bought some goods at a store there, and paid cash down for 'em, and they promised to send 'em on for me right here, and that was last fall, and I've never heard any more of 'em, and what I want you should do now is to instruct your representative at Vernis to go round and hev a talk with that man, and ask him what in thunder he means by it, and kinder hint that he'll hev the Amurcan Consul in his hair, pretty smart, if he don't look slipperier!

[The Clerk mildly suggests that it would be better to communicate directly with the American Consulate, or with the tradesman himself.]

The A. C. But hold on—how'm I goin' to write to that sharp, when I've lost his address, and disremember his name? Can't you mail a few particulars to your agent, so he'll identify him? No. (Disappointed.) Well, I thought you'd ha' fixed up a little thing like that, anyhow; in my country they'd ha' done it right away. Yes, Sir!

[He goes away in grieved surprise.]

Enter Mr. JAMES PODBURY, age twenty-six; in a City Office; short, fresh-coloured, jaunty; close-cut fair hair, and small auburn moustache. Not having been to the City to-day, he is wearing light tweeds, and brown boots.

Podbury (to himself). Just nicked it!—(looks at clock)—more or less. And he doesn't seem to have turned up yet. Wonder how we shall hit it off together. HUGHIE ROSE said he was a capital good chap—when you once got over his manner. Anyhow, it's a great tip to go abroad with a fellow who knows the ropes. (Suddenly sees CULCHARD absorbed in his note-book.) So here you are, eh?

Culchard (slightly scandalised by the tweeds and the brown boots). Yes, I've been here some little time. I wish you could have

managed to come before, because they close early here to-day, and I wanted to go thoroughly over the tour I sketched out before getting the tickets.

[He produces an elaborate outline. Podbury (easily). Oh, that's all right! I don't care where I go! All I want is, to see as much as we can in the time—leave all the rest to you. I'll sit here while you get the tickets.]

An Old Lady (to Clerk, as CULCHARD is waiting at the counter). Oh, I beg your pardon, but could you inform me if the 1.55 train from Calais to Basle stops long enough for refreshments anywhere, and when they examine the luggage, and if I can leave my hand-bag in the carriage, and whether there is an English service at Yodeldorf, and is it held in the hotel, and Evangelical, or High Church, and are the sittings free, and what Hymn-book they use?

[The Clerk sets her mind free on as many of these points as he can, and then attends to CULCHARD.]

Culchard (returning to PODBURY with two cases bulging with books of coloured coupons). Here are yours. I should like you to turn your eye over them, and see that they are correct, if you don't mind.

Podbury (stuffing them in his pocket). Can't be bothered now. Take your word for it.

Culchard. No—but considering that we start the first thing to-morrow morning, wouldn't it be as well to have some idea of where you're going? And, by the way, excuse me, but is it altogether prudent to keep your tickets in an outside pocket like that? I always keep mine, with my money, in a special case in an inner pocket, with a buttoned flap—then I know I can't lose them.

Podbury. Anything for a quiet life! (He examines his coupons.) Dover to Ostend? Never been there—like to see what Ostend's like. But why didn't you go by Calais?—shorter, you know.

Culchard. Because I thought we'd see Bruges and Ghent on our way to Brussels.

Podbury. Bruges, eh? Capital! Anything particular going on there? No? It don't matter. And Ghent—let's see, wasn't that where they brought the good news to? Yes, we'll stop at Ghent—if we've time. Then—Brussels? Good deal of work to be done there, I suppose, sight-seeing, and that? I like a place where you can moon about without being bothered myself; now, at Brussels—never mind, I was only thinking.

Culch. It's the best place to get to Cologne and up the Rhine from. Then, you see, we go rather out of our way to Nuremberg—

Podbury. Where they make toys? I know—pretty festive there, eh?

Culch. I don't know about festive—but it is—er—a quaint, and highly interesting old place. Then I thought we'd dip down to Con-

stance, and strike across the Alps to the Italian Lakes.

Podbury. Italian Lakes? First-rate! Yes, they're worth seeing, I suppose. Think they're better than the Swiss ones, though?

Culch. (tolerantly). I can get the coupons changed for Switzerland, if you prefer it. The Swiss Lakes may be the more picturesque.

Podbury. Yes, we'll do Switzerland—and run back by Paris, eh? Not much to do in Switzerland, though, after all!

Culch. (with a faintly superior smile). There are one or two mountains, I believe. But, personally, I should prefer Italy.

Podbury. So should I. No fun in mountains—unless you go up 'em. What do you think of choosing some quiet place, where nobody ever goes—say in France or Germany—and, sticking to that.

More of a rest, wouldn't it be? such a bore having to know a lot of people!

Culch. I don't see how we can change all the tickets, really. If you like, we could stop a week at St. Goarshausen.

Podbury. What's St. Goarshausen like—cheery?

Culch. I understood the idea was to keep away from our fellow countrymen, and as far as I can remember St. Goarshausen, it is not overrun with tourists—we should be quiet enough there.



Podbury. That's the place for me, then. Or could we push on to Vienna? Never seen Vienna.

Culch. If you like to give up Italy altogether.

Podbury. What do you say to beginning with Italy and working back? "Too hot, eh? Well, then, we'll let things be as they are—I daresay it will do well enough. So that's settled!

Culchard (to himself on parting, after final arrangements concluded). I wish ROSE had warned me that *PODBURY*'s habit of mind was so painfully desultory. (He sighs.) However—

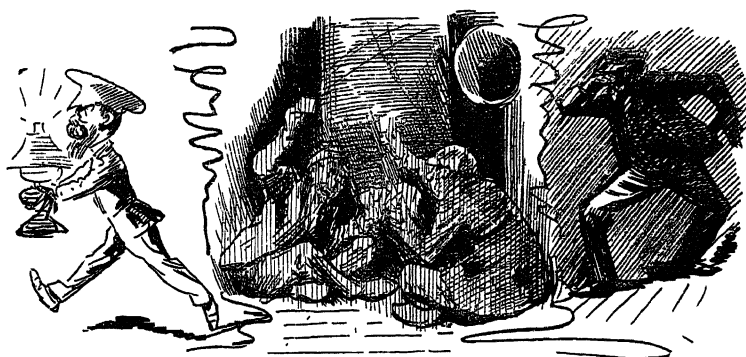
Podbury (to himself). Wonder how long I shall take to get over *CULCHARD*'s manner. (He sighs.) I wish old *HUGHIE* was coming—he'd give me a leg over!

(He walks on thoughtfully.)

OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

I PAUSE in my communications. Friends, real friends, have wired over accounts of me on the trip, which have not been written by "friendlies." Somebody wrote to *Black and White* what purported to be Notes about me aboard the gallant *Grantully Castle*, than which a better-found vessel—"found" is the word—never put to



"Put out the light, and then—" Being the true story of The Wonderful Lamp.

sea. This somebody ("bless him!"—*DR-M-M-N-D W-L-E-F* will know what I mean) observes that "he didn't notice" any particular gratitude on my part towards Captain *HAY* and his talented assistants. Hay! what? why, confound them, I was all gratitude! Is it because I did not run at him, embrace him, and shake his arms off, that therefore I did not feel grateful! I was awfully grateful. I felt inclined to alter the name of the vessel to the *Gratefully Castle*. But "she" (you always call a vessel "she"—isn't that nautical?) "is" as the song says "another's, and never can be mine!" so I can't change her name. I was overpowered by my feelings—and what does that mean but the swallowing, with a gurgle in the throat, of the silent tear, and the avoidance of the topic uppermost in one's mind at the moment.



Grandolph confiding to the Chef his secret receipt for cooking a flying-fish.

day of his valuable career to be an Admiral, would he suspect that he owed this elevation to the man who, strictly obeying the ship's orders, never even spoke to the man at the wheel? Now to come to the next point. This correspondent girds at my having had a special cabin and a special steward. Why! the envious grumbler! if he had been as specially unwell as I was—but there, I own I lose patience with him—didn't I go out as a "Special," and if a Special doesn't have everything special about him, he is simply obtaining money under false pretences. I've a great mind—I hear the

jeerer snigger in his sleeve—but I repeat emphatically I have a great mind to come back. "He will return, I know him well," my traducers may sing; and I shall return when I consider my special work specially done in my own special manner, and be blown to em all, the detractors!

He grumbles because I had a special portable light all to myself, "when I wanted to play cards." Aha! do we see the cloven hoof now? Was I to play cards in the dark? Those who know me best know that I am all fair and above-board, and no hole-and-corner gambling for me. And what tale has he to tell? Why that "Another night, not using his special light at the time, two other passengers began a game of chess under its rays." Which they had no right whatever to do. But I winked at it, and when the first officer was coming his rounds I winked at them; but this friendly act on my part they did not heed, and consequently to save them from being put in irons and confined in the deepest dungeon beneath the *Grantully Castle* moat, I "came along just then," as he reports, "and removed the lamp to another part of the deck, leaving the chess-players in the dark"—as if this consequence were anything extraordinary when a lamp is removed! Why any schoolboy, the merest tyro in Scripture History, knows where the great Hebrew Lawgiver was when the candle went out. And were these passengers to be exempt from the action of Nature's ordinary laws! Bah!—"without a word of apology or explanation." I had winked, but they were worse than blind horses, and more resembled the inferior quadruped in obstinately refusing to move, or in subsequently acknowledging this act of thoughtful kindness on my part.

As to my eating for breakfast a flying-fish, which somebody on board had caught and given me, all I ask is, why shouldn't I? I never had eaten a flying-fish before, and I don't think I ever shall again. If the gentleman who caught it didn't want me to eat it, he should have said so: for there were three courses open to him; viz., first, to refuse to give it me; secondly, to give it me on condition that I kept it in memory of the occasion; thirdly, to throw it back into the sea. But there was only one course open to me when I got it, and that was the first course at breakfast; the second course was kidgeree. It was a small fish just enough for one, and now I rather fancy I remember this *Black and White* correspondent, for it must have been he, coming to my table, eyeing the fish, smacking his lips, and observing that he "had never had the chance of tasting a fried flying-fish." At that moment I was just finishing the tail (a sweet morsel and not the worst part by any means), and there was nothing left to offer him. So he went away disappointed, with a grudge against yours truly. This, Sir, is the true tale of the flying-fish, and if it isn't, let me hear the revised version from my aspersers and calumniators. I can write no more to-day. I am boiling over, and must go and kick somebody. Yours, &c.,

Grandolph the Explorer.

HANWELLIAN PRIZE COMPETITION.

Conditions.

1. Entrance fee, to defray cost of postage, &c., two guineas.
2. All communications to be written illegibly, and on both sides of the paper only—not on the edges.
3. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender; or to start at the time advertised in the Company's tables; or to be in any way responsible for their own actions.
4. Competitors will be prosecuted.
5. A prize of one shilling will be awarded to all competitors who fail; the winners will be able to make their way in life without prizes.
6. Human beings and others are not eligible for this competition.

Subject to the above conditions, it is requested that puzzles or questions may be forwarded to the following solutions:—

First Solution.—Twenty-eight, if before March 17th; one hundred and forty-six, if after that date.

Second Solution.—Put six pigs in the first sty; then go back and fetch the fox from the other side of the river, returning with the remaining cockatrice. Then put yourself in the second sty, never come out any more, and subtract.

Third Solution.—Positive, Regret; Comparative, Regatta; Superlative, *Requiescat in pace.*

Fourth Solution.—Countesses; because the sun (son) never sets there.

Fifth Solution.—Cut along dotted line to point A. Then fold back, and cross to point C, keeping mark B on the left. Stop, if you can, before getting to remark D. Bad language never does any good.

Sixth Solution.—This is a mere catch, and only suitable for quite young children. Of course, it is obvious that the elephant could not have been on the outside, because there never are two Mondays in the week. Hush! the Bogie Man. *Exit.*



RATHER LATE IN THE DAY, PERHAPS!

"OH, GRANDPAPA DEAR, SUCH FUN! THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S COME! DO COME AND HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD!"

JEAMES'S SUMMARY.

Or, Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie.

[“Now that the pageantry and the social stir evoked by the presence of the Imperial guests are over, there are few who will care to prolong the dreary and disappointing existence either of the Season or of the Session.”—*The Times*.]

Jeames loquitur.—

YA-A-A-W! Yes, young man, you've 'it it there, penny-a-liner as you may be, And knowing, probably, no more about *hus* than a coster's baby; But dull it 'as been, and no kid, and dreary, too, and disappointing; Is it this Soshalistic rot Society is so disjuncting, The Hinfuenza, or Hard Times, them Hirish, or wotever is it? I couldn't 'ave 'eld on at all, I'm sure, but for the HEMP'ROK's visit. Ya-a-a-w! 'Ang it, 'ow I've got the gapes! Bring us a quencher, you young Buttons! And mind it's cool, and with a 'ed! *How* family is reg'lar gluttons For “Soshal Stir.” The guv'nor, he's a rising Tory M.P., he is, And Missis all the Season through as busy as a bloomin' bee is, A gathering Fashion's honey up from every hopening flower. *That's* natty. I 'ave a turn for poetry; you're quite right there, my pretty PATTY. Lor! 'ow that gal admires these carves! But that's “irrelevant,” as the sayin' is; Master and Missis both complain 'ow dull and slow the game they're playin' is.

The Session? Yah! Give me the days, the dear old days of darling DIZZY! With him and GLADSTONE on the job a chap could say “Now we are busy.” But SMITH's a slug, 'ARCOURT's a hum, and LABBY makes a chap go squirmish. Dull as ditchwater the whole thing. One longs e'en for a Hirish skirmish; But PARNELL's *fo par*, and his spite, 'ave knocked the sparkle out of PADDY. No; Parlyment's a played-out fraud, flabby and footy, flat and faddy. The Season's similar. Season? Bah? By sech a name it ain't worth calling. Shoulders like these and carves like those was not *quite* made for pantry-sprawling; But wot's the use? Trot myself hout for 'Ebrews, or some tuppenny kernel? No, not for JEAMES, if he is quite aweer of it! It's just infernal, The Vulgar Mix that calls itself Society. All shoddy slyness, And moneybags; a “blend” as might kon-tamernate a Ryal 'Igness, Orinfry-diga Hemperor. It won't niock JEAMES though, not percisely; [self unwisely. Better to flop in solitude than to demean one's Won't ketch me selling myself off. I must confess my 'art it 'arrers To see the Storberry-Leaves go cheap—like storberries on low coster's barrers! Tuppence a pound! Yes, that's the cry. It's *cheapness*, that Rad fad, that's done it. Prime fruit *ought* to be scarce and dear, picked careful, and kept in the punnet. The same with *all* chioe things I 'old, whether 'tis footmen's carves or peerages; But fools forget that good old rule in this yer queerest of all queer ages.

Trade bad, things in the City tight, no Court worth mentioning, queer scandals, Society invaded by a lot of jumped-up Goths and Wandals; Swell-matches few, gurls' chances poor, late Spring, and lots o' sloppy weather, With that there Hinfuenza—wich perhaps is wus than all together— All over the dashed shop! When was a Season sech a sell as this is? Wot wonder that it aggeravates us all, pertikler Me and Missis? Ah! But for our “Himperial Guests” the *Times*' young man names with sech feeling, I don't know wot I *should* 'ave done. A dismal dulness seems a-stealing Afore its time o'er everythink; and now Our Guests's gone wot reason, As the *Times* sez, for trying to perlong the Session or the Season? Ya-a-a-w! I shall gape my 'od off 'ere. The Row's a bore, the 'Ouse a fetter. And now the HEMP'ROK's slung 'is 'ook, the sooner *we* are horf the better!

A LUSUS NATURÆ.—A paragraph in the *P. M. G.*, the other day, was headed, “A Lion Loose in a Circus.” Bad enough. But a still more extraordinary incident would have been *A Lion “tight” in a Circus*.

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEWE, the well-known American barrister, *raconteur*, and wit, is on his way to England. His visit is on business; probably to head a Depew-tation.



JEAMES'S SUMMARY.

JEAMES. "DULL SESSION!—DULL SEASON!—THINGS BAD IN THE CITY!—HINFLUENZA ALL HOVER THE SHOP; AND, NOW THE HEMP'ROR'S GONE, THE SOONER *WE'RE* HORF THE BETTER!!"

A NEW ELECTION "LAY."

OH, young Mrs. BRAND has gone down to the East!
To give the Electors a musical feast,
And save her fine treble she weapons has none;
Yet she means with that voice that the seat shall be won.
So good at a lay, at a ballad so grand,
There never was dame like the young Mrs. BRAND!

All boldly she's entered the Cambridgeshire halls,
'Mid the squires, and the parsons, the farmers, and thralls!
Said DUNCAN, the foeman, "My friends, on my word,
Of a stranger proceeding I never have heard.
I don't wish to be rude, but I can't understand
What you mean by this singing, oh young Mrs. BRAND!"

"You need not suspect me," the lady replied;
"I care not how flows the electoral tide,
I merely have come down to Wisbech to-day
To sing a few stanzas, trill one little lay.
I am tired of long speeches, Home-Rule I can't stand,
But I do enjoy singing"—quoth young Mrs. BRAND.

So lovely her voice, so bewitching her grace,
Such a treat—or such treating—did never take place.
While the Primrose Dames fretted, the Unionists fumed,
She merely the thread of her roundel resumed;
And the Duncanites whispered—"Tis most underhand!
We must send for a songstress to match Mrs. BRAND."

A change in her theme! She has altered the bar
To Kathleen Mavourneen, and Erin-go-bragh!
Spell-bound stand the rustics; she's won the whole throng!
To the lady they've given their votes "for a song."
"Twill be ours, will the seat—'tis the plot I have planned!
Oh, Music hath charms!"—exclaimed young Mrs. BRAND.

There is mourning mid folk of the Wire-pulling Clan;
Agents, Managers, Chairmen, are wild to a man,
For the Cambridgeshire precedent means that their calling
Has passed to the ladies excelling in—squalling!
"Free teaching" has come, and "Free Music" 's at hand;
Which we owe to the courage of young Mrs. BRAND.

NES
RITS
BAR



"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT."

(As sung sweetly by a Public-House-Baritone.)

SMOKED OFF!

(An Appeal from the Knife-board of a City Omnibus.)

[The latest complaint of "the Ladies" is that they are being "smoked off" the tops of the omnibuses.]

THE "knife-board," sacred once to broad male feet,
The "Happy Garden Seat,"



Invaded now by the non-smoking sex,
Virginal scruples vex,
And matronly anathemas assail.
Alas! and what avail

Man's immunities of time or place?

The sweet she-creatures chase
From all old coigns of vantage harried man.

In vain, how vain to ban
Beauty from billiard-room or—Morning Bus

What use to fume or fuss?
And yet, and yet indeed it is no joke!

Where shall one get a smoke
Without annoying Shes with our che-roots,

And being badged as "brutes"?
If a poor fellow may not snatch a whiff
(Without the feminine sniff)
Upon the "Bus-roof," where in thunder's name

Shall he draw that same!
The ladies, climb, sit, suffocate, and scoff,

Declare they are "smoked off."
Is there no room inside? If smoke means Hades,

We, "to oblige the ladies,"
Have taken outside seats this many a year,

Cold, but with weeds to cheer
Our macintosh-enswathed umbrella'd bodies;

Now we are called churl-noddies
Because we puff the humble briar-root.

Is man indeed a "brute"
Because he may upon the knife-board's rack owe

Some solace to Tobacco?
If so it be, then man's last, only chance,
Is in the full advance

Of the "emancipated" sex. Sweet elves,
Pray learn to smoke yourselves!

Don't crowd us out, don't saub, and sneer,
and sniff,

But—join us in a whiff!

A SHILLING IN THE POUND WISE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the School Board rate has already touched a shilling, and seems likely to go even higher, why should not some of our money be expended in teaching the young idea of the lower classes how to develop into more valuable citizens than they seem likely to become under present conditions? To carry out this idea, I jot down a few questions to be put to a School-Board scholar before the granting of the customary certificates:—

1. Describe the formation of a Regiment, and explain its position and duties in Brigade.

2. What are the duties of a Special Constable?

3. How would you set about putting horses into a fire-engine?

4. Describe the process of resuscitating a person apparently drowned. How would you revive a person rendered insensible by (1) cold, (2) by sunstroke.

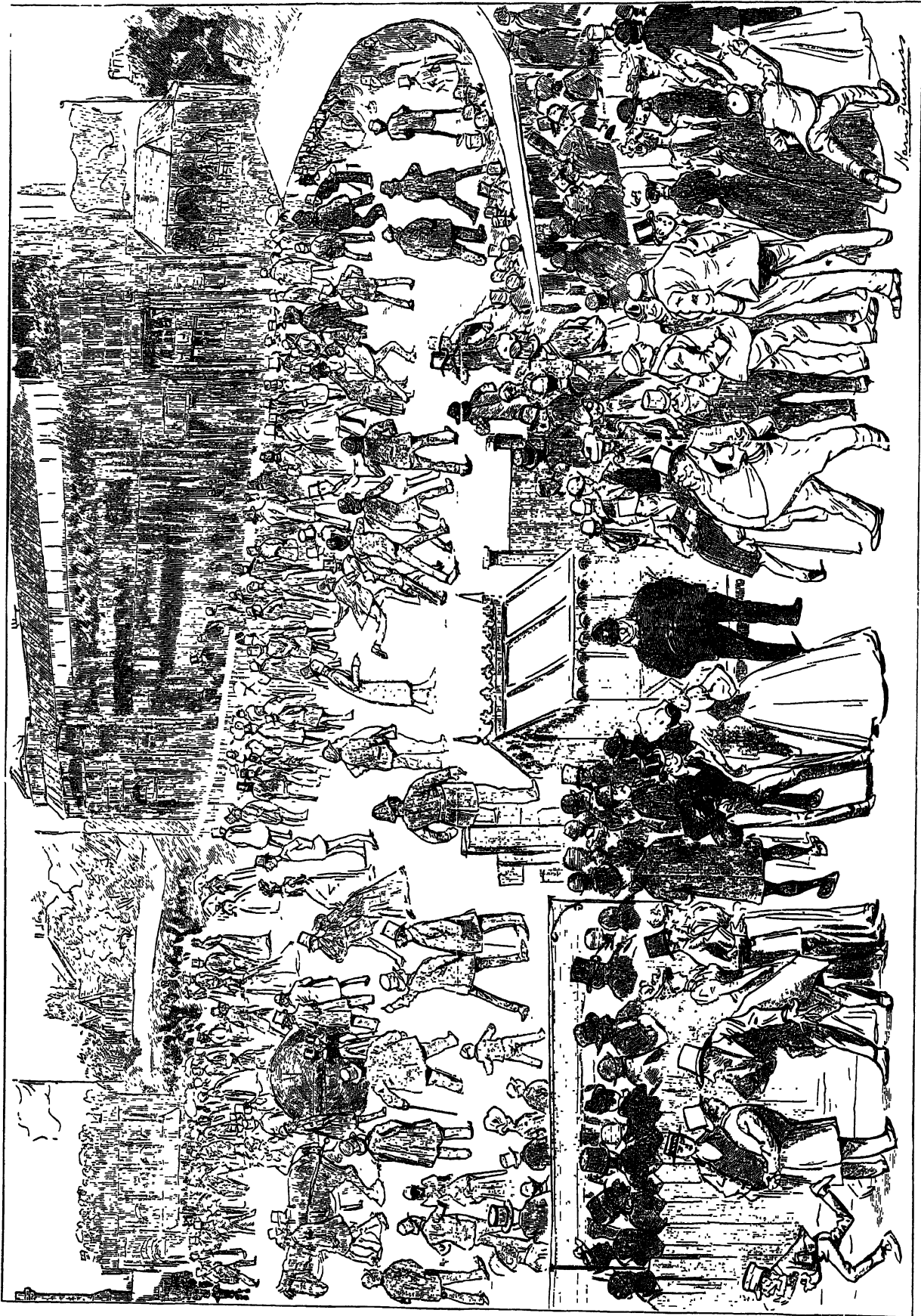
5. Give simple remedies to be applied at once in case of bites by a mad dog, accidental poisoning by arsenic, and swallowing of spurious coin.

6. How would you set, (1) a leg, (2) an arm, (3) a broken finger? If a man is run over by a Hansom, what should you do? Describe an excellent substitute for a litter, when you can obtain nothing better.

7. State shortly what you consider your duty would be, (1) were the country invaded, (2) were London in the hands of the mob, (3) were your neighbourhood visited by fire, and decimated by the plague.

There, Mr. Punch, if every School-Board scholar could supply satisfactory answers to the above questions, I would not grudge my shilling in the pound—nay, possibly look with equanimity on eighteenpence!—Yours, cordially,

ONE WHO IS SCHOOL-BORED.



CRICKET AT LORD'S. THE LUNCHEON-TIME.
(By Our Special Instantaneous Photographic Caricaturist.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13. Emperor WILLIAM leaves to-day having taken affectionate farewell of Grandmamma. On the whole been most successful visit. Weather a little Frenchy in its tendency, but not all rain and thunder. If things could only have been kept comfortable to last moment there need have been nothing to mar success of event. Unfortunately, TANNER's active brain discovered opportunity of casting a stone at head of departing EMPEROR. Looking in at Charing Cross Telegraph Office, intending to send sixpenny-worth of genial remark to his late esteemed Leader PARNELL on result of Carlow election, TANNER observed "Gutknecht" on shaft of lead pencil gratuitously provided. Much puzzled at this; thought at first it was RAIKES's way of spelling good night; found on inquiry it was German.

TANNER's patriotic bosom filled with storm of indignation. "What!" he cried, apostrophising the absent RAIKES, "at a time, when trade is declining, Ireland is unhappy, strikes are rampant, and human misery seems to have reached its bitterest point, at such a time it might be hoped you would have given up your days and nights to ameliorating the common lot, instead of which you go about importing lead pencils made in Germany, and so taking the very bread out of the mouth of the British Workman."

Might have asked question on subject a week ago when he made discovery; adroitly put it down for to-night; and so whilst Emperor WILLIAM was taking leave of Grandmamma in the stately halls of Windsor, TANNER was flinging a lead pencil at his retreating figure, stabbing him, so to speak, in the Imperial back with a commercial product retailed at the inconsiderable price of twopence-halfpenny a dozen.

With some sense of relief House got into Committee of Supply. Various questions brought up on Colonial Vote. P. and O. SUTHERLAND championed claims of Singapore for deliverance from arbitrary conduct of Government in levying military contributions. Doesn't often take part in Debate; showed to-night that abstinence is not due to lack of debating faculty. Set forth case of his clients in clear business-like speech, which commanded attention of audience, for whom topic itself not particularly attractive.

"SUTHERLAND," said the Member for Sark, one of his most attentive listeners, "has introduced a new element into Parliamentary oratory. His intercurrent cough is the most remarkable adjunct to oratory I ever heard. Suppose the fact is, when he pauses, he is thinking over the next word, or surveying for a new line of argument. Other men would consult their notes. P. and O. indulges in a kind of clearing of his throat, a compromise between a cough and an articulate remark



"URBI ET ORBI."

MR. PUNCH RETURNS HIS BEST THANKS TO ALL AND SINGULAR, THE PUBLIC AND THE PRESS, FOR THE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION WITH WHICH THE TOAST OF HIS JUBILEE, EVERYWHERE AND BY EVERYBODY, HAS BEEN RECEIVED. TO EVERYONE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS, PEACE AND PROSPERITY. PUNCH.

charge of a department. You've never tasted the delight of standing up in a full House and reading out answer to a question, whilst all the world hangs on your lips. Nor have you ever drunk the deep delight of explaining a Bill, or replying on behalf of HER MAJESTY's Government to an Amendment. The joy is all the greater to me, since it is newly acquired. For years I sat below the Gangway, striving to catch the SPEAKER's eye in competition with the herd, and when I succeeded Members either howled at me or left the House. Now I speak without waiting for the SPEAKER's call, and the House listens attentively to the utterances of the Minister for Agriculture. That's better than salary paid quarterly: worth paying for as I say. Still it's not pleasant to have LABBY seriously proposing to stop your wages. Wish he'd try it on someone else. There's PLUNKET for example; must put him up in that quarter."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—A long dull night varied by occasional squalls. An immense relief to Hon. Members, after sitting through an hour discussing Alienation of Crown Rights in Salmon Fishing in Scotland, on which CALDWELL delivers discourse, to have opportunity of exercising their lungs. MOR-TON a benefactor in this respect. As soon as ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS is discovered on his feet there goes forth a howl that shakes the building. To-night rather awkward circumstance followed. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS rising for the eighth time, Members broke forth into agonised howl that lasted several minutes. Was stopped by sudden commo-

—commanding, conciliatory, threatening, beseeching, or convincing, according as the exigencies of the moment require. As a work of art, the only contemporary thing equal to it that I know, and that, of course, in quite a different way, is some of the bye-play of the old gentleman in *L'Enfant Prodigue*." *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Met CHAPLIN just now, striding along corridor, moping his statesmanlike brow with a bandana that would, on emergency, serve as foresail for one of the cattle-carrying steamers just now troubling the Minister for Agriculture.

"Anything gone wrong?" I asked, for it was impossible to be blind to his evident trepidation.

"No, dear boy, it's all right as it turns out, but it might have been otherwise. What do you think? LABBY's positively been moving the reduction of the Vote by the amount of my salary! Shouldn't have been surprised if some Member had got up, and, in neat speech, dilating on the enormous forward strides made by the Empire since Ministry of Agriculture was created, moved to double my screw. But to go and propose to dock it altogether at the end of the first year is, if I may say so, not encouraging."

"Oh," I said, "you musn't mind SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE; his bark is worse than his bite."

"Yes, I know," said CHAPLIN; "but I should be obliged to him if he'd bark at someone else's heels. Not, mind you, that I care so much about the money question. Between you and me (though don't let it go further, or they might be holding me to my bargain), I would rather pay £2000 a year than not have a seat on the Treasury Bench in



A Salmon Fisher.



"A Bad Sixpence."

tion at the Bar. Engineer PRIM rushed wildly in, gesticulating towards the astonished Chair, and disappeared. A body of workmen appearing mysteriously from depths beneath House, tumultuously crossed the doorway, and also vanished. Presently news came that flood of water was raging down staircase; gradually truth got at; a large water-main had burst in Upper Committee Corridor; cracked at startling sound of outburst upon ALPHRUS CLEOPHAS's re-appearance.

"This is all very well," said PLUNKET. "I am myself no enthusiastic admirer of MORTON's Parliamentary eloquence. Still, as First Commissioner of Works, I feel this thing must be discouraged. Must draw the line somewhere. Can't have our water-mains bursting with vicarious indignation because MORTON would speak eight times in Committee of Supply." *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—In Lords to-night, STANLEY of ALDERLEY, L. C. C., gave fresh advertisement to CALDERON's picture, "*St. Elizabeth of Hungary.*" Not a pleasant subject, from any point of view, artistic or moral. Everybody but well-meaning people like STANLEY of ALDERLEY, glad to drop it. He brings it forward at this late day; tries to make the MARKISS responsible for whole business. The MARKISS protests that STANLEY has had the advantage of him; hasn't even seen the picture. "The only idea I have been able to form of it," he said to delighted House, "is derived from a picture in *Punch*, in which ZEO is showing her back to the Members of the County Council." Lords don't often indulge in hearty laughter; this too much for them, and STANLEY of ALDERLEY temporarily extinguished, amid almost uproarious mirth.

Business done.—Supply in Commons.

HIT AND MISS.

[At Bisley, Miss LEALE, of Guernsey, has shot with considerable success. Miss LEALE, though only nineteen years old, is a shooting member of the National Rifle Association, and has won several prizes at the meetings of the Guernsey Rifle Association.]

THE Whirligig of Time! Its latest turn see
In this phenomenon who hails from Guernsey.
We've often met, at pic-nics or at dances,
Young ladies who were good at shooting—glances!
And glances that, alas! have often filled us
With tender feelings, if they have not killed us.
We've met fair maidens, who have found it pleasant
To tramp the moors for grouse, or shoot at pheasant;
Of some indeed who've had a go at grisly;
But never—until now—of one at Bisley.
Yet there she is, and whilst her sisters, sitting
At home, may spend their leisure time in knitting,
She sits and shoots, nor does she very far get
From where she aims, the centre of the target.
Take off your hats to her as now we name her,—
Miss LEALE, of Guernsey! Gladly we acclaim her
For Womankind (triumphant in the Schools) high
Renown henceforth will look for in the bull's-eye,
And, tired of tennis, having quite with thimble done,
Will strive for laurels at the Modern Wimbledon!

MONTI THE MATADOR.

(Originally intended for the *F-rtn-ghtly R-v-u.*)

"Yes, I'm better, and the Doctor tells me I've escaped once more. That Doctor hates you—I know it. He has saved me—to tell you the story—The story I have been trying to tell to some one for thirty years."

I was talking to Old MONTI, whose full name was MONTI DI PIETA—as a pledge of his respectability. He was a descendant of the Pornbrocheros del Treballos d'Oro. He was subsequently called Monkey—as a tribute to his character.

"I should like you to tell me," I said, "for you must know that for years I have seen the snows on the Lagartigo, and the moonlight on the—"

"Stop!" he cried—"you are going to begin padding. That will do for a magazine, not for me!" and he snapped his fingers at me.

But I was not to be put off. He was weak—a cripple—and I gave him the choice of listening to a personally-conducted tour in the South of Spain, or relating his adventures.

"I will have my revenge!" he muttered. "You shall hear my life from the beginning. You must know, then, that sixty years ago I was born, and—"

"Yes," I returned, interrupting him—"of poor parents. Your father was coarse, your mother pious. You learned all you could about bulls, which you kept from your father, and you were ultimately engaged as a bull-fighter—"

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "If you cut out about a dozen pages of my biography, at least let me explain how I saved my father. You must know—"

"I will do it for you in a line," I said, sharply. "Your father lost his temper, and tried bullying the bull (no joke), and you winked at the animal. He knew you, and stood still. The bull went for your father—you for the bull. Drive on!"

"Let me tell you then, how I prepared myself for the Ring by practising on a dummy bull.—I had no difficulty in sticking pins into it—it was quite calm. Then I tried the same game on a sheep, and got knocked down for my pains! One of my monkey tricks! Then I got acquainted with some Irish bulls, and letting them off on my friends got several thumps on the head."

"No," I interrupted him, sternly, "get on with your story."

"Well, at length I met JUAN at the beginning of May."

"Make it first of April," I said, severely.

"He was the Toreador out of *Carmen*, to put it shortly," he continued, not deigning to notice my interruption—"and he introduced me to the bull-fight. Of course I had to pay my footing (a very uncertain one) in *duros*, or hard cash. Then every morning I ate a *chuto* (a sort of small cabbage) at my dinner—then they tried me as a *capa*, to test (so they said) my capability. The chief patron was the Duke of MEDICINA, who in early youth had been a doctor—hence his title—and I shall never forget his first greeting."

"Your story!" I interrupted, sternly, finding that the old man was once more becoming tedious.

"I returned," replied the dotard, with a senile chuckle, "that he was wrong. His answer was beyond my meaning—he muttered something about 'mutton and *capa* sauce.' I was engaged," continued the dotard, with a feeble grin, "as a *capa* for seventy years certain, with an annual benefit once in four years, with a salary of forty-two thousand a year—which in those days seemed to me to be a small fortune."

"They are wretchedly paid in Spain," I observed.

"They are," he acquiesced. "I was paid a week in advance, and have lived upon the proceeds ever since. And now my life was indeed a merry one. I was free of the Ring. Now I played the cornet in the *Brassos Banderillos*, and my performance pleased the *aficionados* (or advertising agents) so well, that my name was known throughout the Peninsula."

"Well," once more I interrupted, "I suppose you met a Spanish beauty, fell in love with her, and was cut out by a party of the name of JUAN?"

"However do you think of such clever things?" asked the old man, in a tone of extreme astonishment. "But you are right. I placed CLEMENCIA one day in the *pal co* (or part reserved for friends), and the bull tossed me. Ah, she trampled upon me—treated me like a mat. But I loved her and adored myself. Hence I was called a

'Mat-Adorer.' I repeat, the bull tossed me, and I did not come down heads."

"Goon," "I was ill, and neglected, but soon recovered sufficiently to kill sixty-six bulls in succession."

"Surely you are exaggerating?"

"You are perfectly right," he answered, with a blush.

"I killed sixty-



"They made an Idol of me."

five—the sixty-sixth was only mortally wounded. And now the people made an idol of me. I was absolutely worshipped."

"Come to the point," I said, in a tone that showed I was not to be trifled with.

"No that was the fate of JUAN. At the end of a game of *toros* (which is Spanish for marbles) he said to me (in excellent Spanish), 'MONTI, me bhoy, philaloo! ye will shtay by me?' 'That will I—sure as me name is TIM—I should say MONTI,' I responded, in choice Castilian. The bull came up, I looked him in the eye, raised my *shillalo* (a short Spanish club), and, crying 'Whist!' he cut for partners. JUAN was cut a deal."

"That bull was a ripper," I murmured.

"Bedad he was that, Sorr," returned the dotard, whose Spanish became more and more Castilian every moment. "CLEMENCIA died the next morning. But I am remorseful—that I did not kill her myself. And now I have had my revenge! I have told ye the story! I know you—your name's H-A-R—"

He gave a gasp and died.

But I too had my revenge. I sent the tale I had just heard to the *F-rtn-ghtly R-v-u.*

M. F. H.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE PRINCE.

(A Letter from Nicolo Puncio Machiavelli to the Most Illustrious Vittorio Emanuele, Son of Umberto, King of Italy.)

I.

THERE never was, nor is at this day, any man in the world who is not either a Prince or not a Prince. Seeing, therefore, that your Highness appertains of right to the class of them that are Princes, and being ambitious to present to your Highness that which should have the chiefest value in your eyes, I could not (though pondering much) deem anything more precious than the knowledge of men and of governments which I have learned through a space of half a hundred years. Forasmuch as your Highness hath travelled over stormy seas to the island of the British folk, I do presume to present to your Highness, as being one that seeketh wisdom, the ripe fruit of my knowledge, in order that your Highness may suck thereout such advantage as those who love your land chiefly desire both for yourself and for them to whose government you shall in the future be called.

II.—How a Prince is to gain Reputation.

To begin, then, I say it would be advantageous to be accounted both liberal and of a like nature unto other men that are not Princes. For although the majority of mankind be penurious and apt to hoard their money, and although in their assembly the British make a show of niggardliness, imputing it to themselves for a virtue, nevertheless, if they discern in a Prince such inclinations as they praise in themselves, no nation was ever quicker to blame or decry. For each holds in private that while he himself is generous, the rest are mean and covetous. Therefore, I counsel you let your conduct in the bestowal both of snuff-boxes, which no man at this day uses, and of scarf-pins, which are a delight to many, be so ordered that men may think of you as one that with a true generosity performs such acts as each of them, were he a Prince, would perform as well.

Likewise if there be those who wish to read unto you addresses of loyal welcome, it is not well to flout them publicly by showing signs of sleep; since it is the fashion of municipalities and Mayors to hold themselves to be of high importance, and a wise flattery of this self-deception well becomes you. And in replying, let your speech be both short and homely. The present German Emperor came lately among this people, and, having spoken aloud of the kindness of his Grandmamma, at once the hearts of all of them that are or hope to be grandmammias, or have themselves possessed a grandmamma, were moved to him so that he was accounted one of themselves from that time forth.

Again, how honourable it is for a Prince to be outspoken, candid, and truthful, I suppose everybody understands. Nevertheless, experience has shown in our times that those Princes who have not pinned themselves up to that excess of truth-speaking, have not alone secured the love of their subjects, but have been held up as patterns of a royal wisdom and virtue. For in the assemblages of the great that shall be gathered in your honour, and in the banquets and receptions wherewith it is customary to overwhelm a Prince, there must often be those surrounding him, and holding converse with him, whose absence would cause him joy rather than sorrow, on account of their exceeding pompous dullness. Yet it is well at such times for a Prince to conceal his feelings, and, though he be flattered with tedious ceremony, to keep both a cheerful countenance and a pleasant tongue, as of one to whom life offers a succession of the proudest and happiest moments. There is a Prince at this time in being (but his name I shall conceal), who can often have nothing in his mind but sorrow and depression, so many are his labours and

so great is the number of the foundation-stones he lays; and yet, had he revealed either the one or the other by speech or gesture, they had robbed him before this of his power and reputation.

III.—Of the Wearing of Uniforms.

A Prince should have many uniforms, and wear them with much show and glitter. For it is expected of Princes that before they be weaned they should be Colonels, and should rank as Field-M Marshals at a time when other lads still trail themselves to school. It is not indeed related of CÆSAR that he drilled a regiment at the age of six, nor of HANNIBAL that being yet a boy he did aught but take an oath. Yet now the custom of the world is otherwise, and a Prince who should never shine in the array of a soldier might justly be held odious and contemptible. That very German Emperor of whom I have spoken, won the applause of the multitude by cuirass and helmet, and having donned a British Admiral's uniform, was held of great account amongst a people apt for the rule of the sea. This honour in truth falls not to all; but others, and yourself among the number, may be made Post Captains, and wear a naval dress both with comfort and approbation.

IV.—Of Italy.

Here in the land to which you have come you shall find all men lovers of Italy. For there is not one of those that watched her long and grievous struggles, that did not welcome with a heartfelt joy her deliverance, both from foreign yoke and from native tyrants. Here too they know that the example of your illustrious family, the wisdom and moderation of your father not less than the unquenchable valour and bodily strength of your grandfather, his contempt of danger, his devotion to duty, shone forth as a star before the eyes of all Italians, even in their darkest hours. Who is there that hath not the liveliest hope that all prosperity may be confirmed to that beloved country, that she may advance from greatness to greatness, that her kings may be just, her people free and contented. Let your illustrious family, then, still address itself to the work with courage and confidence, that under them Italy may stand forth an example to the nations of the world.



QUEER QUERIES.—QUOTATION WANTED.—Can anybody inform me where this exquisite line occurs—

"Heredity, thou mother of our race!"

I fancy it must be by Lord TENNYSON, but I cannot find it either in *In Memoriam* or the *Idylls of the King*. The line has been much admired by competent critics. A beautiful little volume of verse, recently published, is *The Fall of Ceteawayo*. Possibly the line may be in that book.—P.S.—Is not £76 10s. 6d. too high a price to charge for bringing out an Epic Poem of 8000 lines, even if, as is asserted, there have been "no sales"?—LAUREATE PRESUMPTIVE.

MEREDITHOMANIA.—MISS HANNAH LYNCH (Author of *George Meredith—a Study*) is almost incoherently angry with "the inexcusable and comical consistency of stupidity" manifested by all those who are not, in the fullest sense, "Meredith-men"—or women. She is, however, so dogmatic and disdainful, that one suspects her of a tendency to substitute for the judicial verdict of the critical judgment-seat, the arbitrary and excessive punishment of "Lynch-law!"

WISBECH WINE.—Liberal Supply. The BRAND of 1891 acknowledged to be quite beyond competition.

"OFF TO MASHERLAND."—Nothing from "GRANDOLPH the Explorer" this week. He's gone to the Diggings.

RIDING THE FIG.

[Mr. HEALY said he did not deny that after five years of liberal education the present Chief Secretary had greatly improved. . . . In reply to Mr. BALFOUR's inquiry, whether he could count upon Mr. HEALY's support in a Local Government Bill for Ireland, Mr. HEALY replied, "Certainly!"]



Al! Spur, whip, and bridle are all very well,
For a rider's equipment includes some "Coercion,"
But Jehu may need an additional spell,
Whether riding a race or for simple diversion.
There are reasons for giving a racer his head,
And some flocks are driven and others are led.

Improved? Whillaloo! Fancy HEALY the hot
Politely approving of "BALFOUR the Brutal"!
How pleasant to picture the Pig at full trot,
Without that "hard riding" some fancy must suit
all!

Too good to be true? That time only can show.
'Tis something that Piggy should *promise* to "go."

Your Pig is a "gentleman,"—take him aright;
Or so those maintain who best know the 'cute
creature.

If you make him "eat stick" in excess he'll show
fight.

The goad and the snout-ring we've tried. This new
feature—

A lure in advance—may be worth being tried.
That Piggy can go—and this rider can ride!

ENTHUSIASM À LA RusSE!

SCENE—1 Bureau de Police at St. Petersburg. Present, Russian Bigwig and Subordinate.

Russian Bigwig (reading letter). "And they are to be received with the greatest possible enthusiasm!" I
can scarcely believe my eyes! The Fleet of the French Republic!

Subordinate (using a Muscovite imprecation). Caviare droski!

Rus. Big. (severely). Slave! (Sub. cringes.) Another word, and I will have you knouted to death! It is
the wish of our Little Father, the Czar of the Universe.

[They both fall on their knees, remove their hats, and sing the National Hymn.
Sub. (bowing to the ground). And what are the Imperial wishes?

Rus. Big. That not only
shall the "Marseillaise"
be tolerated when played
by the French, but also be
performed by our own
bands. (With a burst of
rage.) Oh, Caviare droski!

Sub. (on his knees). I
would also add an oath, O
Supreme Protector-of-the-
Spirit-of-my-dead-Grand-
mother, had you not
forbidden that extreme
expression of opinion.

Rus. Big. You recall me
to myself, O Son-of-PETER-
son-of-PETER-son-of-
PETER-son-of-TOMMY. I
was wrong. But it makes
my blood boil to think that
our Master and his ances-
tors who scorned LOUIS
PHILIPPE and NAPO-
LEON III. should recognise
a Republic!

Sub. (aside). Say you so
—this to the CZAR—thou
Nihilist! (Aloud.) My
Lord-the-comforter-of-the-
spirit-of-my-first-cousin-
once-removed-on-my-mo-
ther's-side, is indeed right!
It is a painful sight!

Rus. Big. (aside). Say
you so—this to the CZAR—
thou Nihilist! (Aloud.) But
perhaps we might improve
matters. Supposing that the
"Marseillaise" were im-
perfectly performed?

Sub. (with note-book).
Excellent, my Lord! ex-
cellent! It shall be played
out of tune on a score of
regimental bands! Good,
my Lord! good!

Rus. Big. And could not
a translation be furnished
suggesting ideas foreign to
the original?

Sub. Again capital, my
Lord. I will see that the
troops have a version that
gives the old legend (stolen
from us by the English) of
"The Song of Sixpence, or
a pocketful of Rye-bread,"
as the real translation.

Rus. Big. A happy
thought! The moral is
wholesome. The Mo-
narchical principle is advo-
cated in the approved
counting out of money and
consumption of bread and
honey by their Majesties,
and the right of life and
death is suggested by the
pecking off of the nose of
the housemaid while em-
ployed in hanging out the
clothes! And about the
troops—have they been
warned that they might
some day be expected to
give a hated alien an en-
thusiastic reception?

Sub. They have, my
Lord. And in anticipation
of such an occasion, they
have been taught for the
last six months how to
cheer in a whisper.

Rus. Big. Good! And
now to a pleasanter duty.
Have you those hundred

thousand copies of *Punch* that were yesterday seized at the frontier?

Sub. I have, my Lord!

Rus. Big. (with fiendish glee). To Siberia with them! Come, help me to post them!

Sub. (trembling). But, my Lord, should *Punch* be read by the political prisoners who lie covered with chains in the secret mines under the lowest mountain in the Czar's dominions? What then?

Rus. Big. (in an awesome whisper). Mark me well! In the present pitiable state of the prisoners, such a feast of mirth-compelling waggery would kill them—yes, kill them—with laughter!

[*Exeunt stealthily to put this craftily-conceived plot into guilty execution.*]

A NEW LEADER.

["At present the followers are obliged to be amiable because the Leader is amiable. Under the Leader I suggest they would be less amiable, and would be at liberty to say stronger things."—MR. ATKINSON, M.P., in the House of Commons.]

Chorus of Amiable Tories.

HEAR! hear! Mr. A. We are amiable too,
For we follow our amiable Leader, like you;
But when forced to say, "Bless you!" we choke with our spleen.

And we add, *sotto voce*, "You know what I mean."
While we sit spick and span as a picture by FRITH,
And contend with our feelings, to please Mr. SMITH.

Oh, we pule and we prate, we are nerveless and weak,
And we swallow, like *Pistol*, the odorous leek.
We palter with truth, and we flatter our foes,
And we cringe, and we crawl, and are led by the nose.
We are fools soft of speech, and without any pith,
For we smother our feelings to suit Mr. SMITH.

Time was when a Member who hated the Celt
Might detest him aloud and declare what he felt.
He might use the crisp words which, if lacking in length,
Make up for their shortness by meaning and strength.
But now we all fawn on the Celt and his kith,
While we smother our feelings to suit Mr. SMITH.

So, friends, we must choose a new Leader, and then,
With a Man at our head we shall quit us like men.
We shall always retort with a sting when we're stung,
With the bees in our bonnet, the D's on our tongue.
And the words that are honeyed shall fade like a myth,
When an ATKINSON stands in the shoes of a SMITH.



GENUS IRRITABLE.

First Bard. "SEEN MY SONNETS IN THE PACIFIC WEEKLY?"

Second Bard. "YES." *First Bard.* "LIKE THEM?"

Second Bard. "WELL—A—CANDIDLY—I—"

First Bard. "OH, IF IT COMES TO THAT, CANDIDLY I ALWAYS HATED YOUR BEASTLY BALLADES AND RONDELS AND ROT IN THE *ERECHTHEUM*—BUT I HAD THE DECENCY NOT TO TELL YOU SO!"

TWO VIEWS OF THE NEXT INVASION.

THE OPTIMIST.

THE British Fleet, by a sad mischance, had disappeared.

It was then that the Nation had to depend upon its second line of defence—the Army.

The enemy flushed with victory, attempted to land, but were met with such a withering fire from the Volunteer Artillery, that they had to abandon the attempt in despair—at least for awhile. They retired for the night, and on the following morning were in front of Westgate-on-Sea. It was then found how wise the Committee of Home Defence had been in their recommendation. Feeling sure that the forces of the Crown would be ample to beat back any hostile attempt to seize a town the centre of one of the best of charities (St. Michael's Convalescent Home), the Committee had deprecated the suggestion of erecting extensive fortifications. Practically Westgate was without walls. But there was a better defence than brickwork. The Authorities had not been idle during the night, having utilised the pause in the war to bring up two magnificent battalions of Militia—the 7th Rifle Brigade and the 4th Cheshire Regiment. Thus when the enemy succeeded in effecting a landing, they found themselves confronted by the very flower of the British Army. In ten minutes the hostile host were crumpled up like a sheet of paper, and disappeared in hot retreat.

During the following week the entire army of the foe was allowed to land in England, and were speedily exterminated. The contract given out by Government to an advertising undertaker was the means of making that contractor's fortune. Within ten days England was absolutely free from invasion.

"And are you surprised?" asked a journalist, addressing the greatest tactician of the century.

"Surprised!" echoed the other. "Why it was what we all expected from the first!"

THE PESSIMIST.

The British Fleet, by a carefully calculated plan, had disappeared. It was then that the Nation had to depend upon its second line of defence—the Army.

The enemy, although somewhat depressed at the losses they had sustained, attempted to land, and of course were successful. The picked batteries from Woolwich, consisting of the Royal Horse Artillery, opened fire, but without the smallest effect. On the following morning the main force of the enemy appeared in front of Margate, the recently fortified port. It was then found how foolish the Committee of Home Defence had been in their recommendation. Feeling doubtful of the means the Government would have at their command to defend an unprotected town, they had ordered every village on the coast to be surrounded by the most intricate network of bricks and earthworks. And now, in the hour of need, these elaborate preparations were valueless. The troops of the enemy poured into Margate almost without opposition. The forts were silenced in five minutes, and although on the following morning the Household Brigade came to the rescue, the assistance thus afforded was of no avail.

During the succeeding week the entire army of the foe was allowed to land in England, and were immediately victorious. The contract for finding them lodgings in London made somebody's fortune. Within a week England was grovelling in the dust at the feet of her conquerors.

"And are you surprised?" asked a journalist, addressing the greatest tactician of the century.

"Surprised!" he echoed—"why it was what we all expected from the first!"

NEW RIDDLE (WITH THE OLD ANSWER).—Where was ISAACS when the Balance-Sheet went out?

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. II.

SCENE—Courttyard of the "Grand Hôtel du Lion Belgique et d'Albion," at Brussels. It is just after Table d'hôte; PODBURY and CULCHARD are sitting on a covered terrace, with coffee.

PODBURY (producing a pipe). Not such a bad dinner! Expect they'll rook us a lot for it, though. Rather fun, seeing the waiters all troop in with a fresh course, when the proprietor rang his bell. Like a ballet at the Empire—eh?

CULCHARD (selecting a cigarette). I'm not in a position to say. I don't affect those places of entertainment myself.

PODB. Oh! Where do you turn in when you want to kick up your heels a bit? Madame Tussaud's? I say, why on earth didn't you talk to that old bloke next to you at dinner? He was trying all he knew to be friendly.

CULCH. Was he? I daresay. But I rather understood we came out with the idea of keeping out of all that.

PODB. Of course. I'm not keen about getting to know people. He had no end of a pretty daughter, though. Mean to say you didn't spot her?

CULCH. If by "spotting" you mean—was I aware of the existence of a very exuberant young person, with a most distressing American accent? I can only say that she made her presence sufficiently evident. I confess she did not interest me to the point of speculating upon her relationship to anybody else.

PODB. Well—if you come to that, I don't know that I—still, she was uncommonly—(Happens to glance round, and lowers his voice.) Jove! she's in the Reading-room, just behind us. (Hums, with elaborate carelessness.) La di deedle-lumpy—loodle-oodle-loo—

CULCH. (who detests humming). By the way, I wish you hadn't been in such a hurry to come straight on. I particularly wanted to stop at Bruges, and see the Memlings.

PODB. I do like that! For a fellow who wants to keep out of people's way! They'd have wanted you to stay to lunch and dinner, most likely.

CULCH. (raising his eyebrows). Hardly, my dear fellow—they're pictures, as it happens.

PODB. (unabashed). Oh, are they? Any way, you've fetched up your average here. Weren't there enough in the Museum for you?

CULCH. (pityingly). You surely wouldn't call the collection here exactly representative of the best period of Flemish Art?

PODB. If you ask me, I should call it a simply footling show—but you were long enough over it. (CULCHARD shudders slightly, and presently pats his pockets.) What's up now? Nothing gone wrong with the works, eh?

CULCH. (with dignity). No—I was merely feeling for my notebook. I had a sudden idea for a sonnet, that's all.

PODB. Ah, you shouldn't have touched those mussels they gave us with the sole. Have a nip of this cognac, and you'll soon be all right.

[CULCHARD scribbles in lofty abstraction; PODBURY hums; Mr. CYRUS K. TROTTER, and his daughter, MAUD S. TROTTER, come out by the glass door of the Salon de Lecture, and seat themselves at an adjoining table.]

Miss Trotter. Well, I guess it's gayer out here, anyway. That Reading Saloon is just about as lively as a burying lot with all the toms unlet. I want the address of that man who said that Brussels was a second Parrus.

Mr. Trotter. Maybe we ain't been long enough off the cars to jedge yet. Do you feel like putting on your hat and sack, and sorter smellin' round this capital?

Miss T. Not any. I expect the old city will have to curb its impatience to see me till to-morrow. I'm tired some.

CULCH. (to himself). Confound it, how can I—! (Looks up, and

observes Miss T. with a sudden attention). That fellow PODBURY has better taste than I gave him credit for. She is pretty—in her peculiar style—quite pretty! Pity she speaks with that deplorable accent.

[Writes—"Vermilion lips that sheathe a parrot tongue," and runs over all the possible rhymes to "tongue."]

PODB. (observing that his pencil is idle). Gas cut off again? Come for a toddle. You don't mean to stick here all the evening, eh?

CULCH. Well, we might take a turn later on, and see the effect of St. Gudule in the moonlight.

PODB. Something like a rollick that! But what do you say to dropping in quietly at the Eden for an hour or so, eh? Variety show and all that going on.

CULCH. Thanks—variety shows are not much in my line; but don't mind me if you want to go.

[PODBURY wanders off, leaving CULCHARD free to observe Miss TROTTER.]

Miss T. CHARLEY writes he's having a lovely time in Germany going round. I guess he isn't feeling so cheap as he did. I wish he'd come along right here.



"Wanted to know if you were my Tutor!" [He roars.]

Mr. T. Well, I don't see how I should ever strike that fair for myself, and I guess if there's anything to be seen we're bound to see it, so me and my darter—allow me to introduce my darter to you—MAUD, this gentleman is Mr.—I don't think I've caught your name, Sir—PODBURY?—Mr. PODBURY who's kindly volunteered to conduct us round.

Miss T. I should have thought you'd want to leave the gentleman some say in the matter, Father—not to mention me!

PODB. (eagerly). But won't you come? Do. I shall be awfully glad if you will!

Miss T. If it makes you so glad as all that, I believe I'll come. Though what you could say different, after Father had put it up so steep on you, I don't know. I'll just go and fix myself first.

[She goes.]
Mr. T. (to PODBURY). My only darter, Sir, and a real good girl. We come over from the States, crossed a month ago to-day, and seen a heap already. Been runnin' all over Scotland and England, and kind of looked round Ireland and Wales, and now what we've got to do is to see as much as we can of Germany and Switzerland and It'ly, and get some idea of France before we start home this fall. I guess we're both of us gettin' pretty considerable homesick already. My darter was sayin' to me on'y this evening at table d'hôte, "Father," she sez, "the vurry first thing we'll do when we get

Mr. T. I presume he's put in all the time he had for Belgium—likely we'll fetch up against him somewhere before he's through.

Miss T. Well, and I don't care how soon we do, either. CHARLEY's a bright man, and real cultivated. I'm always telling him that he's purrfectly splendid company, considering he's only a cousin.

Mr. T. That's so every time. I like CHARLEY VAN BOODELER first-rate myself.

CULCH. (to himself). If CHARLEY VAN BOODELER was engaged to her, I suppose he'd be here. Pshaw! What does it matter? Somehow, I rather wish now that I'd—but perhaps we shall get into conversation presently. Hang it, here's that fellow PODBURY back again! Wish to goodness he'd—(To PODBURY.) Hallo, so you haven't started yet?

PODB. Been having a talk with the porter. He says there's a big fair over by the Station du Midi, and it's worth seeing. Are you game to come along and sample it, eh?

CULCH. (with an easy indifference intended for Miss T.'s benefit). No, I think not, thanks. I'm very comfortable where I am.

[He resumes his writing.]
PODB. Well, it's poor fun having to go alone!

[He is just going, when Mr. TROTTER rises and comes towards him.]

Mr. T. You'll excuse me, Sir, but did I overhear you remark that there was a festivity in progress in this city?

PODB. So I'm told; a fair, down in the new part. I could tell you how to get to it, if you thought of going.

Mr. T. Well, I don't see how I should ever strike that fair for myself, and I guess if there's anything to be seen we're bound to see it, so me and my darter—allow me to introduce my darter to you—MAUD, this gentleman is Mr.—I don't think I've caught your name, Sir—PODBURY?—Mr. PODBURY who's kindly volunteered to conduct us round.

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home is to go and hev a good square meal of creamed oysters and clams with buckwheat cakes and maple syrup." Don't seem as if we could git along without maple syrup *much* longer. (Miss Trotter returns.) You never mean going out without your gums?

Miss T. I guess it's not damp here—any—(To Podbury.) Now you're going to be *Mary*, and Father and I have got to be the little lambs and follow you around.

[They go out, leaving CULCHARD annoyed with himself and everybody else, and utterly unable to settle down to his sonnet again.]

IN AN UPPER CORRIDOR, TWO HOURS LATER.

Culch. (coming upon Podbury). So you've got rid of your Americans at last, eh?

Podb. I was in no hurry, I can tell you. She's a ripping little girl—tremendous fun. What do you think she asked me about you?

Culch. (stiff, but flattered). I wasn't aware she had honoured me by her notice. What was it?

Podb. Said you had a sort of schoolmaster look, and wanted to know if you were my tutor. My tutor! [He roars.]

Culch. I hope you—ah—undeceived her?

Podb. Rather! Told her it was t'other way round, and I was looking after you. Said you were suffering from melancholia, but were not absolutely dangerous.

Culch. If that's your idea of a joke, all I can say is—

[He chokes with rage.]

Podb. (innocently). Why, my dear chap, I thought you wanted 'em kept out of your way!

[CULCHARD slams his bedroom door with temper, leaving PODBURY outside, still chuckling.]

THE WRONG OF SEARCH.

(A Dream of the British Inquisition.)

THE unfortunate foreigner, travel-stained and suffering from the after-glow of a stormy passage, crawled up the gangway and was once more on land. He carried in his hand a portmanteau.

"Have you anything to declare?" asked an official, in a gold-peaked cap and blue frock coat, gruffly.

"Only that your seas are terrible," was the reply.

The official made no answer, but merely pointed to some planks that had been placed upon trestles. The foreigner glanced at the people who were standing in front of these planks, and noticed that they were pale with apprehension.

"Have you anyth'g to declare?" was a second time uttered—now by a person less gold-laced. Then the official continued, "Here, open it!"

In a moment the portmanteau was thrown with force on the planks, and the foreigner protested.

"I understand you now. I have no cigars—I do not smoke. I have no spirits—I am what you call a teatotaler. I have no lace—I am a widower."

"Open it!" was once more the cry—this time with great vehemence.

"But I am innocent of concealing anything! Believe me, there is nothing to declare! I have some photographic plates—to open them is ruin! I prize my shirts—they are heirlooms if they are roughly handled I can never wear them again." And the foreigner wrung his hands in his despair.

"If you will not open it," replied the official, unmoved by his eloquent appeal, "we shall detain your luggage."

"But this is barbarous—cruel," continued the foreigner, answering with excitement. "I have been to Constantinople with its mosques, and the Turks have treated me with greater consideration. I have seen the glories of Rome with its Forum, the splendours of Petersburg with its fortress prison, the treasures of Madrid with its art gallery—and everywhere—everywhere I have been treated with greater kindness, greater charity than here! And yet you say this is the land of the brave and the free!"

"We say nothing of the sort," retorted the official; "we say, open it!"

The foreigner, whose pallor was fearful to see, with his teeth clenched and his eyes starting from his head, put the key into the portmanteau lock, turned it, and the contents of the box was revealed to view.

In a moment the officials were upon it—thrusting their inquisitive hands here, there, and everywhere. There was a salad of boots, waistcoats, collars and brushes. At length they came to the photographic plates—they were removed in a trice from their receptacle, and held up to the light.

"Have you no hearts!" cried the foreigner, his face streaming with tears. "In a moment you have undone the labour of years! That plate—now destroyed for ever—when properly developed would have revealed the smiling features of my wife's mother! It took me a quarter of a century to catch her with such an expression! For

when she saw me she always frowned. But ah, my shirts, my heirlooms! In the name of mercy, spare my shirts!"

But no, once more the appeal was disregarded. The small portmanteau was turned inside out. This the official chalked.

"So this is one of the habits of the English," cried the foreigner, bitterly.

"Not only the habits, Monsieur," observed a bystander, who trembling with apprehension, was waiting his turn; "but the customs. Customs that are out of date with the age. Customs that are contrary to the spirit of the century. Customs that cost more than they yield, and deserve to be cursed!"

"They do," cried the foreigner, excitedly. "May the Customs be—"

"You must not utter that word," interrupted the Revenue Officer, in a tone of peremptory command.

"It is British; why not?"

But although the foreigner was baffled in his desire to use the appropriate imprecation—he thought it!

MOTH-EATEN.

It is a stifling night; I sit

With windows open wide;

And the fragrance of the rose is

blown

And also the musk outside,

There's plenty of room for the

moths out there

In the cool and pleasant gloom;

And yet these mad insectual beasts

Will swarm into my room.

I've thrown so many things at him,

And thrown them all so hard;

There goes the sofa-cushion; that

Missed him by half a yard.

My hot tears rain; my young

heart breaks

To see him dodging thus;

It is not right for him to be

So coy—so devious.



As I sit by my duplex lamp,

And write, and write, and write;

They come and drown in the blue-

black ink,

Or fry themselves in the light.

They pop, and drop, and flop, and

hop,

Like catherine-wheels at play;

And die in pain down the back of

my neck

In a most repulsive way.

There's a brown moth on the

ceiling. He

Makes slow and bumpy rounds;

Then stops and sucks the white-

wash off—

He must have eaten pounds.

He's only waiting for his chance

To take me unaware, [make

And then the brute will drop, and

His death-bed in my hair.

Why do they do it? Why—ah! why?

The dews of night are damp,

But the place to dry one's self is

not

The chimney of a lamp.

And sultriness engenders thirst,

But the best, the blue-black

ink,

Cannot be satisfactory

Regarded as a drink.

They are so very many, and

I am so very few—

They are so hard to hit, and so

Elusive to pursue—

That in the garden I will wait

Until the dawning light,

Until the moths all go by

day

Where I wish they'd go by

night.



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN—IF POSSIBLE!

Sympathetic Lady Guest. "DON'T BE UNHAPPY ABOUT THE RAIN, DEAR MRS. BOUNDERSON—IT WILL SOON BE OVER, AND YOUR GARDEN WILL BE LOVELIER THAN EVER!"

Little Mrs. Goldmore Bounderson (who is giving her first Garden Party). "YES; BUT I'M AFRAID IT WILL KEEP MY MOST DESIRABLE GUESTS FROM COMING!"

ON THE BRIDGE!

(A Much Modernised Version of "The Vision of Mirzah.")

On the second day of the week, commonly called Saint Monday (which according to the Customs of my Forefathers, I always keep as Holiday), after having washed myself, and offered up my Morning Devotions at the shrine of Nicotine, I turned over the pages of *Bradshaw*, with a view to passing the rest of the day in some more or less Rural Retirement.

As I was here confusing myself with the multitudinous Complexities of this recondite Tome, I fell into a profound Contemplation of the Vanity of human Holiday-making; and, passing from one puzzling page to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Muddler and Life a Maze!

"Right you are!" sounded a mysterious voice in my ear.

The Sound of the voice was exceeding Sweet, and wrought into a variety of inflections. It put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played from the tops of closely-packed wheeled Vehicles, from many-keyed Concertinas upon Bank-Holidays. My Heart melted away in Secret Raptures. By which signs I—who had read my *Spectator* at the Free Library—knew well that I was in the company of a Genius! It is only Genii who drop upon one suddenly and unannounced, with a more or less pertinent commentary upon one's Inner Thoughts, in this fashion. I felt at once that I was in for the true Addisonian Oriental Apologue in all its hybrid incongruity.

I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a Superior—if nondescript—Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Voice I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. I could hardly have explained why, but 'tis the sort of thing one always does in an Eastern Apologue. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarised him to my Imagination, at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him, and turned off my Tearfulness "at the main," as *Samuel Weller* said, concerning the Mulberry One.

He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "MIRZAH," said he, "I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; follow me!"

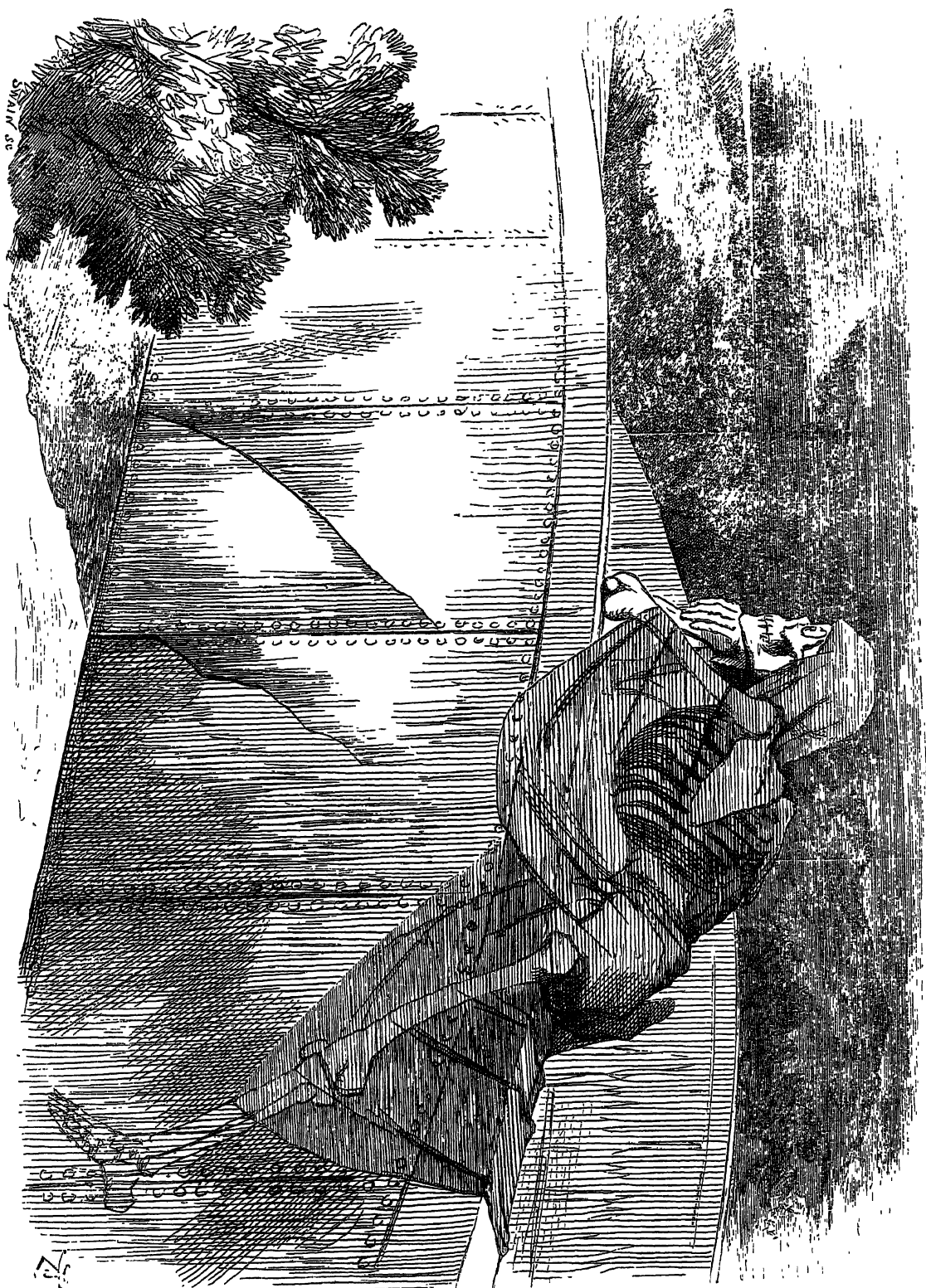
Now, my name is *not* MIRZAH, but MATTHEW. Yet, after all, it did not much matter, and I felt it would be in questionable taste to correct a Genius.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of a Rock, and, placing me on the Top of it, "Cast thy Eyes yonder," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge Valley, and a prodigious Roadway running through it." "The Valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Travel, and the Roadway that thou beholdest is part of the great Railway System." "What is the Reason," said I, "that the Roadway I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other?" "Monopoly and Muddle freely engender Mists," responded the Genius. "Examine now," said he, "the Roadway that is bounded with Darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a Bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the Roadway." "Consider it attentively," said he.

Upon a more leisurely Survey of it—a Survey which, meseemed, it would have been well had Others made with similar Attentiveness—I found that the Arch thereof looked shaky and insecure; moreover, that a Great and Irregular-shaped Cleft or Crack ran, after the fashion of a Lightning-flash in a Painted Sea-scape, athwart the structure thereof from Keystone to Coping. As I was regarding this unpleasing Portent, the Genius told me that this Bridge was at first of sound and scientific construction, but that the flight of Years, Wear and Tear, vehement Molecular Vibration, and, above all, Negligent Supervision, had resulted in its present Ruinous Condition.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."

"I see," said I, "if my eyes and the dark Mists and Shadows deceive me not, a Figure couched upon the Parapet of the centre Arch thereof." As I looked more attentively, I saw that this figure was of a Spectral appearance, and Bony withal; albeit, its contours were to some extent hidden by its clinging cerement-like garments, and the equally clinging and charnel-like shades surrounding it.



ON THE BRIDGE!

Only an Attent, and, as it were, complacently Anticipative Visage, of an osseous and ogreish Aspect, gleamed vividly forth therefrom, as the Apparition appeared to Look and Listen through the Mist at one end of the Bridge for the welcome Sight of Disaster, the much desired Sound of Doom. A shrill and sibilant Metallic Shriek seemed to cleave the Shadows into which the Spectre gazed; a Violent Vibratory Pulsation, as of thudding iron flails threshing upon a resonant steel floor, seemed to beat the Roadway, shake the Bridge, and as it appeared to me to widen the levin-like Cleft or Crack which disfigured the Arch thereof.

Then did I quake inwardly and breathe short. "What, O Genius," I cried, "signifieth the Spectre, who thus sitteth On the Bridge, what forebodeh the Aspect of eager Anticipation, and for what doth he so gloatingly and expectantly Wait?"

"This," responded the Genius, gravely, "is Insatiate Death waiting for Inevitable Accident!"

I gazed with inexpressible melancholy upon the unhappy Scene. At length said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Mists which cover the regions to the right which you suggest are the realms of Monopoly and Muddle." The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a Second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the Vision, but instead of the Roadway, the arched Bridge and the Attent Anatomy, I saw nothing but my own parlour, and my wife MARY picking up the *Bradshaw's Guide* which had fallen from my sleep-relaxed hand.

On that particular Saint Monday I took, not as I had intended, a Railway Excursion to Rural Parts, but, telling MARY—to her manifest concern—that I had Altered my Mind as regarded our Holiday, I betook myself to the "Blue Boar" at the corner, and passed the day in Safety—and Solitary Smoking! Next morning, however, I read something in the papers which led me to believe that Railwaydom Aroused meant exorcising and evicting that Sinister Spectre, "regardless of Cost;" and I shall look forward to my next Holiday Outing with a mind Relieved and Reassured.

BLACKFRIARS TO SLOANE SQUARE.

THE man who got in at Blackfriars
Was smoking the foulest of briars,
But it went out all right—
Could I give him a light?—
Hadh't got one—well, all men are liars.



I've frequently
noticed the
Temple
Is a place there
are not enough
rhymes to;
And that's why
I've made
This verse
somewhat
blank,
And rather dis-
regarded the
metre.

How do you pronounce Charing Cross?
It's a point where I'm quite at a loss.
Some people, of course,
Would rhyme it with "horse,"
But I always rhyme it with "hoss."

A woman at Westminster Bridge
Had got just a speck on the ridge

Of her Romanesque nose.
"It's a black, I suppose,"
She observed. Then it flew—'twas a
midge.

One man from the Park of St. James,
Had really the loftiest aims;
In the hat-rack he sat,
Used my hair as a mat,
And when I demurred called me names.

I bought from the stall at Victoria
A horrible sixpenny story, a
Book of a kind
It pained me to find
For sale at our English emporia.

I found when I got to Sloane Square
That my ticket was gone; my despair
Was awful to see,
Till at last to my glee
I looked in my hat—it was there!

'ILL-LUMINANTS!

["Sir E. WATKIN is about to introduce the Electric Light on the summit of Snowdon."—*Daily Paper*.]

Just started up Snowdon by Sir E. WATKIN's combined Galvano-Electric and Pneumatic Despatch Line, from Llanberis. Goes nearly to top. What a blessing! Saved all the bother of the mount. Go in tennis-shoes, as I'm told there's next to no climbing to be done.

Splendid day for view. Comfortable carriages. Hullo! what's this? Find myself suddenly shot into a mountain tarn. A Yankee would call it "tarnation cold." Get out dripping. Guard of train explains that "battery must be rather too strong this morning." Train put on line again. Up we go! Shivery. If I'd known this sort of thing went on, I'd have brought towels.

At Terminus, three-quarters way up, in a bleak and exposed crag, plastered with advertisements. Day not quite so glorious. Fog coming on. Or is it "Scotch mist?" But what has a Scotch mist to do in Wales? Ask engine-driver's opinion. He has none. "Then which is the way up?" Doesn't know. "His way is down." Must speak to Sir E. W. about engine-driver.

Ascent continued. Leads down-hill. Curious. Sound of dashing waterfall close by. Must see it. Turn round a corner. No waterfall at all, only the Electric-Light-generating station! Noise I heard was the "machinery in motion." Query—does an iron shed with chimney pouring out factory smoke, add to charms of wild scenery?

More surprises! Find an "Automatic Delivery" pillar! Curious sight on a mountain. Put a penny in, and you get a small book—*Guide to Snowdonia*. Thanks! But what I want is a guide to top. Fog worse than ever. Believe I've missed my way.

Five hours later.—I had. Shoes utterly worn out. Awfully tired. Hit on top by mere accident. Resting in new hotel. Scrumptious, but dear. Don't care! Electric Light. What system? Waiter says "Brush." Must be 'air-brush up here, I fancy! Anyhow no good in a fog. Shall suggest fog-horn to Sir E. WATKIN for thick weather. Also guides waiting at Crag Terminus. Bottle of beer. Divine! View? None, and don't want any. More beer. Electric Light better than I thought. Electricity is life. Electricity is also beer. More beer, please! Waiter asks "if I sleep at top?" Beds only two guineas a night. Of course I do! "Then shall he wake me for sunrise?" He'd better not. Goo' night! Sowdn—mean Snowdn—great sksess.

HER VIOLETS!

SHE gave them to me when the dance was done,

Her eyes all lighted with the ecstasy
Of triumph in the crushing contest won,
Of all the joy of
girlish vic-
tory.

She gave them to
me as we
mounted up,
With all the
bold effron-
tery that dares
To face the aged
ones, who've
come to sup,
And sidles off to
alcoves on the
stairs.



She gave them to
me, but some
sprays, I
know,
All dying then,
as though
life's task
were laid

To rest within that burning breast of snow;
And there the last great debt of all were paid.

She gave them to me, and my heart did beat,
As o'er my hope a greater promise came,
And up the narrow way with steps so fleet
She went, though I remember'd not her name.

She gave them to me, and I vow'd that they
Should lie upon my heart till years had fled,
Till, passing through life's narrow, thorny way,
They'd rest with me when life's own leaves
were dead.

And thus I spoke, and then we wrote the deed,
With fervid seal upon the heart's own slab—
Alas! alas! how memory runs to seed!—
I left her Violets in a beastly cab!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WATER SUPPLY.—Yes, we have read about the quantities of poisoned fish floating in the river somewhere near the "intake" of the Water Companies, and agree with you that under such circumstances the pretence of supplying a drinkable fluid is somewhat of a "take-in." But surely it is hardly necessary to adopt the extreme step you contemplate, of stationing an expert Thames fisherman at the side of your cistern night and day, in order to catch any fish that may come through the pipes. The Companies' filtering system may not be worth much, but it ought to be able to keep out something under the size of a whale.

HOLIDAY TRAVELLING.—You say that recent disclosures about Railway Bridges have made you nervous. The plan of personally inspecting every bridge your train will pass over on your way to Scotland is an excellent one, if you have time for it. Possibly also, a Railway Manager might agree to put a specially light engine to your train. As you say you are going to take a couple of tourist tickets, third class, it would probably pay him well to make any little alteration of that kind.

IMPECUNIOSITY.—We cannot help you. Reading the Riot Act and then assaulting them with a poker is not the best way of getting the Bailiffs out of a house. Try gentle persuasion. If you have recently had a case of black typhus in the house, you might mention the fact to them, and see what they say.



LADIES IN THE HOUSE. THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

THE RULE OF THREE.

(A POSSIBLE SCENE OF THE FUTURE.)

PLAN OF ACTION. — *Somewhere conveniently situated for all parties. The King, the Kaiser, and the Emperor, discovered discussing the Treaty that has now been in force for some years.*

Kaiser (with assumed cheerfulness). Well, my dear Brothers, it is really time you should do something. It is not on my own account that I am anxious, but on yours—purely on yours.

King (dryly). Certainly!

Emperor (with a smile). No doubt! Pray proceed.

Kaiser (addressing Italy). Well, my dear friend, as I am afraid we are on the eve of a contest with France, I must beg of you to place three Army Corps upon your Alpine frontiers.

King (with assumed surprise). Why should I do this? It will be most inconvenient!

Kaiser. Why, to carry out the provisions of the Treaty.

Emperor (interposing). Your pardon, that stipulation was suppressed at King HUMBERT's request.

Kaiser (annoyed). Oh, was it! Then, my friend, perhaps you will be so good (as my relations with the CZAR are strained almost to breaking), as to station troops on the Russian frontier beyond Cracow.

Emperor (with improvised

FANCY PORTRAIT.



THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE SEASON.

SIR AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS COVENT-GARDENIUS HARRIS, C.C.C.

astonishment). Why should I do this? It will be most inconvenient.

Kaiser. Why, to carry out the provisions of the Treaty.

King (interposing). Your pardon; that stipulation was suppressed at the request of the Emperor of AUSTRIA.

Kaiser. Oh, was it? (*Losing his temper.*) Then I consider the whole affair as gross a swindle as—

Emperor (interrupting). Nay, Sire, remember your birth and position! It is a passing annoyance, but it should not move you. Remember, you are a Hohenzollern! Let me offer you a cigarette.

Kaiser (calming down). Well, perhaps I had better be quiet. It is more dignified.

King (helping himself to the Emperor's cigarette-case). Let me join you.

Kaiser. But I say, what use is the Treaty to either of us?

Emperor (with a smile). Properly treated, it is of service to us all. (*Lights it, and offers it to his two partners.*) It will serve as a spill for our cigarettes! [*Scene closes in upon the Treaty ending in smoke.*]

Well done, Dear!

WE 'VE levelled farms, we've planted trees,
And many mighty men of means
Have shot at deer, and, if you please,
A DEAR has shot and won the Queen's!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 20.—"Man and boy I've sat in this House for seven years," said WHITTAKER ELLIS, as he reposed behind Ministers diffusing a sense of aldermanic respectability over an appreciable area of space; "never have I seen Irish Estimates got through in this style. LORD LIEUTENANT has his salary voted without a word of comment, and CHIEF SECRETARY will, I believe, get his in a couple of hours. Have known the time when it wasn't done in a couple of nights."

Strange indeed the scene; not thirty Members present whilst the

Woluminous WEBB goes all the way back to the Tipperary riots in search of text for dreary observations; then fearsome speeches by FLYNN and P. J. POWER. Some fillip to proceedings when JORDAN rolls in.

JORDAN is Member of Parliament for Clare, as he once or twice incidentally remarked. Evidently much impressed by distinction. House laughs at reiterated claim. The billows of Jordan rise; had no personal objection to Prince ARTHUR, he said, but "as Member of Parliament for Clare" had to complain of him in his official capacity. What had he done? "He has given Clare such a resident Magistrate as CECIL ROOPE, a low tyrannical man, who

ordered a low policeman to seize me—me, Member of Parliament for Clare."

JORDAN glared round on laughing House; quite incomprehensible what they should be guffawing at. Marvel increased when he introduced Father GILLIKAN on the scene,

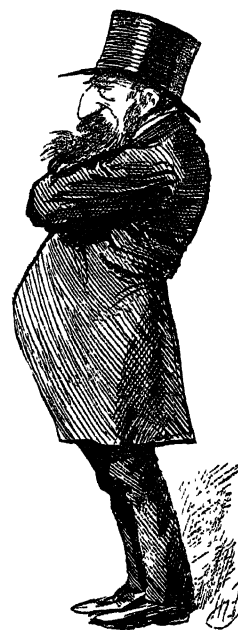
"What had happened to Father GILLIKAN?" JORDAN roared, fixing a blood-shot eye on ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, who had just dropped in on Treasury Bench. "Why, Father GILLIKAN had been sent to prison for a speech delivered in the middle of the River Shannon."

House shouted with laughter; began again when JORDAN explained that Father GILLIKAN, though he had been making a speech in the middle of the River Shannon at the moment of his arrest, was primarily in a boat. Even that didn't mend matters, and JORDAN, giving up attempt to understand ill-timed hilarity of House, dried up.

Later, TIM HEALY turned up, TIM TRUCULENT no more. Where was the excited crowd he was wont to address in Sessions of not very long ago—the jeering Ministerialists, the applauding Liberals, the enthusiastic band of united Irishmen, with PARNELL sitting placid in their midst, he only quiet amid the turbulent throng? Now the House more than half empty; the audience irresponsive; Prince ARTHUR sitting solitary on Treasury Bench with head bowed to hide the blushes that had mantled his cheek at hearing TIM extol his improvement since, in 1887, he tried his prentice hand as Chief Secretary. Prince ARTHUR, when he rises, is careful not to introduce a



Aldermanic Respectability.



"Member of Parliament for Clare."

discordant note. He has, he says, listened with interest to the able speech of the Hon. and learned Gentleman, the Member for North Longford. There must be a division for decency's sake; but, only 150 Members turn up, and no one would have been greatly surprised if Prince ARTHUR and TIM HEALY had walked off arm in arm into the same lobby.

"Shade of me departed friend, JOSEPH GILLIS," said LALOR, wearily rising to go forth to the division, "what d'ye think of us, suppose this night you chance to be looking down from whatever answers with you to the Strangers' Gallery, where you used to betake yourself after being suspended?"

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—The alliance, offensive and defensive, established between the two Houses of Legislature by Lord DENMAN and Mr. ATKINSON been temporarily blighted by machinations of the enemy.

DENMAN, the other night, wanted to move for return showing how many times he had been in attendance. House said it didn't particularly care to know. DENMAN insisted; then the MARKISS, as usual, appeared on the scene, and moved that DENMAN shouldn't be heard for remainder of sitting. DENMAN, never at loss in Parliamentary strategy, wanted to move that the MARKISS's motion should be put from Chair on that day ten months. But LORD CHANCELLOR, well known to be in league with the MARKISS, promptly put question. Before DENMAN knew where he was (a not unfamiliar access of haziness) Motion put, declared to be carried, and he condemned to sit silent for rest of evening.

Same tactics, slightly varied, carried on to effacement of other wing of allied forces. ATKINSON wanted to put question to JOKIM about his Coinage Bill. Took some pains in framing it; handed it in at table; next day question appeared on paper shorn of its oratorical excellencies.

"How is this?" says ATKINSON, addressing the SPEAKER.

"Question full of errors," SPEAKER explained.

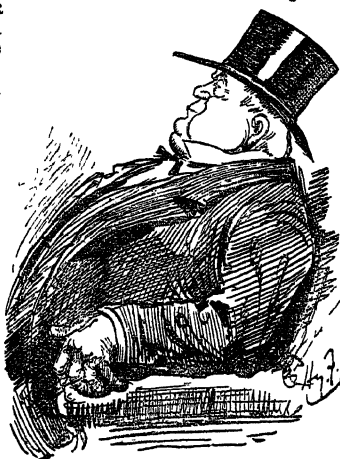
"Will the Right Hon. Gentleman kindly state them?" said ATKINSON, folding his arms, and looking triumphantly round the House. Had the SPEAKER now. He would go into particulars. Sure to leave opening for master of argumentative tactics; ATKINSON would dart in and pink him amid applause of Senate. Public business might be delayed, but what of that? House liked intellectual treat.

SPEAKER, however, not so unwary as he looked. Took no notice of ATKINSON's inquiry; went on to next business. ATKINSON wrote to Clerks for explanation. No reply; so to-day gives notice of Vote of Censure on SPEAKER and Clerks.

"Sorry to be driven to this course, dear TOBY," he said, when I ventured to remonstrate with him on his remorseless career; "have the greatest respect for the SPEAKER; shrink from depriving the Clerks at table of means of livelihood. But an example must be made. Effect not confined to walls of this Chamber. My Motion of Censure on the SPEAKER will strike terror to the House of Lords, and go long way to deliver my noble friend DENMAN from thralldom under which a too sensitive nature lies bound hand and foot. The House need apprehend no inconvenience to the course of public business. Last night, in response to a bait artfully thrown out by Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, I felt it my duty to rise in my place and announce that nothing would induce me to take office under the Crown. But in the matter of the SPEAKER, I shall recognise my personal responsibility, and when, in consequence of my Motion of Censure, he withdraws into private life, I will take the Chair."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Haven't seen SEYMOUR KEAY lately. Report in House is, that he has been close and interested attendant on CATHCART case. Rumour receives some confirmation from circumstance that to-day, CATHCART case concluded, KEAY suddenly turns up full of spirits and valuable information. Subject (Land Purchase Bill back from Lords) particularly attractive to him, since it is bristling with obscurities. Once, when a Lords Amendment submitted, TIM HEALY asked what it meant. MADDEN sprang up with reassuring alacrity and said a few words, apparently of explanation. Didn't clear up anything; TIM insisted on wanting to know, you know; MADDEN nervously read and reread Amendment; couldn't make head or tale of it, but wouldn't do for ATTORNEY-GENERAL for



Lalor's Lament.

IRELAND to say so. Accordingly smiled on TIM with pitying air of superiority. "Couldn't understand what the Lords meant by their Amendment? Well, well; surprised at such confession from one of TIM's acuteness."

Prince ARTHUR all the while turning over Amendment; at length interposed. "The Hon. and learned Gentleman opposite," he observed, "asks for an explanation of this Amendment; I frankly tell him I cannot give it. I don't understand it myself, and as it would be undesirable to include in the Act a provision that might lead to controversy, we will strike it out."

"And thus are our laws made!" said SHIRESS WILLS, throwing out his hands in astonishment.

Certainly a narrow escape. It was after this that KEAY's patent-leather boots glistened on the floor of House as he walked up to take seat below Gangway. Determined to make up for lost time; led astray in all directions; SPEAKER called him to order with increasing sternness; HENNIKER HEATON asked if he might move that for rest of Session he be no longer heard; SPEAKER evidently sorely tempted; here was a short sure way out of the difficulty. Flattered a moment, then rose heroically to sense of duty; put aside proposal, and KEAY went on again for another half-hour. "A long rigmarole," JOKIM called the speech. This not Parliamentary, but no one objected.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill got ready for Royal Assent.

Friday.—Nothing can exceed MORTON's obliging disposition; talked for half an hour just now on subject of fortune-telling. Members can't prevent ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS from making speeches, but they needn't listen; so kept up lively conversation whilst ALPHEUS talked to CLEOPHAS. When he sat down, it appeared he had desired that his remarks should reach ear of Home Secretary; concluded by asking question; MATTHEWS unwarily protested, that, owing to noise in House, he had not been able to catch the drift of the Hon. Gentleman's remarks. "Oh, very well," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, "I'll repeat them."

"No! no!" MATTHEWS almost shrieked.

"No trouble at all," said ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, and he set off again, making his speech once more. *Business done.*—Very little.



"Thus are our Laws made!"

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ZOILUS.

SHAKESPEARE speaks of "the maiden virtue of the Crown." And the word "maiden" bears, in certain constructions, the meanings, "fresh, new, youthful, &c." But when Mr. Punch, comparing generally "Fifty Years Syne" with To-day, says:—

"Then HER MAJESTY, a Maiden Queen, fresh graced the Throne,"

"A SEPTUAGENARIAN" acidly objects, and twits Mr. Punch with premature failure of memory. "Aha! I know that man!" says Mr. P. Mr. Punch, of course, merely meant that about fifty years ago HER MAJESTY was a very youthful Sovereign. Moreover, the comparison made between "Then and Now" was not intended to be confined rigorously to "July 17, 1841," as is shown in the previous stanza, which says:—

"Then Tom Hoon could sing that Song which moved a world to tears," meaning "The Song of the Shirt," which, as explained in a footnote, was not published until 1843. Had Mr. Punch written with the fear of ZOILUS before his eyes, he might have appended another footnote, to explain—for the benefit of ZOILUS—that he did not mean to convey the idea that HER MAJESTY was unmarried when he first made his appearance. Whereto the reply of the Public—all but ZOILUS—would probably have been, "Whoever supposed you did?"

"THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME!"—Among the names of those who, within the last ten years, have done good work for Mr. Punch ought to have appeared that of Mr. SAVILE CLARKE, whose *cri du cœur* from foreign shores has reached Mr. P.'s ears and touched Mr. P.'s heart.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.—A portion of the French Fleet is soon to be entertained on English shores. The first of these vessels sighted as it approaches will be sufficient evidence of their French ship towards us.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

LARKS FOR LONDONERS.

SIR,—Certainly throw open all our Town Halls for gratuitous concerts and dances! But that's not half enough. Some of us don't care for dancing, and abhor music. What I propose is that Free Billiard-tables should be established in each parish. Billiards is much better exercise than sitting still on a chair listening to singing. Then there ought to be places where one could get municipal tobacco without paying for it. Tobacco is just as much a necessary of life as education—more so, in fact, in my opinion. On winter evenings it would also be nice to be able to step over to one's Town Hall and have a glass or two of free ale, or "wine from the wood"—also from the rates. I don't pay rates myself, as I happen to live in a flat, but I am sure the ratepayers will immediately recognise the justice of my demands.

UNBIASED.

SIR,—By all means let us try to give more pleasure to the people. The pleasure, however, should be of a distinctly elevating kind. I would advocate throwing open the South Kensington Natural History Museum in the evening. This would be most useful, especially to people living at the East End, and the amusement thus afforded, though perhaps not rollicking, would at all events be solid. To keep out undesirable characters, it would be as well to admit nobody who could not produce his baptismal certificate, and a recommendation from the clergyman of his parish, countersigned by a resident J. P. I am sure that people would jump at a chance of an evening among the *Coleoptera*.

Yours,

NATURALIST.

SIR,—I cannot understand why people should ask for more amusement than they get at present. Have not they the Parks to walk about in? In wet weather they can take shelter under trees. In winter they ought to stay at home in the evenings, and enjoy reading aloud to their families. I would even go so far as to allow an occasional game at draughts. Chess is too exciting, and of course backgammon is out of the question, because of the deadly dice-box. For the frivolously inclined, "Puss in the Corner" is a harmless indoor game. I throw out these observations for what they may be worth, and trusting that they will not be regarded as dangerously subversive of morality, I remain,

Yours grimly,

HOME, SWEET HOME!

SIR,—The movement for turning our Town Halls into places of amusement is an excellent one. What I would like to suggest is, that the Vestrymen should themselves take part in the entertainments. Why not have weekly theatrical performances, with parts found for all local Authorities? I feel convinced that *Hamlet*, played by our Vestry, would be worth going miles to see. The Dust Contractor could play the *Ghost*, while minor characters could be sustained by the Medical Officer of Health, the Chaplain of the Workhouse, and others; the Chairman, of course, would figure in the title rôle. A topical comic song, by the Board of Guardians, with breakdown, might serve as a pleasing interlude; breakdowns in local matters are, I believe, not unknown already. The idea is worth considering. I think the Vestrymen owe something to the ratepayers in return for the votes we give them.

Yours,

MERRY ANDREW.

BRUISERS AND BOLUSES.—A "Champion" pugilist is even more presumptuous than a popular Pill. He claims to be "Worth a Thousand Guineas a 'Box.'"

AFTER THE SEASON.

A Proposal Fin de Siècle.

FAREWELL! since the Season is over,
Ah me, but its moments were sweet!
You are off, *via* Folkestone or Dover,
To some Continental retreat.
On Frenchman and German you'll lavish
The smiles that can madden me still;
While I, with the gillie McTAVISH,
Am breasting the heather-clad hill.
Oh, do you remember the dances,
The dearest were those we sat out,
How I frowned when detecting your glances
On others, which caused you to pout?
You are changeable and coy and capricious,
A weathercock easily blown;
But when shall I hear the delicious
One word that proclaims you my own?



They say that an eloquent passion
Has long become quite out of date,
That true love is never the fashion,
And marriage a wearisome state.
They conjure up many a bogie,
To guard a man's bachelor life,
And keep him a selfish old fogey,
And stop him from taking a wife.

They vow that a wife needs a carriage,
And opera-boxes and stalls,
That money's the one thing in marriage,
And cheques are as common as calls.
They say women shy (like some horses)
At vows made to love and obey;
They tell you dear tales of divorces,
And scandals, the talk of the day.

But hang all those cynical railings,
Just write me one exquisite line
To say you'll look over my failings,
And promise me you will be mine.
And though I'm aware it's the merest
Small matter of detail, to clear
The ground, I may mention, my dearest,
I've full thirty thousand a year.

BACON AND A MOUTHFUL.—Last Friday His Honour Judge BACON had to decide a case which was headed in the papers "Cagliostro-man-theon." What a mouthful! Mrs. CHURCHILL-JODRELL, who was a fair defendant, won the case; and His Honour—this appeal having been made to His Honour by Mr. B. PLAYFAIR, an excellent name for any gentleman, on or off the stage, but especially for one described as "an actor,"—decided that His Honour was satisfied. Peace with His Honour!

NEW TORY NURSERY RHYME.

(By "A Cambridge Parson.")

[“The last reliance of the Tories in extremity is the policy of ‘Dishing.’”—*Sir W. Harcourt.*]

HEY diddle diddle,
The voters we'd fiddle
With Free Education—that “boon.”
But Wisbech birds laugh
At such plain party “chaff,”
And the “Dish”—at the polls—proves
a “Spoon.”

FROM GRANDOLPH THE EXPLORER.

OH, for one hour of the Amphytrion! I can't even send you a digest of the news generally, for my power to digest is already becoming seriously impaired. Here, indeed, as say the Witches in *Macbeth* (I think it's the Witches, but haven't my *Shakspeare* handy, I mean my *Handy Shakspeare*, with me—wish I had), “Fowl is Fare.” Send my Pilgrim's Scrip next week. Till then,
Yours ever,
GRANDOLPH.

IN THE NAME OF CHARLES DIBDIN!

A Lay for the Lifeboat Service.

[An urgent appeal is made on behalf of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which is declared to be “in dire financial straits,” the deficit for last year being £33,000. Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., Secretary, R.N.L.I., 14, St. John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.]

TRUE “tuneful CHARLEY is no more,”
As DIBDIN's Monument informs us;
But memory of the man who bore
That honoured name still stirs and warms us.
And here's another of his name,
Who still the British Sailor's serving;
Then who could see without sore shame
JOHN BULL from his plain duty swerving?

Thirty-three Thousand to the bad,
Our Lifeboat Service, once our glory?
Nay, JOHN, that will *not* do, my lad;
Next year must tell a different story.
Think, what would “tuneful CHARLEY” say
To such a thing? In racy lingo,
Upon our backs his lash he'd lay,
And give the slothful Britons “stingo.”

Thirty-five thousand lives they've saved,
Our Life-boat rescuers, already.
The seas around our shores they've braved,
With valour prompt and patience steady.
Shall they be flogged for *L. S. D.*,
Because JOHN BULL his pockets buttons?
Then the old keepers of the Sea
Must be, in pluck, as dead as mutttons.

True, lads, on such a text as this
“We sadly miss old CHARLEY's line;”
But were we mute, Neptune would hiss
His sons degenerate off the brine.
Old “CHARLEY” spins his yarns no more!
He's dead, as *Scrooge* declared old *Marley*.
What then? Wake up, from shore to shore,
And—send your guineas to *Young CHARLEY*!

“Great Scot!”

[Extorted, by circumstances beyond his control, from a stolid but unsuccessful Saxon Shootist at Bisley and Wimbledon, after the match at the latter place between picked twenties of the London Scottish and the London Rifle Brigade, won easily by the former team.]

OH! the Scot lot are all cracks at a shot,
And extremely successful at Hunting the Pot.
This particular “Saxon” the hump has got,
Being licked by a team which is Picked and Scot.

SETTING THEIR CAPS AT HIM; OR, AN AUTOCRAT IN ODD COMPANY.

["Never," said the CZAR, at the Imperial dinner to which the Officers of the French Fleet were invited, "could I have believed that Republican Sailors, that Republican Soldiers, could have such a bearing."—*Times*.]

"The CZAR has, at the instance of the United States, ordered a temporary relaxation of the measures for the expulsion of the Jews from Russia."—*Times*.]



Autocrat (aside). "HUMPH! CHARMING CREATURES, BOTH; BUT CAN'T SAY I LIKE THEIR COSTUMES!"

"How happy could I be with either?"
 Humph! N-n-o-o, I can hardly say *that*!
 Yet here we are, tripping together,
 Republics and proud Autocrat!
 Two cats and a Boreal Bruin!—
 So satire will say, I've no doubt.

And some will declare it must ruin
 The Russdom once ruled by the knout.
 I wonder—I very much wonder—
 What Nick to this sight would have said—
 I fear he'd have looked black as thunder,
 And savage as Kuric the Red.

For this did we lose the Crimea?
 For this did we larrup the Jews?
 I really had not an idea
 Republics could rule—and amuse.
 Miss FRANCE looks extremely coquettish.
 How well Miss COLUMBIA can coax!

THE CAPLESS MAID.

["The plaintiff gave evidence that she was engaged as a sort of house and parlour-maid . . . and was discharged after she had been there nine days, because she refused to wear a cap . . . His Honour: I do not think she was bound to wear a cap."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHAT shall we do with our Maid?
How shall we treat her best?
Shall the gems that are rare be strewed in her hair?
And shall she in silks be drest?
Shall we make her a gift of gold?
Shall we make her our queen? Perhaps.
But whatever we make her, wherever we take her,
We never must make her wear caps.

Imperious, capless, supreme,
Do just as you please evermore;
And wear what you will, for we shall be
And never complain as before.
We may put all our money in mines,
We may put all our cheese into traps,
But we put, it is clear, our foot in it, dear,
When we try to put you into caps.

THE DIFFERENCE.

["It needs no argument to show that in the summer of 1893 Mr. GLADSTONE is less likely to take an active part in any electoral contest than he can be in the spring or autumn of 1892."—*Mr. Edward Dicey, on "The Next Parliament."*]

"TIME's on our side," said GLADSTONE. DICEY, too, Takes *Edax Rerum* as his friend most true.
GLADSTONE Time's "Hour Glass" trusts; but DICEY's blithe
Because his hopes are centred on Time's scythe.
Faith lives in Life, but Fear's most vigorous breath
Lives "in the sure and certain hope"—of Death!

Resignation.

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| "FIRE! Fire!" | Another one! |
| "Where? where?" | Many gone? |
| SHAW's resigned. | Fire! Where? |
| Then find | Here's a scare!! |



A NEW WAY OF PAYING CHURCH DEBTS.

(*Vide "Liverpool Daily Post," July 23, 1891.*)

The Teuton, no doubt, will look pettish,
The Briton will grumble "a hoax."
Aha! I can snub a Lord Mayor,
And give shouting Emperors a hint;
I back *La Belle France*. Her betrayer
My meaning must see, plain as print.
My reply to the great Guildhall grumble
Had less of politeness than pith,
But—well I've no wish so to humble
My friend Mr. EMORY SMITH,
Or CRAWFORD, the Consul. No thank ye,
Persona gratissima, he;
And therefore I yield to the Yankee
The boon I refused to J. B.
But yet, all the same, it is funny
To see Three like us in One Boat.
COLUMBIA looks dulcet as honey,
Miss F.'s every glance is a gloat.
I never imagined Republics
Could have such a "bearing" as these.
Enjoyingly as a bear cub licks
The comb sweetly filled by the bees,
I list to their flattering chatter;
Their voices are pleasant—in praise;
But—well, though it seems a small matter,
I don't like that dashed "*Marseillaise*."
And "*Israel in Egypt*" sounds pointed!
I'd Pharaoh the miscreants—but stay,
My soliloquy's getting disjointed.
I've promised! COLUMBIA looks gay,
La Belle France displays a *grande passion*;
My arms they unitedly press.
One thing though; the Phrygian fashion
Is not *my* ideal of dress.
They swear that they both love me dearly,
Their "best of old Autocrat Chaps!"
They are setting their Caps at me, clearly,
But,—well, *I don't quite like the Caps!*

UPON A GLOVE.

(*After the fashion—more or less—of Herrick.*)

Oh, limp and leathery type of Social Sham,
And Legislative Flam!
Which cunning CUNNINGHAM and MATTHEWS cool
(Both prompt to play the fool,
In free-lance fashion or official form)
Prattled of, 'midst a storm
Of crackling laughter, and ironic cheers,
And sniggering, "Hear, hears!"—
Thou sumpest well the humbug of our lives.
The fistic "bunch of fives"
Is not like JULIA's jewelled "palm of milk"
Shrouded in kid or silk,
But JULIA was a sensuous little "sell,"
And SMITH and PRITCHARD—well,
One would not like a clump upon the head
From the teak-noddled "TED,"
Or e'en a straight sockdollager from "JEM;"
But somehow "bhoys" like them,
Who mill three rounds to an uproarious
"house,"
And only nap "a mouse,"
Though one before the end of the third bout
Is clean "knocked out,"—
Such burly, brawny buffetters for hire,
Who in ten minutes tire,
And clutch the ropes, and turn a Titan back
To shun the impending thwack,—
Such "Champions" smack as much of trick
and pelf
As venal JULIA's self.
GRAHAM may be a "specialist," no doubt,
And "What is a knock-out?"
May mystify ingenuous MATTHEWS much;
But Truth's Ithuriel touch

Applied to pulpy "JEM" and steely "TED,"
(Of "slightly swollen" head)
As well as unsophisticated COBB,
(If Truth were "on the job,")
Might find False Show and Pharisaic
"Stodge,"
And Law-eyading dodge,
Dissimulating "Innocence," sham bravery,
Blind Justice, lynx-eyed knavery,
All the material the Satirist loves,
In those same "four-ounce gloves"!

OMITTED FROM PORTRAIT GALLERY
AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

Portrait of William Hatley, Black-Eye'd Susan, and Captain Crosstree, R.N.
Portrait of Tom Bowline. Also a picture of Davy Jones, to be presented by Mr. Frederick Locker.

A Horse Marine, A.D. 1815.
Portrait of William Taylor, as a gay young fellow. Also his affianced bride, as "William Carr," after she had "dabbled her lily-white hands in the nasty pitch and tar."
Picture of somebody, name unknown, inquiring of Benjamin Bolt whether or no he happened to remember "Sweet Alice, sweet Alice with hair so brown, who wept with delight when you (B.B.) gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your (B.B.'s) frown?" The portrait also of the aforesaid Alice, evidently rather a weak-minded young person.
Also pictures of "Pol" and "Partner Joe;" and a likeness of "Black Brandon," very rare, in "penny plain" form, or "two-pence coloured."

WITH THE B. M. A. AT BOURNEMOUTH.

IN order to satisfy myself as to truth in conflicting reports about Bournemouth as a summer resort, I take express 12'30 from Waterloo, and go straight away to my terminus, stopping, if I remember rightly, only twice on the road. First-rate run, through lovely scenery, with the London and South-Western Pack; found at Waterloo, and, with the exception of a slight check of only three



"WELCOME THE COMING—"

"There, my dear Sir; there's your room, and I'm only dermost that charmed to have your company."—*Extract from Speech of the Hearty Hotel-Proprietor to Un-illustrous Visitor.*

minutes at Southampton Water—scent generally lost where water is, I believe—and another of a few seconds at Brockenhurst, ran into our quarry at Bournemouth Station West, in just two hours and a half. [Happy Thought.—Lunch en route, between 12'30 and 3. Pullman cars attached to some trains, not all. Certainly recommend Pullman, where possible; all comforts at hand for eating and drinking: likewise smoking-room, &c., &c.]

Generally un-dermost that charmed to have your company."—*Extract from Speech of the Hearty Hotel-Proprietor to Un-illustrous Visitor.*

or Nice, or Monaco, or Riviera of England. May be it is; if so, Monte Carlo and the rest can't be so hot in summer as they are painted, for Bournemouth just now is (I speak of the last week in July) at a delightfully mean temperature,—if I may be allowed to use the word "mean" without implying any sort of disrespect for the Bournemouthers.

Bournemouth apparently crowded. Do not remember it on any previous occasional visit, in autumn or spring, so crowded as at this present moment. Odd!

"Not at all," explains flyman; "British Medical Association here. All sorts of festivities. Hotels all crowded. Lodgings too."

If the worst come to the worst, I shall have to spend a night in a bathing-machine. Not bad; if fine. Can be called early; then sea-bath; also man to bring hot water and towels. While speculating on this probability, we arrive at Royal Bath Hotel.—Flag flying, showing that British Medical Association Family are at home. Other flags elsewhere express same idea. B. M. A. at home everywhere, of course. Array of servants in brown liveries and gilt buttons in outer hall, preparing to receive visitors. Pleasant and courteous Manager—evidently Manager—with foreign accent receives me smilingly. "Any difficulty about rooms?" I ask, nervously. "None whatever in your case," returns courteous Manager, bowing most graciously as he emphasises the possessive pronoun. In the hall are trim young ladies, pleasant matronly ladies, chorus of young porters and old porters, all smiling, and awaiting my lightest bow and heaviest baggage. I am "to be shown up." (*Absit omen!*) However, I am shown up. Charming room: sea-view, nearly all the views from the windows of Royal Bath are sea-views, take the Bath which way you will; and the welcome is so warm, it ought to be The Warm Bath Hotel.

I am looking for something which has probably been left in the hall. "Let me see," I say, musingly, to myself, as I look round; "where's my waterproof with two capes? I've missed—er—" I hesitate, being still uncertain.

A sprightly Boots is going hurriedly out of the room. He pauses in his swift career, as if catching my last words. I hear him repeat, "Missed—er—" and then "Capes." To this he adds, sharply, "Yes, Sir, I'll tell him," and vanishes.

"Tell him?" Oh, probably he means that he will tell the other Boots to bring up my waterproof with the double capes. But to make assurance doubly sure, I go to the top of the stairs and call out, "Wrapper—with two capes—probably in the hall—don't see it here." To which, from somewhere down below in obscurity, the voice of the Boots comes up to me, "Capes in the hall," then something inaudible, finishing with, "up there."

I return to my apartment. Lovely view. Open window. Balmy and refreshing breeze. Becoming aware of the fact that I have left the door open, expecting return of Boots with waterproof wrapper, I am turning to shut it, when "to me enters" as the old stage-directions have it, a distinguished-looking gentleman, bearded and moustached, white-vested, and generally "in full fig."—(*Mem.—Write to Notes and Queries, Unde derivatur—"Full fig?"*) who advances briskly but quietly towards me. My visitor has evidently made some mistake in the number of his room. At least, I hope the mistake isn't on my part, or on the urbane Manager's part, in putting me up here. Smart visitor bows. I am about to explain that he is in error, and that this is my room, when he deprecates any remark by saying, "Delighted to meet you; my name is CAPES. The porter told me you wished to see me. I am sure, Sir, I am more than delighted to see you!" and he proffers his hand, which I take and shake heartily, at the same time wondering where on earth we have met before, and why he should be so effusively joyful at seeing me again. Suddenly, as I release his hand, I see where the mistake is, and how it has arisen. A brilliant flash of memory recalls to my mind that in an advertisement I have read how this hotel belongs to Mr. CAPES,—MR. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S., &c., &c. This amiable gentleman who bids me welcome so heartily is the Proprietor himself. I also am delighted. "Very kind of him to take this trouble," I say.

"Not at all," he won't hear of there being any special kindness on his part. And as to trouble!—well, he scouts that idea with an energetic wave of his hand. Now, he wants to know, what will I do, where will I go, what will I take? Section A. of the Medical Association is meeting in the Town Hall, but I shall be late for that; or "perhaps," suggests the considerate Proprietor, "you would like to rest a bit before dinner at seven. Then there's the Concert afterwards. I have tickets for you, and no doubt on your return you'll have a cigar in the smoking-room with your friends, and be glad to get to bed."

I thank him: most kind. I say, smilingly, that "No doubt, shall meet some friends," a remark which seems to tickle him immensely. As a matter of fact, however, I confide to him that I should prefer keeping myself quiet this evening, as I have so much to do to-morrow morning.

"Of course you have," assents the Proprietor most sympathetically. "And you'd like to rest as much as possible to-night after your journey. You'd like a table to yourself a little later. No—no—no thanks, I'm only too delighted."

And, so saying, the kind Proprietor leaves me to see to the hundred-and-one things he has to do to-day, only stopping the Boots, who now arrives with the double-caped waterproof I had sent him for, to point me out to him, and to tell him to order a private table for me in the *salle à manger* "at—at?"—he queries—and I reply by inquiring if I may fix it for 7'45, as the room will be quieter then. "Certainly," says Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, without making the slightest difficulty about it. Then, turning to Boots, he says, "7'45," whereupon Boots repeats the mystic formula. And thus 'tis arranged.

Delightful gardens of Hotel. Stroll out on to cliff. Beautiful air, not the least enervating. On the contrary, refreshing. Returning later on to dress, I see the *salle à manger* full to overflowing. The Medicals are all feeding well and wisely, as Medicals ought to do. A pleasant company. Only a few of the younger and idler spirits remain when I sit down to my dinner about eight. Excellent *cuisine*. Couldn't be better. Salmon-trout from Christchurch, Poole pickles, beef from Boscombe, Hampshire ham with Bournemouth beans. For wine, Peter Pommery '80; and the whole to finish with Corfe Castle Koffee, a Lyndhurst liqueur, and cigar in the sea-garden, or garden o'erlooking the sea.

Lovely night. Then, after a stroll, "to bed," as *Lady Macbeth* observes. Sensible person, *Lady Mac*.

On second thoughts will look at papers in smoking-room. Am alone at first, but in a few minutes room crowded. Medical Association has returned in force. I catch occasional bits in conversation:—

"Pity McSIMMUM (or some name very like this) couldn't come. Great pity; missed him immensely." (Here several stories about McSIMMUM, all evidently more or less good, and all interesting. I myself begin to wish that McSIMMUM had arrived. He would have been an acquisition.) More medical men of various ages and with variety of spectacles. All enjoying themselves thoroughly,—quite medical boys out for a holiday,—but every one of them, individually and collectively, intensely regretting the absence of Dr. McSIMMUM. I hear the voice of my friend Mr. CAPES in the passage. I will ask Mr. CAPES about this celebrated Dr. McSIMMUM, whom evidently I ought to know, at least by repute. Perhaps I have known him by sight for years; perhaps he is a man with whom I often dine at the Club, and who entertains us in the smoking-room with strange stories of odd patients. His name I have heard long ago. Was it McSIMMUM? Not unlikely. Can't remember.

Mr. CAPES is energetically explaining and protesting to everybody. Amid the hum and buzz of voices, I catch what he is saying. It is, "My dear Sir, Dr. McSIMMUM is here. I've seen him. He dined

alone. He said he preferred it, as he had so much to do to-morrow." Then several exclaim, "But *where* is he now?" "I don't know," replies the Proprietor. "Most likely, being tired, he has gone to bed. I myself showed him to his room, No. 142, on his arrival."

Heavens! The number of my room—is 142! Not another man in *there*! No. . . . I see it all now, I am Dr. McSIMMUM! The real McSIMMUM hasn't arrived, and he hasn't sent a message. This accounts for my welcome, and the absence of all difficulty in obtaining a room. But if he arrives now! where shall I be?

"What's that about McSIMMUM?" says a jovial voice, coming right into the midst of them.

To which inquiry responds a chorus, "He's here! Mr. CAPES says so, but no one's seen him."

"And no one's likely to," returns the cheery speaker. "He's staying with some friends a little way out of the town. He has just sent me a note by hand to say that he won't occupy his room till to-morrow, and will be much obliged if Mr. CAPES will forward by bearer a bag that was labelled and addressed to the room taken for him here, No. 142."

"But—" exclaims the Proprietor, aghast, "but—" At this moment I catch sight of the man with the cheery voice. Saved! I know him. It is my old friend, Sir JOHN HARTLEY, M.D., who, years ago, told me there was nothing the matter with me, only I must take a holiday and go abroad to get better (most excellent advice, and I've never been quite well since), and who now exclaims, with all his old breadth of manner, "What *you* here! Bravo! We'll make you an honorary member!"

The Proprietor looks at me, and I at the Proprietor. I know what is passing through the mind of Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S. and P.R.B.H. I hasten to relieve his anxiety by saying, "Thanks; I'm here only for the night; I'm off to-morrow. I've just come down here to look for a house. By the way, I rather think that Dr. McSIMMUM's bag must be in my room. Let's see."

So I depart with the Proprietor. Explanations *en route*. Dr. McSIMMUM's bag has been placed in my room, I should say in *his* room. But I've got the apartment, and if it hadn't been for the mistake, I should have been homeless and houseless, and a wanderer on the face of the sand at Bournemouth. Must write to that best of all doctors, McSIMMUM, and thank him for not coming to-night.

As it is I spend a delightful evening with the Members of the B. M. A. here assembled, in the smoking-room. The conversation is chiefly about the use of alcohol and tobacco as poisons. The decision



"—SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

arrived at towards one o'clock A.M., or, more correctly speaking, the Inn-decision, is that, on this particular occasion, one glass more of something or other, and just one last pipe or cigar, cannot possibly hurt anybody. This is carried *nem. con.*: and so, subsequently, we adjourn, not carried but walking, soberly and honestly, to bed.

Next morning up with the lark, indeed a trifle earlier, and after examining Bournemouth and finding excellent residences up above in beautiful air where it must always be breezy, I thank Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S. and P.R.B.H. for the hospitality shown me in his exceptionally pleasant house, and I return by the swift 2.5 P.M. train, which lands me at Vauxhall at 4.30 to the moment. Of course I am now expecting my diploma as Honorary Member of the British Medical Association.

ANOTHER JUBILEE.—That of the Old Stagers at Canterbury. Free List entirely suspended at the Theatre, with the exception of just *A Scrap of Paper* in the house.

KURDS AND AWAY!

INDIGNANT we spoke out, and any amount
Of strong language we used when we read the account,
And a tear slowly rolled down our cheek
when we heard
Of the youthful Miss G. and the Kidnapping
Kurd.



We sat in our chairs, and, quite reckless of
life, [knife;
We wiped out the insult with war to the
And it only redoubled our anger to read
That the girl—so they said—had abandoned
her creed.

Such a thing was absurd, and, of course,
wasn't true;
Much perplexed, we all wondered what we
ought for to do,

Though we heard with delight they were on the girl's track,
And we wept in our joy when we knew she was back.

But the wonderful ending remains to be told,
For the maiden was fond of the warrior bold,
And embracing her husband (as is usual with brides)
Mrs. AZIZ embraced his religion besides.

So our tears were all wasted, our threats all in vain,
We can now feel quite calm and collected again.
At the fate of the lady we all should rejoice,
She is happy with AZIZ, the man of her choice.

Good luck to the bridegroom! Good luck to the bride!
Good luck to the knot they have hastily tied!
With all due respect, let us venture to say
That we hope from her Kurd she will not run away!

ROBERT SEES THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN.

WELL, I have seen some grandly hintresting sites in my time, I have, but never, no never, did I see anything to ekal the pacter as I seed on the werry larst day of July larst week, when, by such a series of good lucks as I arldy ever had afore, I was priveledged for to see the Rite Honorable the Lord MARE prepare hisself, with his two lately be-nighted Sheriffs, in the most scrumptious of their many rich dresses, and with the solid gold Carsket as was guv to the HEMPERER of GARMANY about a fortnight ago, and had most misteriously cum back from abroad, all for to be photo-graffed altogether in one big grupe, with all the Aldermen as they could find handy in their rich crimson silk dresses, and several werry Common Counsellors and Town Clarks and Remembreners, et setterer, in horder as the longing world may see what sorts of Gents they was, and how they all looked when in their werry best close, and with their lovely solid gold deekorations on (as the HEMPERER and the Prince of WALES begged and prayed as they might have one a-peace) who arranged and carried out the grandest show of modern times, wiz, when the GERMAN HEMPERER and his wife cum to Guildhall. Oh, wasn't they a long wile before the Gent could get 'em all into good places, and didn't they all look sollem, when he said, "Quite stedly, please!"



But not noboddy as reddily gives a ginny for a mere copy of what I saw dun, will see all I saw without paying no ginny, and that was, to see the hole grand pacter built up, as it were, beginning with the Lord MARE in his white hermine robe of poverty and his black Cooked Hat of Power all most bewtifully and kindly arranged for him by the hartistic Sheriff.

And then what a lesson on trew humility, to see the Lord MARE, in all his glory, retire to the Committee's dressing-room, and there strip hisself to his werry shirt-sleeves and clothe hisself in the mere hordnary close of common humanety!

Ah! I henvys no man his persession of the bewtiful Photygraff, for I, almost alone, can say, tho but a pore hed Waiter, I saw the grand pictur grow like a bewtiful dream, and then saw it fade away like a strawberry hice on a Summer's Day!

ROBERT.

LA POLITESSE DE PORTSMOUTH.—The French Fleet may depend upon a courteous welcome at Portsmouth by the Mayor, who is the "Pink" of Politeness.



THE HEIGHT OF IMPROPRIETY.

Miss Grundison, Junior. "THERE GOES LUCY HOLROYD, ALL ALONE IN A BOAT WITH YOUNG SNIPSON AS USUAL! SO IMPRUDENT OF THEM!"

Her Elder Sister. "YES; HOW SHOCKING IF THEY WERE UPSET AND DROWNED—WITHOUT A CHAPERON, YOU KNOW!"

"A LONG DISTANCE SWIM."

"Our Session began before last year was closed. It has been a Session full of anxiety, full of fatigue. I am thankful to agree with your Lordship in thinking that the people of this country will recognise that it has been a Session of hard and valuable work."—*Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House.*

DON'T talk about WEBB, FINNEY, FISHER, or DALTON;
As Long Distance Swimmer our SOLLY stands first,
His wild watery way never tempted to halt on,
Undaunted by cold as by hunger or thirst.
Nine months in the waves, though, no man may enjoy;
So he's glad that at last he's in sight of the buoy.

In November last year he first entered the water,
To start on this special, most arduous swim,
It was cold, with the wind in a wintery quarter,
But winds, like the waves, have small terrors for him.
You remember accounts that the papers then gave
(Here's an extract) concerning this King of the Wave.

"SOLLY (of Hatfield), and SMIFF (who hails from Greenlands), started yesterday (November 25), for a second attempt—the first having been a failure—to swim from Tithes Pier to Purchase Point Buoy. It was an unfavourable time of the year for such an unprecedented feat of natation, but the Hatfield Champion was confident of success. He is a perfect whale at long-distance immersions, and has been heard to talk of 'twenty years of resolute' swimming against stream as a comparative trifle. His 'pal and pardner,' SMIFF—more commonly known as the Sanguine Old 'Un—was equally confident. Two boats accompanied the Champion, in one of which was his trusty Pilot, SMIFF, and in the other a Party of their 'Mutual Friends.' One thing, indeed, was in the Hatfield man's favour; his lately cocky and contemptuous competitors had been 'weeded out' by a fortuitous series of adverse circumstances, including what SOLLY, in a spirit of cynical but excusable elation, subsequently called 'that beneficent disease, the Influenza.' The Irish Contingent, which not long ago looked dangerous, had become so thoroughly demoralised by mutual hostilities and disputes between them and their backers, that there was not a single 'Paddy' prepared to enter the water when the signal 'gun' fired for the start.

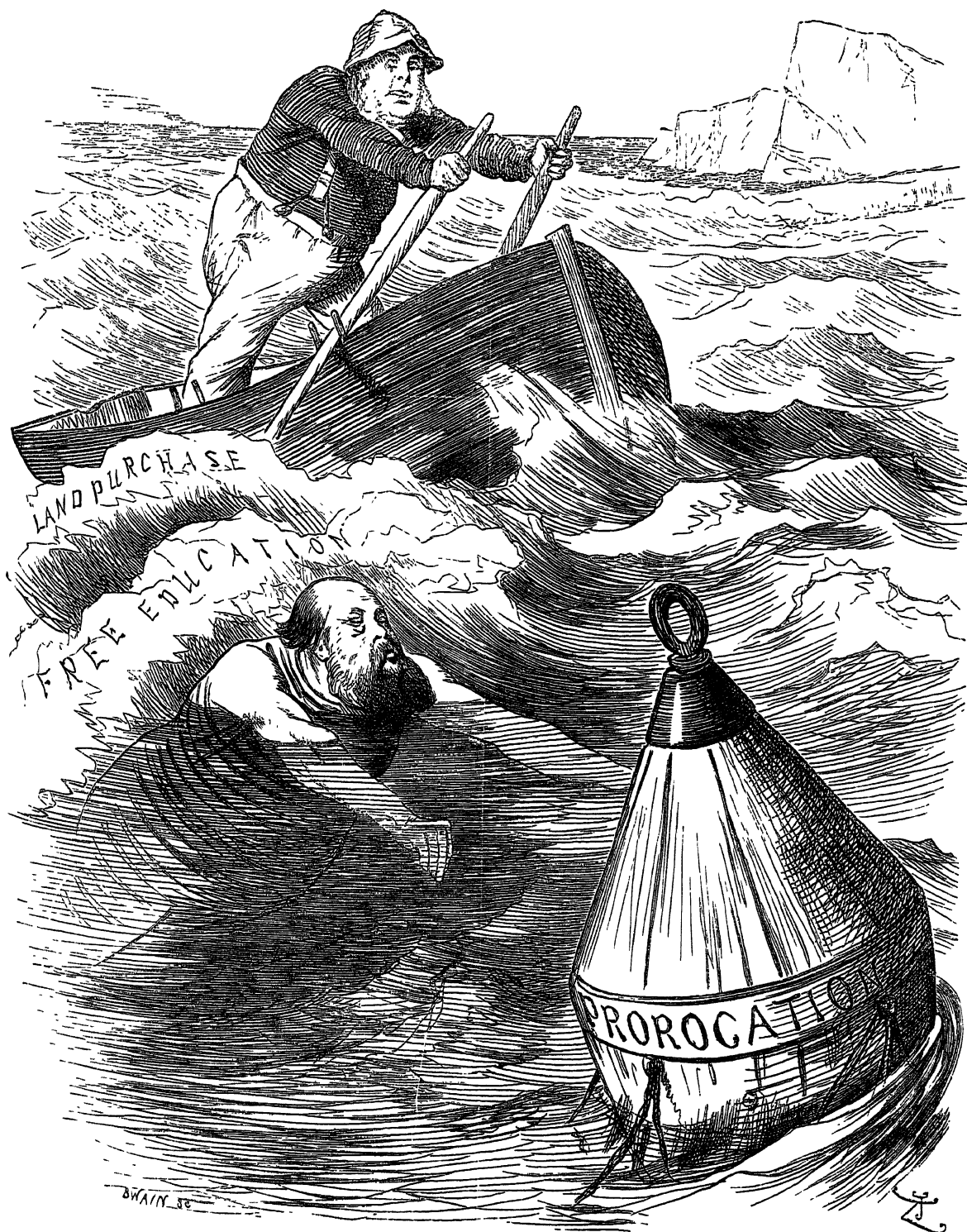
SOLLY, therefore, had it all to himself; the performance practically resolves itself into a trial of his skill and endurance, and the 'Scythe Bearer' is the only enemy against whom the Great Swimmer has to measure himself. Indeed, he covered what may be called the first stage of his long journey with ease, and in an unexpectedly short time. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that 'later on' he will have to contend against cold, little or no sun, northerly breezes, &c.; the 'flowing tide' will assuredly not always be with him, and before he gets to the end of his briny journey, even the Hatfield Wonder will probably have 'had enough of it.'"

True prognostication! But skilful natation
Despite some "anxiety" and much "fatigue,"
Has "pulled SOLLY through" to his "pardner's elation."
Together they've plodded o'er many a league
Of big tumbling billows. See those in the rear!
They were ridden with skill, though regarded with fear.

"The flowing tide" fails him, but side-stroke and breast-stroke
Alternately serve him; fatigued but unhurt,
Like CÆSAR, he swims. "Now mate, put on your best stroke!"
Sings out faithful SMIFFY, his pilot. "One spurt,
My SOL! Two or three more strong strokes and 'tis done;
Our Long Swim, for the Buoy is at hand, and we've won!"

OPERATIC BIRDS.—M. MAUREL can sing but didn't wish to sing in Mr. ISIDORE DE TRA-LA-LARA's new Opera, *The Light of Asia*. Where was TRA-LA-LARA when *The Light of Asia* didn't come out? M. MAUREL seems to have said, that, if the Opera were produced this season, he'd be blown if he sang, and the Opera would probably be damned, theatrically and operatically speaking. That's the Moral or MAUREL of the story. *The Light of Asia* mustn't be snuffed out altogether, but it may want trimming a bit, in order to shine as brightly as TRA-LA-LARA expects it to do next season. There's a good time coming, and good tunes too, we hope.

AMENDE HONORABLE.—In making up the list of outside contributors, Mr. Punch's Private Secretary regrets having omitted the name of JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, the friend of the Bloomsburians, and the determined foe of Mud Salad Market and Monopolisers. "J. H.," or, to reverse the initials, "HONEST JOHN," will now be satisfied.



“A LONG DISTANCE SWIM.”

W. H. SMITH. “HOORAY!—ANOTHER STROKE OR TWO, AND WE’VE DONE IT!!”

VOCES POPULI.

BANK HOLIDAY.

SCENE—*The Crystal Palace. The Nave is filled with a dense throng of Pleasure-seekers. Every free seat commanding the most distant view of a Variety Performance on the Great Stage, has been occupied an hour in advance. The less punctual stand and enjoy the spectacle of other persons' hats or bonnets. Gangs of Male and Female Promenaders jostle and hustle to their hearts' content, or perform the war-song and dance of the Lower-class 'ARRY, which consists in chanting "Oi tiddy-oi-toi; hoi-toi-oi!" to a double shuffle. Tired women sit on chairs and look at nothing. In the Grounds, the fancy of young men and maidens is lightly turning to thoughts of love; the first dawn of the tender passion being intimated, on the part of the youth, by chasing his charmer into a corner and partially throttling her, whereupon the maiden coyly conveys that his sentiments are not unreciprocated by thumping him between the shoulders. From time to time, two champions contend with fists for the smiles of beauty, who may usually be heard bellowing inconsolably in the background. A small but increasing per-centage have already had as much liquid refreshment as is good for them, and intend to have more. Altogether, the scene, if festive, might puzzle an Intelligent Foreigner who is more familiar with Continental ideas of enjoyment.*

A Damsel (in a ruby plush hat with a mauve feather). Why, if they yn't got that bloomin' ole statute down from Charin' Cross! What's 'e doin' of down 'ere, I wonder?

Her Swain (whose feather is only pink and white paper). Doin' of? Tykin' 's d'y orf—like the rest of us are tykin' it.

The Damsel (giggling). You go on—you don't green me that w'y—a statute!

Swain. Well, 'yn't this what they call a "Statutory" 'Ooliday, eh?

Damsel (in high appreciation of his humour). I'll fetch you sech a slap in a minnit! 'Ere, let's gow on the Swissback.

Another Damsel (in a peacock-blue hat with orange pompons). See that nekked young man on the big 'orse, ALF? It says "Castor" on the stand. 'Oo was 'e?

Alf. Oh, I'd'now. I dessay it'll be 'im as invented the Castor Ile.

The Damsel (disgusted). Fancy their puttin' up a monument to 'im!

Superior 'Arry (talking Music-halls to his Adored One). 'Ave you 'eard her sing "Come where the Booze is Cheapest"?

The Adored. Lots o' toimes: I do like 'er singing. She mykes sech comical soigns—and then the things she sez! But I've 'eard she's very common in her tork, and that—orf the styge.

The S. A. I shouldn't wonder. Some on 'em are that way. You can't 'ave everythink!

His Adored. No, it is a pity, though. 'Spose we go out, and pl'y Kiss in the Ring?

[*They do.*]

AMONG THE ETHNOLOGICAL MODELS.

Wife of British Workman (spelling out placard under Hottentot Group). "It is extremely probable that this interesting race will be completely exterminated at no very distant period." Pore things!

British Workman (with philosophy). Well, I shan't go inter mounrin' for 'em, SAIRER!

Lambeth Larrikin (in a pasteboard "pickelhaube," and a false nose, thoughtfully, to BATTERSEA BILL, who is wearing an old grey chimney-pot hat, with the brim uppermost, and a tow wig, as they contemplate a party of Botocudo natives). Rum the sights these 'ere savidges make o' theirselves, ain't it, BILL?

Batt. Bill (more thoughtfully). Yer right—but I dessay if you and me 'ad been born among that lot, we shouldn't care 'ow we looked!

Vauxhall Voilet (who has exchanged headgear with CHELSEA

CHORLEY—with dismal results). They are cures those blackies! Why, yer earn't 'ardly tell the men from the wimmin! I expect this lot 'll be 'aving a beanfeast. See, they're plyin' their myusic.

Chelsea Chorley. Good job we can't 'ear 'em. They say as niggers' music is somethink downright horful. Give us "Hi-tiddy-hi" on that mouth-organ o' yours, will yer?

[*Vauxhall Voilet obliges on that instrument; everyone in the neighbourhood begins to jig mechanically; exeunt party, dancing.*]

A Pimply Youth. "Hopium-eater from Java." That's the stuff they gits as stoopid as biled howls on—it's about time we went and did another beer.

[*They retire for that purpose.*]

DURING THE FIREWORKS.

Chorus of Spectators. There's another lot o' bloomin' rockets gowin orf! Oo-oo, 'ynt that lur-urly? What a lark if the sticks come down on somebody's 'ed! There, didyer see 'em bust? Puts me in mind of a shower o' foiry smuts. Lor, so they do—what a fancy you do 'ave, &c., &c.

COMING HOME.

An Old Gentleman (who has come out with the object of observing

Bank Holiday manners—which he has done from a respectful distance—to his friend, as they settle down in an empty first-class compartment). There, now we shall just get comfortably off before the crush begins. Now, to me, y'know, this has been a most interesting and gratifying experience—wonderful spectacle, all that immense crowd enjoying itself in its own way—boisterously, perhaps, but, on the whole, with marvellous decorum! Really, very exhilarating to see—but you don't agree with me?

His Friend (reluctantly). Well, I must say it struck me as rather pathetic than—

The O. G. (testily). Pathetic, Sir—nonsense! I like to see people putting their heart into it, whether it's play or work. Give me a crowd—

[*As if in answer to this prayer, there is a sudden irruption of typical Bank Holiday-makers into the compartment.*]

Man by the Window. Third-class as good as fust, these days! There's ole FRED! Wayo, FRED, tumble in, ole son—room for one more standin'!

[*"OLE FRED" plays himself in with a triumphal blast on a tin trumpet, after which he playfully hammers the roof with his stick, as he leans against the door.*]

Ole Fred. Where's my blanky friend? I 'it 'im one on the jaw, and I ain't seen 'im since! (Sings, sentimentally, at the top of a naturally powerful voice.) "Com-

rides, Com-rides! Hever since we was boys! Sharin' each other's sorriers. Sharin' each hother's—beer!"

[*A "paraprosdokian," which delights him to the point of repetition.*]

The O. G. Might I ask you to make a little less disturbance there Sir?

[*He hinders from over-tired children.*]

Ole Fred (roaring). "I'm jolly as a Sandboy, I'm 'appy as a king! No matter what I see or 'ear, I larf at heverything! I'm the morril of my moth-ar, (to O. G.) the himage of your Par! And heverythink I see or 'ear, it makes me larf 'Ar-har!"

[*He laughs "Ar-har," after which he gives a piercing blast upon the trumpet, with stick obligato on the roof.*]

The O. G. (roused). I really must beg you not to be such an infernal nuisance! There are women and children here who—

Old Fred. Shet up, ole umbereller whiskers! (Screams of laughter from women and children, which encourage him to sing again.)

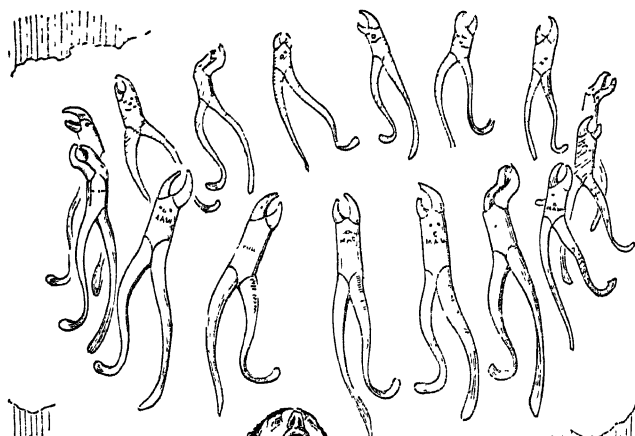
"An' the roof is copper-bottomed, but the chimlies are of gold. In my double-breasted mansion in the Strand!" (To people on platform, as train stops.) Come in, oh, lor, do! "Oi-tiddy-oi-toi! hoi-toi-oy!"

[*The rest take up the refrain—"Are a drink an' wet your eye," &c., and beat time with their boots.*]

The O. G. If this abominable noise goes on, I shall call the guard

—disgraceful, coming in drunk like this!





THE FESTIVE FORCEPS.

(A Dream of the Dentist's Chair.)

The Man by the Window. 'Ere, dry up, Guv'nor—'e ain't 'ad enough to 'urt 'im, 'e ain't!

Chorus of Females (to O. G.). An' Bank 'Oliday, too—you orter to be ashimed o' yerself, you ought! 'E's as right as right, if you on'y let him alone!

Old Fred (to O. G.). Ga-arn, yer pore-'arted ole choiner boy! (Says, dismally), "Ow! for the vanished Spring-time! Ow! for the dyes gorn boy! Ow! for the"—(changing the melody)—"'omeless, I wander in lonely distress. No one ter pity me—none ter caress!" (Here he sheds tears, overcome by his own pathos, but presently cheers up.) "I dornoe all noight! An' I rowl 'ome toight! I'm a rare-un at a rollick, or I'm ready fur a foight." Any man 'ere wanter foight me? Don't say no, ole Frecklefoot! (To the O. G., who perspires freely.) Oh, I am enj'yn' myself!

[He keeps up this agreeable rattle, without intermission, for the remainder of the journey, which—as the train stops everywhere, and takes quite three-quarters of an hour in getting from Queen's Road, Battersea, to Victoria—affords a signal proof of his social resources, though it somewhat modifies the O. G.'s enthusiasm for the artless gaiety of a Bank Holiday.]

"On the Square."

"A CHEQUE-MATE's a husband who's found a good catch,"
So lisp rosy lips that romance little reck.
Yes, and many a close "matrimonial" match
Is won by "perpetual cheque."

AN 'UMBLE CORRECTION.

IN "The New Yachting," a discursive paper, pleasantly written by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., in *The Fortnightly* for this month, the author quotes a verse from the old song of "Jim Collins," or, as he writes it, "John Collins" (by way of proving that the drink known by that name was originated by this individual), but quotes it, to the best of our knowledge and belief, inaccurately. It was set to the air of "Jenny Jones," and thus it ran:—

"My name is JIM COLLINS,
'Ead-waiter at Limmers',
The corner of Conduck Street,
'Anover Square.

"And my hokkipashun
Is sarvin' out liquors
To such sportin' covies
As chance to come there."

This, we venture to assert, savours more of the old bar and the ancient sanded floors, more of the by-gone Cider Cellars and extinct Vauxhall Gardens, more of the early mornings and late nights, more of the rough-and-ready "P. R." times, than the veneered version for the drawing-room given us by Sir M. M., M.D. We may be wrong, but—we don't think we are.

AFTER LUNCH.

A Fancy Sketch, Copied from Cobb.

[“There are numerous instances of Members of the legal profession having acquired habits of intemperance in consequence of the facilities for procuring alcoholic drinks in the building, and the difficulty of obtaining tea and coffee.”—Cobb, on the Refreshment Bars of the Law Courts.]

SCENE—Apartment in the Chancery Division. Time, 2:15 P.M.
Judge, Bar, Solicitors, and Public discovered in a state more easily imagined (by Mr. COBB) than described.

Judge (thickly). What want t'know—what-do-next? (Smiles.)
Very hot! Very hot indeed! (Frowns.)

First Q.C. (rising unsteadily). P'raps m'Lord let m'explain!
Case of Brown-versus-Smith, should say—course—Smith-versus-Brown. (Smiles.) Absurd! Can't-say-more! (Sits down abruptly.)

Judge (angrily). Very irregular this! Commit—contempt—Court!

Second Q.C. (leaning luxuriously on desk). P'raps m' Lord let me explain. Learned friend—drunk! (Disappears under his seat.)

Judge (angrily, to Second Q.C.). So you! so everybody! (With maudlin tenderness.) Must respect Court! (Savagely.) You are all disgusting—disgustingly—'tosticated! Adjourn—morrow mornin'! Usher, brandy sodah! (Scene closes in—fortunately!)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

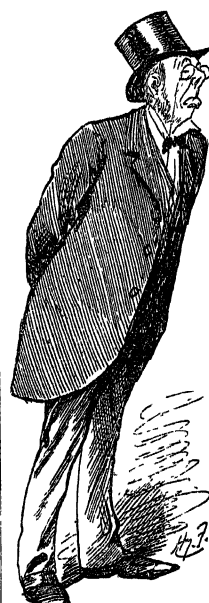
House of Commons, Monday, July 27.—Quite like old times to-night. Public business interrupted, and private Member suspended. The victim is ATKINSON, Member for Boston; been on the ram-

page all last week; a terror to the Clerks' table; haunting the SPEAKER'S Chair, and making the Sergeant-at-Arms's flesh creep. Decidedly inconvenient to have a gentleman with pale salmon neck-tie and white waist-coat, suddenly popping his head round SPEAKER'S Chair, and crying, "Ah, ah!"

"No, you don't!" "Would you, then?" and other discursive remarks. Curious how ATKINSON, indulging in these luxuries himself, hotly resents attempts by others to enjoy similar exotics of conversation. Narrating his grievances just now, he dwelt with especial fervour on one of them. "One of the Clerks," he told the House, "when I showed him a Motion, said, 'Oh! oh!' I said, 'Don't say "Oh! oh!" to me.'"

"Why not?" asked HANKEY, with that direct, almost abrupt manner that becomes a Magistrate for Surrey and Chairman of the Consolidated Bank. "Why not? Are you to have monopoly of this simple interjection? Are you to appropriate all the O's in the alphabet? Is not a Clerk at the Table a man and a brother, and why may he not, if the idea flashes across his active brain, say, 'Oh! oh!?'"

That rather floored ATKINSON; brought him (so to speak) to his senses. Told me afterwards he had never looked on matters in that light. Great advantage having a man like HANKEY going round prepared at moment's notice to take common-sense view of situation and depict it in terse language. Sobering effect on ATKINSON only momentary.





THE BUSY PARLIAMENTARY BEES ON THE WING.

Whilst **SPEAKER** was narrating circumstances on which he had based charge against him of frivolous and vexatious conduct, Member for Boston was bouncing about on seat like parched pea, shouting out, "Oh! oh!" "Ah! ah!" "No you don't!" and offering other pertinent but fragmentary remarks.

"Reminds me," said Member for **SARK**, "of the scene in the Varden household, when *Miss Miggs* returns expecting to be re-instated in her old place of predominance, near the person of *Dolly's* mother. You remember how, when she finds the game is up, she turns rusty, and betrays her mistress's ability to 'faint away stone dead' whenever she had the inclinations so to do?" "Of course," *Miss Miggs* continues, "I never see such cases with my own eyes. Ho, no! He, he, he! Nor master neither! Ho, no! He, he, he!"

So **ATKINSON** kept up a running commentary on observations of successive Members, including **SQUIRE** of **MALWOOD** and **JOKIM**. **JOKIM** at one time, startled by "Oh! oh!" sounding in his right ear as he was making very ordinary observation, nearly fell over the folded hands he was nervously rubbing. Situation growing embarrassing, **ATKINSON** popping up with ever-increasing vivacity; his "Oh! oh's!" and his "No! no's!" growing in frequency and stormy intensity. Must be got rid of somehow; but supposing he won't go? Must **JOKIM** and the **Squire**, as Mover and Seconder of Motion for expulsion, lead him bodily forth? or would the Sergeant-at-Arms be called on, and should we see revival of the old game, when **BRADLAUGH** and dear old friend **GOSSET** used to perform a *pas de deux* between the gaping doorway and the astonished Mace? Happily **ATKINSON** (still like *Miss Miggs*, as **SARK** insists) suddenly collapsed.

"It is usual," observed the **SPEAKER**, "at this point for an Hon. Member to withdraw."

"Oh! Oh!" said **ATKINSON**, "withdraw? Then I withdraw. But," and here he dropped his voice to impressive whisper, "*I will come back.*" Then, gathering up his papers, he tripped lightly forth, and the Varden household—I mean the House of Commons, dropped once more into commonplace.

Business done.—**ATKINSON** expelled for a week.

Tuesday.—**SQUIRE** of **MALWOOD** dropped into poetry, and was much pleased with little exercise. Backed up **JOKIM** in Motion suspending Twelve o'Clock rule, so as to sit to all hours of the night, and wind up business of Session. "We may," he observed, "apply, with a little variation, the late Mr. **MOORE**'s verse:—

"The best of all ways to shorten our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

"That doesn't scan," said **CHILDERS**, who is nothing if not critical.

"Of course it doesn't," said the **SQUIRE**, testily; "there are a pair of feet left out. But you know, **TOBY**, how they run. The last line should be, 'Is to steal a few hours from the night, my Love.' Now, theoretically, and in accordance with order, all our observations are directed personally to the **SPEAKER**. Imagine what would have been said if I had completed the quotation! I should have been accused of frivolity, and perhaps suspended, like **ATKINSON**. No, Sir, I know what I'm about, even when quoting poetry."

Mention this to illustrate the state of terrorism existing in House just now, after blow that fell on **ATKINSON**. Only man who prattles on unconscious of impending doom is **MORTON**. **ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS** not at all satisfied with condition of affairs. **ATKINSON** has stolen march on him; left him nowhere. Determined to-night to pull up lost way. In Committee on Irish Votes moved to reduce charge for Dublin Police by £1000; proposed to show at some length charge is excessive. Committee thought Irish Members might be left to look after that for themselves. Howled at **ALPHEUS** continuously for space of ten minutes; then he sat down, moving reduction in dumb show.

Pity Prince of **NAPLES** hadn't chosen this time for visit; would have given him much livelier impression of the place than he gained when he sat in Gallery just after Questions, listening to **CLARK** discoursing about Scotch Crofters to audience of nineteen, including **SPEAKER**. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Wednesday.—House rapidly thinning; **AKERS-DOUGLAS** has hard work to keep his men together; falling off like leaves in wintry

weather. Been a long Session, and a weary one. Only sense of duty to our **QUEEN** and Country kept us here unto this last.

"And now I'm off," said **SAGE** of **QUEEN ANNE'S GATE**. "I don't know how you'll get on without me, dear boys."

"We'll try, we'll try," murmured the Conservatives gathered in the smoke-room for the last cigarette.

"You see," the **SAGE** continued, "some lives are valuable to the country, and must be cared for, whatever violence is done to private feeling. For my part, I would much rather be here, but **RUSTEM ROOSE**, He-who-is-to-be-Obedied, has ordered me to **Marienbad**, and I go. 'But,' like **ATKINSON** and another ancient Roman (of whom you may have read in school-books), 'I return.' In the meanwhile, take care of Mr. G. Don't let him overwork himself, or ruthlessly endanger his health. It is precious to all of us, more especially to some of his colleagues on the Front Bench. I often think of what will happen when he retires from the scene. I fancy there will be a kind of Suttée. There are quite a lot of old wives in his political establishment, who cannot resist, what must, indeed, be their natural inclination, the call to immolate themselves on the funeral pyre. There's ———, and ———, and ———." (Wild horses couldn't drag these names from me. Anyone interested should write to the **SAGE**, *Poste Restante Marienbad*.) "They could not think of lingering on the political scene after the retirement of the head of the family. I shall certainly attend the Suttée. It will be an interesting and ennobling spectacle. It will, moreover, make some room on the newly constructed Treasury Bench."

Business done.—**SAGE** goes off by the Club train. The two muffled-up figures seen in the background of the station are emissaries of **AKERS-DOUGLAS** charged with the mission of ascertaining whether he's really gone.

Saturday.—House sitting to-day. Should have prorogued yesterday at latest; but, somehow, drifting on; Members, for their part, drifting off; affairs reached lowest level; business practically wound up; but House must needs sit another week in order that Appropriation Bill may be got through all its stages, and so the Constitution saved.

Looking round the dull and deadly scene, discover **WADDY**, Q.C., with legs engagingly intertwined, and the forefinger that has wagged a verdict out of many juries resting on his massive brow. "Got a headache?" I asked, that being the most natural thing under the circumstances.

"No, I've got an idea. I'll pair' go off for my well-earned holiday, leaving others to look after the Appropriation Bill."

"So will I," I said, suddenly caught and borne away by that enthusiasm which has so often influenced amount of damages in breach of promise cases. *Business done.*—Practically finished. **TOBY**, M.P., pairs for remaining days of Session.



An Idea.

AULD-(ER)-MAN GRAY.

(The Song of a Coming Celebrity.)

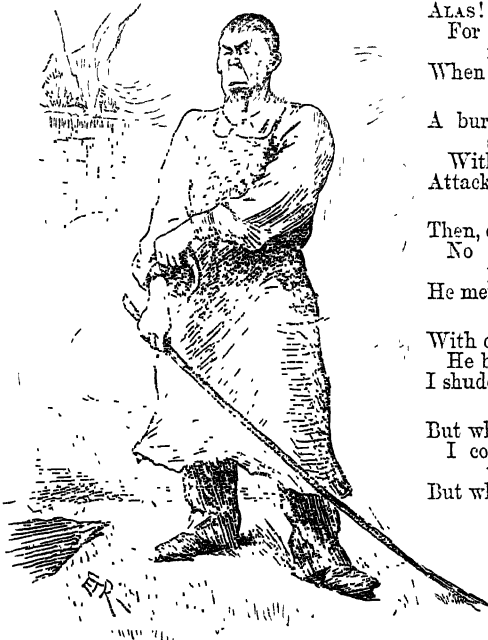
[Alderman **GRAY** is to be the next Lord Mayor, unopposed, on retirement of Alderman **EVANS**.]

WHEN SAVORY has ruled a twelvemonths to a day,
Guid **EVANS** he'll withdraw to give place to lucky **GRAY**;
To Auld-(er)-man **GRAY**, who shall rule in the Ci-tee,
GRAY was clearly born to be great—and I am he!
I gang like a host, though 'tis airly to begin;
I try not to be prood, for that wad be a sin,
But I will do my best a guid Lord Mayor to be,
For Auld-(er)-man **GRAY** will soon rule in the Ci-tee!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Legal Fiction.*—The Lord Chief Justice was certainly a little severe in his remarks on Stock Exchange morality, and it is natural that you should feel hurt at the ignorant criticism of a mere outsider. As you remark, there can be no question but that the Stock Exchange affords the highest example in this country of a school of honour and virtue. What is called "Legal Intelligence" is often very defective.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

A TERRIBLE TALE.



ALAS! it had of course to be!
 For weeks I had not left my
 room, [me]
 When one fell day there came on
 An awful doom.
 A burly rough, who drank and
 swore, [shout—]
 Without a word—I could not
 Attacked me brutally, and tore
 My nails right out.
 Then, dragging me out to the air—
 No well-conducted conscience
 pricked him—
 He mercilessly beat me there,
 His helpless victim.
 With cruel zest he beat me well,
 He beat me till in parts I grew—
 I shudder as the tale I tell—
 All black and blue.
 But what on earth he was about,
 I could not guess, do what I
 would: [out]
 But when at length he cleaned me
 I understood.
 Yet do not shed a tear,
 because
 You've heard my story
 told in metre, [was]
 For I'm a Carpet, and he
 A Carpet-Beater.

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Thursday, June 12.—Letters from Billsbury arrive by every post, Horticultural Societies, sea-side excursions, Sunday School pic-nics, cricket club fêtes, all demand subscriptions, and, as a rule, get them. If this goes on much longer I shall be wound up in the Bankruptcy Court. Shall have to make a stand soon, but how to begin is the difficulty. Pretty certain in any case to put my foot down in the wrong place, and offend everybody. Amongst other letters came this one:—

4, Stone Street, Billsbury, June 10.

SIR,—I venture to appeal to your generosity in a matter which I am sure you will recognise to be of the highest importance. My services to the Conservative Party in Billsbury are well-known. I can safely say that no man has, during the last ten years, worked harder than I have to promote Conservative interests, and for a smaller reward. My exertions at the last election brought on a violent attack of malarial fever, which laid me up for some months, and from which I still suffer. The shaky character of my hand-writing attests the sufferings I have gone through, and the shattered condition of my bodily health at the present moment. I lost my situation as head-clerk in the Export Department of the Ironmongers' Association, and found myself, at the age of forty, compelled to begin life again with a wife and three children. Everything I have turned my hand to has failed, and I am in dire want. May I ask you, under these circumstances, to be so good as to advance me £500 for a few months. I will give any security you like. Perhaps I might repay some part of the loan by doing work for you during the election. This must be a small matter to a wealthy and generous man like you. To me it is a matter of life and death. Anxiously awaiting your early and favourable reply, and begging you to keep this application a secret.
 I remain, Sir,
 Yours, faithfully,
 HENRY PIDGIN.



"I will give any security you like."

That sounded heart-breaking, but I happened to know that Mr. PIDGIN's "malarial fever" was nothing but *delirium tremens*, brought on by a prolonged course of drunkenness. Hence his shaky handwriting, &c. BLISSOP had warned

me against him. Wrote back that, in view of the Corrupt Practices Act, it was impossible for me to relieve individual cases.

Called on the PENFOLDS this afternoon. They are up from Billsbury for their stay in London, and have got a house in Eaton Square. To my surprise found Mrs. BELLAMY and MARY there. That was awkward, especially as MARY looked at me, as I thought, very meaningfully, and asked me if I didn't think SOPHY PENFOLD sweetly pretty. I muttered something about preferring a darker type of beauty (MARY's hair is as black as my hat), to which MARY replied that perhaps, after all, that kind of pink and white beauty with hair like tow *was* rather insipid. The BELLAMYS it seems met the PENFOLDS at a dinner last week, and the girls struck up a friendship, this call being the result. Young PENFOLD, whom I had never seen before, was there and was infernally attentive to MARY. He's in the 24th Lancers, and looks like a barber's block. Mrs. BELLAMY said to me, "I've been hearing so much about you from dear Lady PENFOLD. They all have the highest opinion of you. In fact, Lady PENFOLD said she felt quite like a mother to you. And how kind of you to buy so many things from Miss PENFOLD at the Bazaar. What are my father's noble lines?"

"True kindness is no blustering rogue that struts
 With empty mouthings on the stage of life,
 But, like a tender, timid plant that shuts
 At every touch, it shrinks from noisy strife."

(And so forth, I've forgotten the rest.) "I love kindness," continued Mrs. BELLAMY, "in young men. By the way, will you excuse a short invitation, and dine with us the day after to-morrow? All the PENFOLDS are coming." I said yes, and made up my mind that I must settle matters with MARY one way or another before complications got worse, or young PENFOLD made any more progress. I felt all the afternoon as if I'd committed a crime.

Friday, June 13th.—Three cheers. I've done it. Called on the BELLAMYS to-day. Found MARY alone. She was very sarcastic, but at last I could stand it no longer, and told her I had never loved and never should love anybody but her. Then she burst into tears, and I—anyhow she's promised to marry me. Have to interview Mrs. BELLAMY to-morrow. No time to do it to-day, as she was out till late. Chuck her up!

Mother received the news very well. "Accepted you, my darling boy?" she said. "Of course she did. How could she do otherwise? Bring her to see me soon. She shall, of course, have all the family jewels immediately, and the dining-room furniture too. There'll be a few other trifles too. I daresay, that you'll be glad of." Dear Mother, she's the kindest soul in the world. Carlo has been informed of the news, and is said to have manifested an extraordinarily intelligent appreciation of it, by insisting on a second helping for supper. He's a remarkable dog.

"SEMPER EADEM."

"[THE position of the Jews in Russia becomes daily more terrible. An order that they are henceforth to work upon their Sabbath and holy festivals is about to be issued and put in force.]—Standard.—"A most pertinent illustration of the falsity of repeated rumours and reports representing in some cases a strong disposition, and in others an actual decision, on the part of the Czar and the Russian Government, to alleviate the miseries of the Jews."—Times.]

Who said the scourge should slacken? Who foretold
 The goad should cease, the shackle loose its hold?
 The wish, perchance, fathered once more the thought,
 Though long experience against it fought.
 Not so! The CZAR's in Muscovy, and all
 Is well with—Tyranny! The harried thrall
 Shall still be harried, though, a little while,
 The Autocrat on the Republic smile;
 The Jew shall be robbed, banished, outraged still,
 Although the tyrant, with a shuddering thrill
 Diplomacy scarce hides, for some brief days
 Must listen to the hated "*Marschallaise*!"
 Fear not, Fanatic! Despot do not doubt!
 The rule of Orthodoxy and the Knout
 Is not yet over wholly. France may woo,
 Columbia plead, the Jew is still the Jew;
 And, spite of weak humanitarian fuss,
 CÆSAR be praised, the Russ is still the Russ!

A GROUSE OUTRAGE.—Shooting them before the Twelfth.

"WON'T WORK!"

AIR—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Irish Sportsman sings:—



ST. PATRICK, they say,
Kicked the snakes in the say,
But, ochone! if he'd had such a hound-pack
as mine,
I fancy the Saint,
(Without further complaint)

Would have toed the whole troop of them
into the brine.
Once they shivered and stared,
At my whip-cracking scared;
Now the clayrics with mitre and crosier and
book,

Put the scumfish on me,
And, so far as I see,
There's scarce a dog-crayture
But's changed in his nature.
I must beat some game up by hook or by
crook,

But my chances of Sport
Are cut terribly short
On St. Grouse's Day in the morning!

With a thundering polthogue,
And the toe of my brogue,
I'd like to kick both of 'em divil knows
where!

Sure I broke 'em meself,
And, so long "on the shelf"
They ought to be docile, the dogs of my care.
O'BRIEN mongrel villin,
And as for cur DILLON

Just look at him ranging afar at his will!
I thought, true as steel,
They would both come to heel,
Making up for the pack
Whistled off by false Mac,

As though he'd ever shoot with my patience
and skill!

To me ye'll not stick, Sirs?
What divil's elixirs
Tempt ye on the Twelfth in the morning?

Plague on ye, come back!
Och! ye villainous pack,
Ye slaves of the Saxon, ye blind bastard
bunch!

Whelps weak and unstable,
I only am able
The Celt-hating Sassenach wholly to
s-c-r-r-unch!

Yet for me ye won't work,
But sneak homeward and shirk,
Ye've an eye on the ould spider, GLADSTONE,
a Saxon!

He'll sell ye, no doubt.
Sure, a pig with ring'd snout
Is a far boulder baste
Than such mongrels! The taste
Of the triple-plied thong BULL will lay your
base backs on

Will soon make ye moan
That ye left me alone
On St. Grouse's Day in the morning!

TO LORD TENNYSON.

On His Eighty-second Birthday, August 6, 1891.

AY! "After many a summer dies the Swan."*
But singing dies, if we may trust the Muse.
And sweet thou singest as when fully ran
Youth's flood-tide. Not to thee did Dawn
refuse

The dual gift. Our new Tithonus thou,
On whom the indignant Hours work not
their will,
Seeing that, though old age may trench thy
brow,

It cannot chill thy soul, or mar thy skill.
Aurora's rosy shadows bathe thee yet,
Nor coldy. "Give me immortality!"
Tithonus cried, and lingered to regret
The careless given boon. Not so with thee.
Such immortality is thine as clings
To "happy men that have the power to
die."

The Singer lives on whilst the Song he sings
Charms the world's heart. Such immor-
tality

Is better than unending lapse of years,
For that the great god-gift, Eternal Youth,
Accompanies it; the failures, the chill fears
Tithonus knew thou may'st be spared in
truth,
Seeing that thine Aurora's quickening breath
Lives in thee whilst thou livest, so that thou
Needst neither dread nor pray for kindly
Death,
Like "that grey shadow once a man."
And now,
Great Singer, still we wish thee length of
days,
Song-power unslackened, and unfading bays!

* "Tithonus."



VICISSITUDES OF A RISING PERIODICAL.

The Proprietor. "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, SHARDSON, I'M GETTING SICK OF THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' SHOW! *The Knacker* AIN'T SELLING A SCRAP—NO NOTICE TOOK OF US ANYWHERE—NOT A BLOOMIN' ADVERTISEMENT! AND YET THERE AIN'T 'ARDLY A LIVIN' ENGLISHMAN OF MARK, FROM TENNYSON DOWNWARDS, AS WE 'AVEN'T SHOWN UP AND PITCHED INTO, AND DRAGGED 'IS NAME IN THE MUD!" *The Editor.* "DON'T LET 'S THROW UP THE SPONGE YET, OLD MAN! LET'S GIVE THE DEAD 'UNS A TURN—LET'S HAVE A SHY AT THACKERAY, BROWNING, GEORGE ELIOT, OR, BETTER STILL, LET'S BESPATTER GENERAL GORDON AND CARDINAL NEWMAN A BIT,—THAT OUGHT TO FETCH 'EM A FEW, AND BRING 'US INTO NOTICE!"

WHAT HOE! RAIKES!—When King RICHARD—no, beg his pardon, Mr. RICHARD KING—says, as quoted in the *Times*, "That he can only assume that Mr. RAIKES purposely availed himself of a technicality to cover a statement which was a palpable *suggestio falsi*," he throws something unpleasant into the teeth of RAIKES. It is as well to remember that rakes have teeth.

"LATINÉ DOCTUS."—A Cantab, neither a first-rate sailor nor a first-class classic, arrived at Calais after a rough passage, looking, as his friend, who met him on the *quai*, observed, "so changed he would hardly have known him." "That's it," replied the staggering graduate, "*quantum mutatus ab illow!*" Oh! he must have been bad!

WHAT IS A "DEMOGRAPHER"?—Those Londoners who ask this question will have already obtained a practical answer, as, this week, London is full of Demographers, to whom *Mr. Punch*, Grand Master of all Demographers (or "writers for the people"), gives a hearty welcome. All hail to "The New Democracy!"

THE SONG THAT BROKE MY HEART.

I PAUSED in a crowded street,
I only desired to ride—
Only to wait for a Hammersmith 'bus
With room for myself outside;
When I caught the nastiest tune
My ear had ever heard,
And asked the Police to take it away,
But never a man of them stirred.

So the singer still sang on;
She would not, would not go;
She sang a song of the year before last
That struck me as rather low.
She followed with one that was high,
That made the tear-drops start,
That was "*Hi-tiddy-i-ti! Hi-ti-ti-hi!*"
The song that broke my heart!

'ARRY ON A 'OUSE-BOAT.



EAR CHARLIE,—It's 'ot, and no error! Summer on us, at last, with a bust; Ninety odd in the shade as I write, I've a 'ed, and a thunderin' thurst. Can't go on the trot at this temprytire, though I'm on 'oliday still; So I'll pull out my *eskrytor*, CHARLIE, and give you a touch of my quill.

If you find as my fist runs to size, set it down to that quill, dear old pal; Correspondents is on to me lately, complains as I write like a gal, Sixteen words to the page, and slopscreawly, all dashes and blobs. Well, it's true; But a quill and big sprawl is the fashion, so wot is a feller to do?

Didn't spot you at 'Enley, old oyster—I did 'ope you'd shove in your oar. We 'ad a rare barney, I tell you, although a bit spiled by the pour. 'Ad a invite to 'OPKINS's 'Ouse-boat, prime pitch, and swell party, yer know, Pooty girls, first-class lotion, and music. I tell yer we did let things go.

Who sez 'Enley ain't up to old form, that Society gives it the slip? Wish you could 'ave seen us—and heard us—old boy, when aboard of our ship. Peonies and poppies ain't in it for colour with our little lot, And with larfiter and banjos permiskus we managed to mix it up 'ot.

My blazer was claret and mustard, my "strol" was a rainbow gone wrong; I ain't one who's ashamed of his colours, but likes 'em mixed middlingish strong.

EMMY 'OPKINS, the fluffy-'aired daughter, a dab at a punt or canoe, Said I looked like a garden of dahlias, and showed up her neat navy blue.

Fair mashed on yours truly, Miss EMMY; but that's only jest by the way, 'ARRY ain't one to brag of *bong four tunes*; but wot I was wanting to say Is about this here "spiling the River" which snarlers set down to our sort. Bosh! CHARLIE, extreme Tommy rot! It's these sniffers as want to spile sport.

Want things all to theirselves, these old jossers, and all on the strictest Q. T. Their idea of the Thames being "spiled" by the smallest suggestion of spree,

Wy it's right down rediklus, old pal, gives a feller the ditherums, it do. I mean going for them a rare bat, and I'm game to wire in till all's blue.

Who are they, these stuckuppy snipsters, as jaw about quiet and peace, Who would silence the gay "constant-screamer" and line the Thames banks with perlice;

Who sneer about "'ARRY at 'Enley," and sniff about "cads on the course," As though it meant "Satan in Eden"? I'll 'owl at sich oafs till I'm 'oarse!

Scrap o'sandwich-greased paper 'll shock 'em, a ginger-beer bottle or "Bass," Wot 'appens to drop 'mong the lilies, or gets chucked aside on the grass, Makes 'em gasp like a frog in a frying-pan. Br-r-r-r! Wot old mivvies they are!

Got nerves like a cobweb, I reckon, a smart Banjo-twang makes 'em jar.

I'm Toffy, you know, and no flies, CHARLIE; swim with the Swells, and all that,

But I'm blowed if this bunkum don't make me inclined to turn Radical rat. "Riparian Rights," too! Oh Scissors! They'd block the Backwaters and Broads, Because me and my pals likes a lark! Serve 'em right if old BURNS busts their 'oards!

Rum blokes, these here Soshelist spouters! There's DANNEL, the Dosser, old chap.

As you 've 'eard me elude to afore. Fair stone-broker, not wuth 'arf a rap,— Knows it's all Cooper's ducks with him, CHARLIE; won't run to a pint o' four 'arf.

And yet he will slate me like sugar, and give me cold beans with his charf.

Sez DANNEL — and dash his darned cheek, CHARLIE!—"Monkeys like you"— meaning *Me*!

"Give the latter-day Mammon his chance. Your idea of a lark or a spree Is all Noise, Noodle-Nonsense, and Nastiness! Dives, who wants an excuse For exclusiveness, finds it in you, you contemptible coarse-cackling goose!

"Riparian rights? That's the patter of Ahab to Naboth, of course; But 'tis pickles like you make it plausible, louts such as you give it force. You make sweet Thames reaches Gehennas, the fair Norfolk Broads you be foul; You—*you*, who'd make Beulah a hell with your blatant Bank Holiday howl!

"Decent property-owners abhor you; you spread your coarse feasts on their lawns,

And 'ARRY's a hog when he feeds, and an ugly Yahoo when he yawns; You litter, and ravage, and cock-sky; you romp like a satyr obscene, And the noise of you rises to heaven till earth might blush red through her green.

"You are moneyed, sometimes, and well-tailored; but come you from Oxford or Bow,

You're a flaring offence when you lounge, and a blundering pest when you row; Your 'monkeyings' mar every pageant, your shindyings spoil every sport, And there isn't an Eden on earth but's destroyed when it's 'ARRY's resort.

"Then monopolist Mammon may chuckle, Riparian Ahabs rejoice; There's excuse in your Caliban aspect, your hoarse and ear-torturing voice,



You pitiful Cockney-born Cloten, you slum-bred Silenus, 'tis you Spoil the silver-streamed Thames for Pan-lovers, and all the nymph-worshipping crew!"

I've "reported" as near as no matter! I don't understand more than arf [classical charf. Of his patter; he's precious given to poetry and

But the cheek on it, CHARLIE! A Stone-broke! I should like to give him wot for,
Only DANIEL the Dosser's a dab orf of whom t'ain't so easy to score.

But it's time that this bunkum was bunnicked, bin fur too much on it of late—

Us on 'OPKINS's 'Ouse-boat, I tell yer, cared nix for the ink-spiller's "slate."

I mean doin' them Broads later on, for free fishing and shooting, that's flat. If I don't give them dash'd Norfolk Dumplings a doing, I'll 'eat my old 'at.

Rooral quiet, and rest, and refinement? Oh, let 'em go home and eat coke. These fussy old footlers whose 'air stands on hend at a row-de-dow joke, The song of the skylark sounds pooty, but 'skylarking' song's better fun, And you can't do the rooral to-rights on a tract and a tuppenny bun.

As to colour, and kick-up, and sing-song, our party was fair to the front; But we wosn't alone; lots of toppers, in 'Ouse-Boat, or four-oar, or punt, Wos a doin' the rorty and rosy as lively as 'OPKINS's lot, Ah! the swells sling it out pooty thick; they ain't stashed by no ink-spiller's rot.

Bright blazers, and twingle-twang ban-joes, and bottles of Bass, my dear boy,

Lots of dashing, and splashing, and "mashing" are things every man must enjoy, And the petticoats 'ain't fur behind 'em, you bet. While top-ropes I can carry, It ain't soap-board slop about "Quiet" will put the clear kibosh on 'ARRY.



HOW TO SPEND A HOLIDAY ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

(A Page from the Diary of an Enthusiast in search of Rest.)

"It is a good rule of practice to devote one portion of a short vacation to the serious and necessary business of doing nothing, and doing it very thoroughly too."—*Letter to the Times.*

At last my time for rest has arrived. Musn't be idle, though. Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE says it would be most injurious to my health. Must hunt up precedents for leisure leading to no results. Let me see—why not try the British Museum? Sure to find something useful there—and useless, which will be more appropriate.

Take an omnibus. See one in the distance. Hail it. Conductor takes no notice! Shout and hurry after it. Try to attract attention of the driver. Failure. Capital commencement to my labours. Had my run for nothing!

Victory! Stopped one partially occupied. No room outside. Enter interior. Six passengers on one seat. Five on the other. The half dozen regard me with contemptuous indifference. The five make no room. Explain that I want a seat. Remark received in silence. Sit down on knee of small boy. Mother (next him) expostulates—angrily. Chorus of indignant beholders. Conductor is impatient. Ask for his number, he asks for my fare. Pay him. While this is going on, young woman has entered omnibus, and taken vacant seat. Conductor counts places, says there is no room. Can't carry me. Won't give back fare—has torn off ticket. Says I must get out. Say I will report him. Impudent again. Getting out drop ticket. Incident subsequently (to my later satisfaction) leads to nothing!

Won't have anything more to do with the omnibuses. Enter hansom—old man (the driver) smiles civilly when I say "British Museum." Now, I must seriously rest. Go to sleep. Slumber until awakened by a jolt. Look out. Find myself near the river. Strikes me that the Thames is not close to the Museum. Appeal to cabman through the hole in the roof. Difficulty in attracting his attention. Stop him at last. Ask him why he did not take me to the Museum. He smiles and says he didn't hear me—he is deaf! Very angry. He expostulates, civilly. He saw I was asleep and didn't wish to disturb me! He has been driving up and down the Thames Embankment for the last three hours—charge seven and sixpence. Don't see my way out of the difficulty, except by payment. He thanks me, and suggests that he shall now drive

me to the Museum for eighteen-pence. Very angry and refuse. He is hailed by someone else, and is off to pick up his new fare. On consideration it seems to me that my anger has led to nothing. Nothing—just what I wanted, but not exactly at the right moment.

Rather hungry. Enter a restaurant. Crowded with gentlemen wearing hats—who seem to be on intimate terms with the waiters. Get a bill of fare which is thrust into my hands by an attendant loaded with dishes. Let me see—what shall I have? "Lamb's head and peas." Have never tried this dish. Might be good. Waiter (who seems to be revolving, like the planetary system, in an orbit) reaches me, and I shout what I want. He replies, "Sorry, Sir, just off," and vanishes. Look up something else. "Liver and bacon." Not had it for years! Used to like it. On reappearance of the planetary waiter, give my order. He nods and vanishes. Wait patiently. Rather annoyed that my nearest neighbour has used my part of the table for a dish containing broad beans. Glare at him. No result. Planetary waiter has passed me twice—stop him angrily the third time. He is less busy now—he pauses. He thrusts bill of fare before me, and asks me "what I would please to want." Explode and shout in tones of thunder, "Liver and bacon!" He disappears, and comes back a few minutes later, saying, "Very sorry, but when I first ordered it, liver and bacon was on—now it's off. Will I have a chop?" Reply angrily, "No." Same answer to "Steak," "Duck and green peas," "A cut off the beef joint," and "Irish stew." Waiter asks (with forced civility), "What will I have?" I return, as I leave the restaurant, "Nothing!" On regaining the street (although hungry) I am pleased to think that I am still obeying Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE's directions!

No use trying cab or omnibus. Both failures. Why not walk? Good way of wasting time, so begin to go northward, and in due course get to Bloomsbury. Enter Museum. Umbrella seized. Approach Reading Room. Civil attendant informs me that the Library is closed—taking stock, or something! Then I have come all this way for nothing! Angry, but inwardly contented. Doing nothing "very thoroughly!"

Turn back. Why not go to a theatre? Certainly. Go to four in succession, and find them all closed! Well, good way of wasting time. Shall I visit one of the Exhibitions? Chelsea or Earl's Court? After consideration, come to the conclusion that this would be worse than doing nothing. Must draw the line somewhere!

After all, there is no place like home. Or shall I go to my Club? Yes. Get there. Find it is being repaired, and that the members are taken in somewhere else. Hate new scenes and new faces. Return to my first idea, and make for my private address; but feel that it may be rather dull, as my wife and the children are at the seaside. Still, somebody can get me a little supper. At least, I hope so. Find my latch-key is of no use, on account of the chain being up. Ring angrily, when a charwoman in a bonnet appears, and explains that the servants, not expecting me home so early, have gone to the play, having locked up the larder. Charwoman agrees with me that it is disgraceful—especially the locking up of the larder.

However, it can't be helped. Make up my mind to go to bed, and get fast asleep, thoroughly tired out with the labours of a day spent in doing absolutely nothing! Hope (in my dreams) that Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE will be satisfied!



"Our Children's Ears."

WHETHER they'll be as long as those of Midas, Or stand out salient from either side as A close-cropped ARRY's, at right angles set To his flat jowl, we cannot settle, yet; But in one thing, at least, a score they'll chalk— They will not hear the stuff their fathers talk!

DEFINITION.—"La haute Cuisine"—the kitchen on the top flat of a ten-storey'd mansion.



AN INSINUATING WHISPER.

"JUST LOOK, LAURA! WHAT A LOVELY LITTLE DOG THAT OLD GENTLEMAN'S GOT! HOW I WISH HE WAS MINE!"
 "SHALL OI GIT 'IM FOR YER, LYDY?"

"HAVE WE FORGOTTEN GORDON?"

[Lord TENNYSON, under this heading, writes appealing to Englishmen for subscriptions to the funds of the "Gordon Boys' Home" at Woking, which is in want of £40,000. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, General Sir DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., Marlborough House, Pall Mall.]

ARE we sleeping? "Have we forgotten?" Like the thrust of an Arab spear
 Comes that conscience-piercing question from the Singer of Haslemere.

Have we indeed forgotten the hero we so be-sang,
 When across the far south sand-wastes the news of his murder rang?

Forgotten? So it had seemed to him, as alone afar he lay,
 With the Nile to watch for laggard friends, fierce foes to hold at bay;
 Though the tired red lines toiled onward up the Cataracts, and we
 Dreamed of the shout of the rescuing host his eyes should never see.

When chivalrous BURNABY lay slain, with a smile in the face of
 death,

And for happy news from the hungry wastes men yearned with
 bated breath;

When WILSON pushed his eager way past torrent-swirl and crag,
 Till they saw o'er GORDON's citadel wave high—the MAHR's flag.

That shame was surely enough, enough, that sorrow had a sting
 Our England should not court again. The Laureate's accents ring
 With scorn suppressed, a scorn deserved indeed, if still our part
 Is to forget a purpose high that was dear to GORDON's heart.

"This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man." So then sang he
 Who sounds a keen reveille now. "Can you help us?" What say
 we?

Oh, out on words, that come like WOLSELEY's host too late—too late!
 Do—do, in the simple silent way that made lost GORDON great.

Surely these Boys that GORDON loved in the Home with GORDON's
 name
 Should speak to every English heart that cares for our England's
 fame;

And what be forty thousand pounds as an offering made to him
 Who held so high that same bright fame some do their worst to dim!

Fit task for patriot poet, this! TYRTÆUS never stood
 More worthily for heroic hearts or his home-land's highest good.
 Give! give! and with free hands! His spirit's poor, his soul is
 hard,
 Who heeds not our noblest Hero's appeal through the lips of our
 noblest Bard!

A REMINISCENCE AND A QUOTATION.—It is reported that two
 Gaiety burlesque-writers are about to re-do *Black-Eyed Susan*
 "up to date," of course, as is now the fashion. As the typical
 melodramatic tragedian observes, "'Tis now some twenty-five years
 ago" that FRED DEWAR strutted the first of his five hundred nights
 or so on the stage as *Captain Crosstree*, that PATTY OLIVER sang
 with trilling effect her "*Pretty Secusan*," and that DANVERS, as
Dame Hatly, danced like a rag-doll in a fantoccini-show. To quote
 the Poet CRABBE, and to go some way back in doing so,—

"I see no more within our borough's bound
 The name of DANVERS!"

Which lines will be found in No. XVII. of the Poet's "Posthumous
 Tales."

The Modern Traveller.

In a restaurant-Pullman he books
 His seat, a luxurious craze.
 Most travellers now take their Cooks,
 And everyone's going to Gaze.

IBERIAN-HIBERNIAN.—Sir,—In Ireland since the time when the
 Armada came to grief on its coasts, there have always existed Spanish
 names, either pure, as in the instance of Valencia, or slightly mixed.
 In Spain the Celtic names are found in the same way, and an
 instance occurs on the border-land of Spain and Southern France, in
 the name of the place to which the Spanish Premier has gone for his
 holiday, viz., Bagnères-de-Bigorre. If "Bigorre" isn't "Begorra,"
 what is it?
 DON PATRICK DE CORQUEZ.



“HAVE WE FORGOTTEN GORDON?”

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

(Thoroughly New Style.)

BELINDA dear, once on a time
I doted on your every feature,
I wrote you *billets doux* in rhyme
In which I called you "charming creature."



No lover half
so keen
as I,
Than mine
no ardent
passion
stronger,
So I should
like to tell
you why
I cannot love
you any
longer.

When I was
yours and
you were
mine,
Your hair,
I thought,
was most
delightful,
But now,
through
Fashion's
last design,
It looks, to
my taste,
simply
frightful!
Though why
this should
be I don't
know,

For I can think of nothing madder
Than hair decked out in coils that go
To make what seems to be a ladder.

Unhappy day, when first you dressed
Your tresses thus—how you must rue it!
For you yourself, you know, confessed
It took you several hours to do it.
Oh, tell me, is it but a snare
Designed to captivate another,
Or do you merely bind your hair
Because you're bidden by your mother?

Again—you will not take it ill—
You are, my dear, distinctly dumpy:
A flowing cape it's certain will
Well—not become one short and stumpy.
Yet since, although you are not tall,
You wear a cape, you may take my word
That in the mouths of one and all
You have become a very byword.

So this is why my love has fled—
If ever there should come a season
When you shall show some sense instead
Of such an utter lack of reason,
If I should still be fancy free,
Why then it's only right to mention
That, if you care to write to me,
I'll give your claims my best attention.

A NOTE.—In *Black and White* for August 8 there is a large picture representing a group of English Dramatists, amongst whom please specially notice a figure intended for Mr. W. S. GILBERT (it was thoughtful and kind of the artist to put the names below), who is apparently explaining to a select few why he has been compelled to come out in this strange old coat and these queer collars. All the Dramatists look as cheerful as mutes at a funeral, their troubled expression of countenance probably arising from the knowledge that somewhere hidden away is a cer-



"BURYING THE HATCHET."

(Vide Report of the L. C. & D. Chairman's Speech, "Times," August 6.)

tain 'eminently unbiassed Ibsenitish critic who has been engaged to do the lot in a lump. From this exhibition of collective wisdom turn to p. 203, and observe the single figure of a cabman, drawn by an artist who certainly has a Keene appreciation of the style of Mr. Punch's inimitable "C. K."

A LESSON FROM THE R.N.E.

(For the Use of Sailors proposing to join the Royal Navy.)

Question. I think you have been to the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea.

Answer. I have. I was induced to make the journey by an advertising placard posted on two official boards outside the Admiralty.

Q. What was your first impression on reaching the grounds usually open to the public, but now reserved for commercial purposes?

A. That the Public were extremely benevolent to permit so long an infringement of their right of way and other privileges.

Q. After you had entered the Exhibition, what was your initial impression?

A. That a great number of the exhibits were not very appropriate advertisements.

Q. Did you see Seamen of the Royal Navy making an exhibition of themselves in the Arena?

A. I did; and could not help contrasting with the feebly-histrionic display the recent order in Paris forbidding the French soldiers to take part in theatrical representations.

Q. Was the display of these seamen of the Royal Navy particularly impressive?

A. No, and I fancy that some of the audience who had paid an extra sixpence to see it from the Grand Stand, were slightly disappointed.



Boxing the Compass.

Q. Besides the cutlass and gun drill, did you see these seamen (wearing Her Majesty's uniform), take part in any other performance?

A. I did, and for this, too, an extra sixpence was charged for the use of the Grand Stand. They waded about in a sort of tank or large bath with models of ironclads on their heads.

Q. So far as you could see was this last display conducive to the maintenance of strict discipline?

A. I should say not, the more especially as I noticed towards the close of the display that the men seemed inclined to indulge in larking.

Q. Has this raree show caused you to wish to enlist in the Royal Navy?

A. Certainly not. The gun and cutlass drill before a paying audience reminded me of *The Battle of Waterloo* at Astley's.

Q. But would you not like to join the Royal Navy, so that you might be qualified to perform in a tank?

A. No; for on consideration I think if I wished to do anything in the "comic water-tournament line," I could make better terms with Mr. SANGER than the Lords of the Admiralty.

QUEER QUERIES.—POPULAR PRICES.—

Would any reader inform me what is the lowest price at which *wholesome* aerated waters are sold? I have been drinking some "Shadwell Seltzer, special *cuvée*," at a penny-halfpenny the syphon, and I fancy this may have something to do with my present symptoms, which include partial paralysis of the left side, violent spasms, an almost irresistible tendency to homicide, together with excruciating pain in every part of the body. My doctor says the lead in the syphons has "permeated my system." When I am better, I intend to prosecute the manufacturer. My doctor discourages the notion. He says he does not know if an action would "lie," but he is sure the manufacturer would!—TEETOTALER.

HELVETIAN SIXTH-CENTURY MOTTO.—
"Tell' est La Vie!"—en Suisse.



WORK FOR THE RECESS.

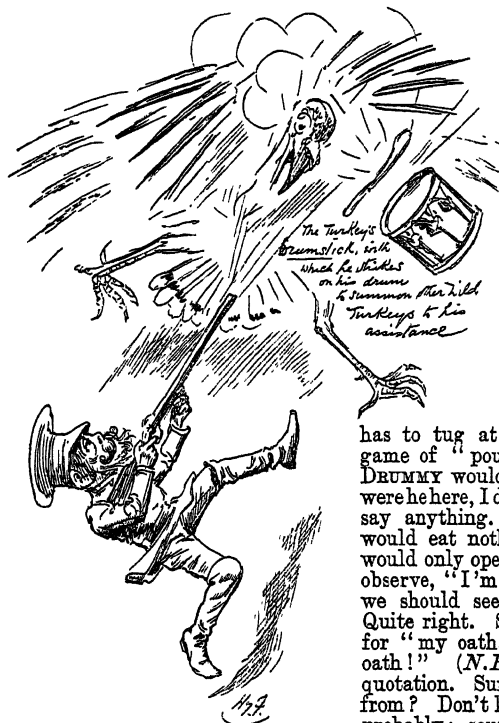
MISS PARLIAMENTINA PUTS HER HOUSE IN ORDER, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE COMMITTEE ON VENTILATION, ETC.

OFF TO MASHERLAND.

(By Our Own Grandolph.)

A FEW REMINISCENCES.

BEGIN to regret dinners on board the *Grantully Castle*. The other day was regretting the Amphitryon. Don't go so far back as the



Grandolph and the Wild Turkey.

Albemarle-Street Amphitryon, quite satisfied with a simple Donald Currie. [Mem. — The proverb hath much truth in it that saith, "Go farther and fare worse."] Sick of chicken. With poetic epigrammacy might say, "Quite sick Of chick." Stringy chickens, too! One has to tug at them; sort of game of "poulet-haul" — as DRUMMY would say. Though were he here, I doubt if he would say anything. He certainly would eat nothing: probably would only open his mouth to observe, "I'm off!" and then we should see him no more. Quite right. So would I — but for "my oath, my Lord, my oath!" (N.B. — This is a quotation. Sure of it. Where from? Don't know. Tragedy probably; sounds tragic. No matter. Can give it with effect in a speech, and Members turn to one another and ask, "What's that from?" When they ask me confidentially afterwards, I reply with an air of intense surprise, "What! don't you know! Well!" and I turn on my heel, leaving CHUCKLEHEAD, M.P., annoyed with himself, — "planté là" as DRUMMY would say, — for being so ignorant, and for having displayed his ignorance so palpably. Off he goes to British Museum and searches for quotation. This gives him opportunity of acquiring much useful knowledge, which, but for me, he would not have had. Rather a long parenthesis this. So — on we goes again.)

TO THE MINES.

A propos of exploring, the other day, a digger's assistant came up to me and inquired "If I had," as I understood him, "my gin pack'd." I returned that I never took spirits. Found out subsequently that word was spelt "mijnpacht," which is African-Dutch for "lease." Well, why didn't he say so before? Of course I have, and plenty of 'em; else why am I here?

To-day went to see the ore in the Robinson Crusoe Mines. As D.W. would say, "The site strikes me with ore!"

Much interested, of course, in inspecting the Salisbury Mine. Naturally, I put in my claim for the Salisbury. What's in a name and a family, if one can't get some good out of 'em? Intend to start the "Uncle Mine." Fine chance. Any place where there's a large and fluctuating Pop-ulation (with emphasis on the "Pop"), the Uncle Mine is a certainty. But Oh, for the "pop," — I mean the dear old fizz, — and the older it is, the dearer it is, — at the Amphitryon.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

The Transvaal's the place for living in. Here life is life, be it never so lively. The only nuisance is the Boer; and the Boer's a hass, or rather a mule. That's my opinion of Boers individually and collectively; I make no concessions to them; hang 'em, they've already got enough. If this country had been in the hands of Englishmen, or Americans, or both jointly (talking of jointly, we'd have had better dinners than we get now — but of this anon —) with a certain person whom I can mention, and who is not a hundred miles distant from the present writer at this moment, as Head of affairs, an Imperial ruler, with power to add to his number (which number would be One, and would remain so), then this country, in a very short time, would have ruled the world. What ports, what champagnes, what railroads, what shipping, what commerce, what an

Imperial Parliament, with the Despot in the Chair in both Houses, all speeches, except the Despot's, limited to five minutes apiece, and no reduction on talking a quantity. Oh, for one hour of this power, and the Amphitryon be blowed! Aha! *Grandolphus Africanus Protector* to begin with; *Grandolphus Africanus Rex* to go on with; and *Grandolphus Africanissimus Imperator* to finish with!

REMORSE AND REGRET.

Now to dinner! On what? Yah! tough beef, woolly mutton and stringy chicken. And to think that but for the Boers, the beastly Boers, we should have had the finest teal, wild duck, venison, goslings, asparagus, French beans, best Welsh mutton, and real turtle soup every day *au choix*! But what did the Boers do? Why, they ascertained that skins and feathers, and shells, were valuable, whereupon they went to work, shot everything everywhere, sold skins and feathers, and shells! So that deer and birds hadn't a chance. If they popped out, pop went the guns like the original weasel, which some years ago was always popping, and the poor dumb animals with the pleading eyes and the tender flesh were slaughtered wholesale. In this manner, too, the game soon came to an end, as it must do whenever

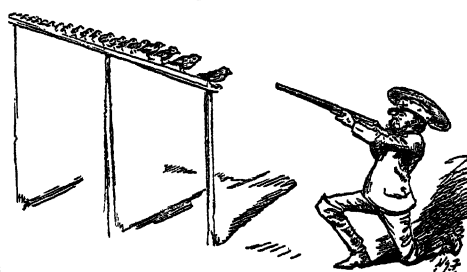


Grandolphus Africanus.

the game is so one-sided as it was here. Then, as I have said, the shells were valuable! The shells! What chance had the tortoise and the turtle? "Tis the voice of the turtle, I heard him complain." (What's that from? That's from WATTS — eh?) What chance had the peas, however wild? or a bean as broad as one of —'s after-dinner stories? Ah! it makes me sad and angry, and once again I cry Oh, for an hour, and that the dinner-hour, aboard the *Grantully Castle*! Ay! even though the G. O. M. were on board; for he could appreciate the daily Currie which to me is now *perdu*. Well! so to dinner "with what appetite I may," and then on to Pretoria, of which place I think I shall change the name to Pre-radicalia or Pre-fourthpartia. You see Pre-toria implies one who was Toryer than a Tory. Aha! what is my scheme? Do you see the picture? GRANDOLPHUS IMPERATOR REX AFRIFERORUM MEORUM (Latiné for "Mines") surrounded by his Pretorian Guards.

SPORT TO US!

Went out shooting before dinner. Killed one wild turkey, after



an awful struggle, in which I very nearly got the worst of it; but fortunately the turkey was unarmed, though for all that he used his drumsticks in such a manner as in a little more would have brought flocks of other furious wild turkeys on to the scene, had I not, with great presence of mind and one small bullet

out of my spring-pea rifle managed to crack the parchment-like skin which covers his drum, and at the same time broken one of his sticks. Then he fell. Carried him home on my back. What larks! Killed four-and-twenty blackbirds at one shot as they were all sitting in a row on a rail. They were so frightened of me, *it made 'em quail!* Wonderful transformation, wasn't it? But fact, all the same. Four-and-twenty quail All on a rail. Killed eighty "Koran," a Mahomedan bird, very scarce, and therefore brings in a considerable Mahomet, or, (ahem) profit? See? Shot a "Tittup"—so called on account of its peculiar action after drinking; also three early German Beerbirds, or, as the Dutchmen call them, "Spring-boks." There is another origin for this name, which is also likely, and that is that they don't appear when there's an early spring, but when the spring is rather backward then they come forward. Whichever you like, my little dear, you pays your money, &c., &c. After all these exciting adventures—"The game is cook'd, and now we'll go to dinner!"—quotation from early Dramatist, by Yours ever,

Grandolph the Explorer.

WORTH NOTICING.

O POOR Mr. ATKINSON, victim of fate,
Who bowed when you ought to have lifted your hat,
When the Session is over it's far—far too late,
To give notice of this and give notice of that.
Your attempts to be funny are amazing to see,
It's a dangerous venture to pose as a wit.
Though the voters of Boston may love their M.P.,
It may end in their giving you notice—to quit!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Short Papers in Magazines.—"A starry night Is the shepherd's delight," and as this sort of night is to the pastor, so are short stories in Monthly Magazines to the Baron. Moreover, his recommendation of them is, as he knows from numerous grateful Correspondents, "a boon and a blessing" to such as follow his lead. He owns to a partiality for the weird, and if he can come across a brief "curdler," he at once singles it out for the delectation of those whose taste is in the same direction. But no curdler has he come across for some considerable time; but for short essays and tales to be read by ladies in some quiet half-hour before toileting or untoileting, or by the weaker sex in the smoking-room, the Baron begs to recommend "THACKERAY'S Portraits of Himself," as interesting to Thackerayans, and "A Maiden Speech," in *Murray*, for August, the latter



being rather too sketchy, though in its sketchiness artistic, as like *Sam Weller's* love-letter, it makes you "wish as there was more of it."

Commended also by the Baron are "The Story of a Violin," by ERNEST DOWSON, and "Heera Nund," by F. A. STEEL, in *Macmillan*. If "A First Family of Tasajara" is continued as well as it is commenced in the same above-mentioned *Macmillan*, it will be about as good a tale as BRET HARTE has ever written, and that is saying a good deal, mind you.

Unfinished Stories—that is, Stories finished in style, yet, as another contradiction in terms, short stories without any end, are rather the vogue nowadays in Magazines. Let me recommend as specimens "Francesca's Revengo" in *Blackwood*, and "Disillusioned" in *London Society*.

Don't tell the Baron that these hints are unappreciated. He knows better. He can produce letters imploring him to read and notice, letters asking him what to read, and letters complaining that his advice is not more frequently given. Aware of this responsibility, he never recommends what he has not himself read, or what some trusted partner in the Firm of BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co. has not read for him. *Verb. sap.* BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MISS DECIMA-HELYETT-SMITHSON-JACKSON.

ONE or two of the especially well-informed dramatic critics who, of course, had seen the original piece *Miss Helyett* in Paris, asked why the English adapter had taken the trouble to invent nine sisters for the heroine; the nine sisters never being seen and having nothing whatever to do with the plot. Here the well-informed ones were to a certain extent wrong. In the original French piece, *Miss Helyett*,—whose name, as is suggested by *Woman*, is evidently a French rendering for "Miss ELLIOT," which M. BOUCHERON "concluded was her Christian name"—speaking of herself, says to her father, "*Vous savez bien, mon père, que vous n'avez pas de plus grande admiratrice que votre onzième enfant.*" And the Reverend SMITHSON tells her, a little later, "*J'ai casé toutes tes sœurs très jeunes*"—and "*Je ne devrais pourtant pas avoir de peine à trouver un onzième gendre.*"

That is why he is travelling to get an "onzième gendre" for his "onzième enfant." The English adapter relieved Mr. SMITHSON of one of his family, and so *Miss Helyett Smithson* became *Miss Decima Jackson*, i.e., the tenth, instead of the eleventh, of the worthy pastor's family. The fact that all her sisters are married, makes single unblendedness a reproach to her. No sort of purpose would have been served by such a wholesale massacre of innocents as the extinction of all *Pastor Smithson's*, alias *Jackson's*, ten "pretty chicks at one fell swoop."

Miss NESVILLE, the foreign representative of *Miss Decima* at the Criterion, is uncommonly childlike and bland; moreover, she sings charmingly; while of Mr. DAVID JAMES as the pastor *Jackson* it may be said, "Sure such a *père* was never seen!" The Irishman, Mr. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, has a mighty purty voice, and gains a hearty encore for a ditty of which the music is not particularly striking. Mr. PERCY REEVE has written words which go glibly to AUDRAN's music, and fit the situations. The piece is capitally played and sung all round; and marvellous is Miss VICTOR as the Spanish mother. The *mise-en-scène* is far better here than it is in Paris, where this "musical-comedy" is still an attraction.



"Oh, shocking!"

HOW TO BE POPULAR.

(Advice to an Aspirant.)

DEAR SIR, if you long for the love of a nation,

If you wish to be *fêted*, applauded, caressed;

If you hope for receptions, and want an ovation,

By the populace cheered, by Town Councils addressed;

I can give you succinctly a certain receipt—

Be detected at once and denounced as a cheat.

It's as easy as lying; you eat all your cake, Sir,

And you have it as well, which was never a sin,

By adding a trifling amount to your stake, Sir,

When the points of the cards show you're certain to win.

You'll be slapped on the back by the "man in the street,"

Who delights to sing paeans in praise of a cheat.

They take the poor thief or the forger to jail, oh,

Where he cleans out his cell and picks oakum all day,

You pose as a martyr and get a cheap halo

Ready-made by the public, with nothing to pay.

Believe me, dear Sir, there is nothing can beat

For triumph and joy the career of a cheat.

EXIT LA CLAQUE.—"A partir d'après demain samedi," says the *Figaro* for August 6:—"M. LEMONNIER, le Directeur d'été et l'auteur de *Madame la Maréchale*, supprime le service de la *claque* à 'Ambigu.' When *Madame la Maréchale* has finished her run, will the *claque* be re-admitted to start a new piece? This is snubbing your friends in a time of prosperity. If the *claque* has the courage of its opinions—but stay, can a *claque* have any opinions? No: it must follow its leader; and its leader obeys orders. If ever any set of men came into a theatre "with orders," the *claque* is that set. Poor *claque*! Summoned in adversity, banished in prosperity, why not do away with it altogether, and trust to public expression of opinion for applause?

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. III.

SCENE—On the Coach from Braine l'Alleud to Waterloo. The vehicle has a Belgian driver, but the conductor is a true-born Briton. Mr. CYRUS K. TROTTER and his daughter are behind with PODBURY. CULCHARD, who is not as yet sufficiently on speaking terms with his friend to ask for an introduction, is on the box-seat in front.

Mr. Trotter. How are you getting along, MAUD? Your seat pretty comfortable?

Miss Trotter. Well, I guess it would be about as luxurious if it hadn't got a chunk of wood nailed down the middle—it's not going to have anyone confusing it with a bed of roses just yet. (To PODB.) Your friend mad about anything? He don't seem to open his head more'n he's obliged to. I presume he don't approve of your taking up with me and Father—he keeps away from us considerable, I notice.

Podb. (awkwardly). Oh—er—I wouldn't say that, but he's a queer kind of chap rather, takes prejudices into his head and all that. I wouldn't trouble about him if I were you—not worth it, y' know.

Miss T. Thanks—but it isn't going to shorten my existence any.

[CULCH. overhears all this, with feelings that may be imagined. Belgian Driver (to his horses). Pullep! Allez vite! Bom-bom-bom! Alright!

Conductor (to CULCHARD). 'E's very proud of 'is English, 'e is. 'Ere, JEWELS, ole feller, show the gen'l'm'n 'ow yer can do a swear. (Belgian Driver utters a string of English imprecations with the utmost fluency and good-nature.) 'Ark at 'im now! Bust my frogs! (Admiringly, and not without a sense of the appropriateness of the phrase.) But he's a caution, Sir, ain't he? I taught him most o' what he knows!

A French Passenger (to Conductor). Dis donc, mon ami, est-ce qu'on peut voir d'ici le champ de bataille?

Conductor (with proper pride). It ain't no use your torkin to me, Mossos; I don't speak no French myself. (To CULCHARD.) See that field there, Sir?

Culchard (interested). On the right? Yes, what happened there?

Cond. Fine lot o' rabbits inside o' there—big fat 'uns. (To another Passenger.) No, Sir, that ain't Belly Lions as you see from 'ere; that's Mon Sin Jeean, and over there Oogymong, and Chal-lroy to the left.

ON THE TOP OF THE MOUND.

CULCHARD, who has purchased a map in the Waterloo Museum as a means of approaching Miss TROTTER, is pounced upon by an elderly Belgian Guide in a blue blouse, from whom he finds it difficult to escape.

The Guide (fixing CULCHARD with a pair of rheumy eyes and a gnarled forefinger). You see vere is dat schmall voodt near de vite 'ouse? not dere, along my shdeek—so. Dat is vare PEECTON vas kill, Inglis Officer, PEECTON. Two days before he vas voundet in de ahum. 'E say to his sairvan, "You dell ennippoddies, I keel you!" He vandt to pe in ze bataille: he vas in ze bataille—seven lance troo 'im, seven; PEECTON, Inglis Officer. (CULCHARD nods his head miserably.) Hah, you 'ave de shart dere—open 'im out ride, dat de odder shentilmans see. (CULCHARD obeys, spell-bound.) Vare you see dat blue gross, Waterloo Shirsh, vere Loart UXBREEDGE lose 'is laig. Zey cot 'im off and pury him in ze cott-yardt, and a villow grow outd of 'im. 'E com 'ere to see the villow growing outd of his laig.

Culch. (abandoning his map, and edging towards Miss TROTTER). Hem—we are gazing upon one of the landmarks of our national history—Miss TROTTER.

Miss T. That's a vurry interesting re-mark. I presume you must have studied up some for a reflection of that kind. Mr. PODBURY, your friend has been telling me— [She repeats CULCHARD's remark.]

Podb. (with interest). Got any more of those, old fellow?

[CULCHARD moves away with disgusted hauteur.

The Guide (re-capturing him). Along dat gross vay, VELLANTON meet BLUSHAIR. Prussian général, BLUSHAIR, VELLANTON 'e com hier. I see 'im. Ven 'e see ze maundt, 'e vos vair angrt. 'E say, "Eet is no ze battle-fiel' no more—I com back nevare!" Zat aide is vere de Scots Greys vas. Ven they dell NAPOLEON 'oo zey are, 'e say. "Fine mens—splendid mens, I feenish dem in von hour!" SOULT 'e say, "Ah, Sire, you do not know dose dairible grey 'orses!" NAPOLEON 'e not know dem. SOULT 'e meet dem at de Peninsulaire—'e know dem. In dat Shirsh, dventy, dirty dablets to Inglis officers. NAPOLEON 'e coaled of 'is laift vink, zey deploy in line, vair you see my shdeek—ha, ze shentelman is gone away vonce more!

Miss Trotter (to CULCHARD, who has found himself unable to keep away). You don't seem to find that old gentleman vurry good company?

Culch. The fact is that I much prefer to receive my impressions of a scene like this in solitude.

Miss T. I should have thought you'd be too polite to tell me so; but I was moving on, anyway.

[She goes on. Before CULCHARD can follow and explain, he finds himself accosted by Mr. TROTTER.

Mr. T. I don't know as I'm as much struck by this Waterloo field as I expected, Sir. As an Amurrcan, I find it doesn't come up to some of our battlefields in the War. We don't blow about those battlefields, Sir, but for style and general picturesqueness, I ain't seen nothing this side to equal them. You ever been over? You want to come over and see our country—that's what you want to do. You mustn't mind me a-running on, but when I meet someone as I can converse with in my own language—well, I just about talk myself dry.

[He talks himself dry, until rejoined by the Guide with PODBURY and Miss TROTTER.

Guide (to PODBURY). Leesten, I dell you. My vader—eighteen, no in ze Airmi, laboreur man—he see NAPOLEON standt in a saircle; officers roundt 'im. Boots, op to hier; green cott; vite vaicott; vite laigs—

Podbury. Your father's legs?

Guide. No, Sare; my vader see NAPOLEON's laigs; leedle 'at, quite plain; no faither—nossing.

Podbury. But you just said you had a father!

Guide. I say, NAPOLEON 'ad no father—vat you call it?—plume—in 'is 'at, at ze bataille.

Podbury. Are you sure? I thought the history books said he "stuck a feather in his hat, and called it Macaroni."

Miss T. I presume you're thinking of our National Amurrcan character, Yankee Doodle?

Guide. My vader, 'e no see NAPOLEON viz a Yankedoodle in 'is 'at; 'e rear nossing.

Podbury. Nothing? What became of the green coat and white waistcoat, then, eh?

Guide. Ah, you unnerstan' nossing at all! Leesten, I dell you vonce more. My vader—

Podbury. No, look here, my friend; you go and tell that gentleman all about it (indicating CULCHARD); he's very interested in hearing what NAPOLEON wore or didn't wear.

[The Guide takes possession of CULCHARD once more, who submits, under the impression that Miss TROTTER is a fellow-sufferer.

Guide (concluding a vivid account of the fight at Hougymont). Bot ven zey com quite nearer, zey vind ze rade line no ze Inglis soldiers—nossing bot a breek vall, viz ze moskets—'Prown Pesses,' you coal dem—shdeekin out of ze 'oles! Ze 'oles schdill dere. Dat vas Hougymont, in the or-shairde. Now you com viz me and see ze lion. Ze dail, two piece; ze bodi, von piece; ze ball, von piece. I sank you, Sare. 'Ope you com again soon.

[CULCHARD discovers that the TROTTERS and PODBURY have gone down some time ago. At the foot of the steps he finds his friend waiting for him, alone.

Culch. (with stiff politeness). Sorry you considered it necessary to stay behind on my account. I see your American friends have already started for the station.

Podbury (gloomily). There were only two seats on that coach, and they wouldn't wait for the next. I don't know why, unless it was that they saw you coming down the steps. She can't stand you at any price.

Culch. (with some heat). Just as likely she had had enough of your buffoonery!

Podb. (with provoking good humour). Come, old chap, don't get your shirt out with me. Not my fault if she's found out you think yourself too big a swell for her, is it?

Culch. (hotly). When did I say so—or think so? It's what you've told her about me, and I must say I call it—

Podb. Don't talk bosh! Who said she was forward and bad form and all the rest of it in the courtyard that first evening? She was close by, and heard every word of it, I shouldn't wonder.

Culch. (colouring). It's not of vital importance if she did. (Whistling.) Few-fee-fee-foe-foodle-di-fee-di-fa-foe.

Podb. Not a bit—to her. Better step out if we mean to catch that train. (Humming.) La-di-loodle-lumpty-leedle-um-ti-loo!

[They step out, PODBURY humming pleasantly and CULCHARD whistling viciously, without further conversation, until they arrive at Braine l'Alleud Station—and discover that they have just missed their train.



"Leesten, I dell you vonce more."



THE TWO EMPERORS; OR, THE CHRISTIAN CZAR AND THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

TWO EMPERORS;

Or, the Christian Czar and The Heathen Chinese.

[A decree issued by the Emperor of CHINA (in connection with the recent anti-foreign agitation in that country) points out that the relations between the Chinese and the foreign missionaries have been those of peace and goodwill, and that the Christians are protected by treaty and by Imperial edicts, and commands the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors to protect the Christians and put down the leaders in the riots.]

MANY writers remark,—
And their language is plain,
That for cruelty dark,
And for jealousy vain,
The Heathen Chinese is *peculiar*.—
In future perhaps they'll refrain.

AK-SIN has his faults,
Which one cannot deny;
And some recent assaults
On the mis-sion-a-ry,
Have been worthy of—say Christian Russia,
When dealing with small Hebrew fry.

But the EMPEROR seems stirred
Persecution to bar,
Which it might be inferred
That I mean the White CZAR;
But I don't. On the Muscovite CÆSAR
Such charity clearly would jar.

He's always the same,
And he'll not stay *his* hand;
The poor Jews are fair game
In a great "Christian" Land;
But the Lord of the Pencil Vermilion
Rebukes *his* fanatical band.

A Heathen—of course!—
(Whilst the CZAR is a Saint)
But a sign of remorse
At the Christian's complaint
May be seen in the edict he's issued,
Which might make a great Autocrat faint.

A Christian, 'tis true,
To a Heathen Chinese
Is as bad as a Jew
Must undoubtedly be
To an orthodox Christian of Russdom,
Too "pious" for mere Char-i-tee.

So one Emperor stones
His poor Israelites,
Whilst the other one owns
Even Christians have "rights,"
And, although they're (of course) "foreign
devils,"

Their peace with good-will he requites.
Which is why, I maintain
(And my language is free)
That the CZAR, though he's vain
Of his Or-tho-dox-y,
Might learn from his Emperor cousin,
Though he's only a Heathen Chinese!

NEWS OF "OUR HENRY" (*communicated by Mr. J. L. T-LE*).—To our interviewer the eminent actor replied, "Yes, suffering from bad sore throat, but may talk, as it's *hoarse exercise* which has been recommended. A stirrup-cup at parting? By all means. My cob is an excellent trotter, so I pledge you, with a bumper well-in-hand. Good-day!" And so saying, he gallily waved his plumed hat, and rode away.

"RATHER A LARGE ORDER."—"The Order of the Elephant" conferred on President CARNOT by the King of Denmark. This should include an Order for the Grand Trunk, in which to carry it about. The proper person to receive this Order is evidently the Grand Duke of Tusk-any.



CONFIDENCES OF A MATURE SIREN.

"I ADMIT I'M NOT AS HANDSOME AS I USED TO BE; BUT I'M TWICE AS DANGEROUS!"

THE UNHYGIENIC HOUSEHOLDER.

After reading the Reports of the Congress.

TELL me not in many a column,
I must pull up all my drains;
Or with faces long and solemn,
Threaten me with aches and pains.
Let me end this wintry summer,
'Mid the rain as best I may,
Without calling in the plumber,
For he always comes to stay.



I appreciate the
Prince's
Shrewd remarks
about our lot;
But the horror he
evinces
At our dangers,
frights me not.
Science in expostu-
lation,
Shows our rules
of health are
wrong;
But in days when
sanitation

Was unknown, men lived as long.

If the air with microbes thickens,
Like some mirk malefic mist,
Tell me prithee how the dickens
We can manage to exist.
From the poison breathed each minute,
Man ere this had surely died;
When we see the fell things in it,
On the microscopic slide.

I'm aware we're oft caught napping,
And the scientist can say,
That our yawning drains want trapping,
Lest the deadly typhoid stay.

Even with your house in order,
If you go to take the air,
So to speak, outside your border,
Lo! the merry germs are there.

Doctors vow, in tones despotie,
I must dig 'neath basement floors,
Lest diseases called zymotic
Enter in at all my pores.
PARKES, of sanitation master,
Wanted "purity and light;"
I'm content to risk disaster,
With unhygienic night.

QUEER QUERIES.—HYMENEAL.—I have been asked to attend the wedding of a friend, and respond to the toast of "The Ladies." I have never done such a thing before, and feel rather nervous about it. My friend says that I must "try and be very comic." I have thought of one humorous remark—about the "weaker sex" being really stronger—which I fancy will be effective, but I can't think of another. Would one good joke of that sort be sufficient? *A propos* of the lady marksman at Bisley, I should like to advise all ladies to "try the Butts," only I am afraid this might be taken for a reference to the President of the Divorce Division. How could I work the Jackson case in neatly? Would it be allowable to pin my speech on the wedding-cake, and read it off? Also, could I wear a mask? Any hints would be welcomed by—BEST MAN.

NOT QUITE POLITE.—The Manager of the Shaftesbury Theatre advertises "three distinct plays at 8'15, 9'15, and 10." Distinct, but not quite clear. Anyhow, isn't it rather a slur on other Theatres where it implies the plays, whether at 8'15, 9'15, or 10, are "indistinct."

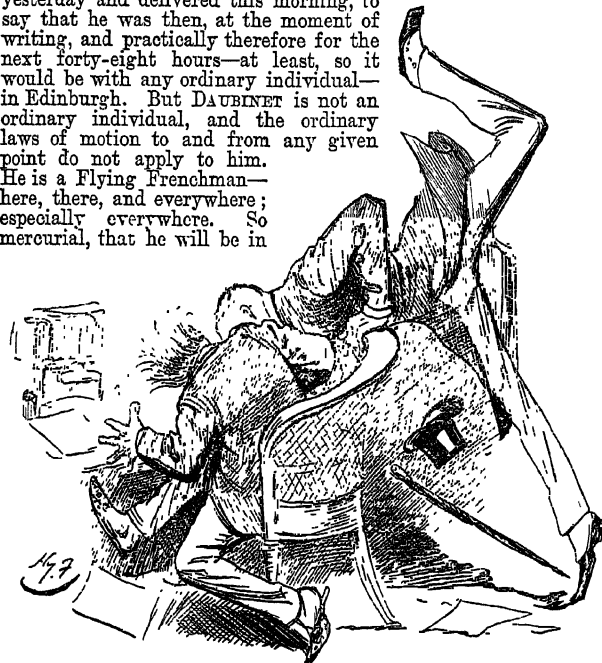
SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

Prospect of Holiday—An Entrée—A Character in the Opening—Light and Leading—French Exercise—Proposition—Acceptation—Light Comedian—Exit—Jeudi alors—The Start.

CHAPTER I.

I AM sitting, fatigued, in my study. I have not taken a holiday this year, or last, for the matter of that. Others have; I haven't. Work! work! work!—and I am wishing that my goose-quills were wings ("so appropriate!") whisper my good-natured friends behind their hands to one another), so that I might fly away and be at rest. To this they (the goose-quills, not the friends) have often assisted me ere now. Suddenly, as I sit "a-thinking, a-thinking," my door is opened, and, without any announcement, there stands before me a slight figure, of middle height, in middle age, nothing remarkable about his dress, nothing remarkable about his greyish hair and close-cut beard, but something very remarkable about his eyes, which sparkle with intelligence and energy; and something still more remarkable about the action of his arms, hands, and thin, wiry fingers, which suggests the idea of his being an animated semaphore worked by a galvanic battery, telegraphing signals against time at the rate of a hundred words a minute, the substantives being occasionally expressed, but mostly "understood,"—pronouns and prepositions being omitted wholesale.

"What! DAUBINET!" I exclaim, he being the last person I had expected to see, having, indeed, a letter on my desk from him, dated yesterday and delivered this morning, to say that he was then, at the moment of writing, and practically therefore for the next forty-eight hours—at least, so it would be with any ordinary individual—in Edinburgh. But DAUBINET is not an ordinary individual, and the ordinary laws of motion to and from any given point do not apply to him. He is a Flying Frenchman—here, there, and everywhere; especially everywhere. So mercurial, that he will be in



"He is a Flying Frenchman."

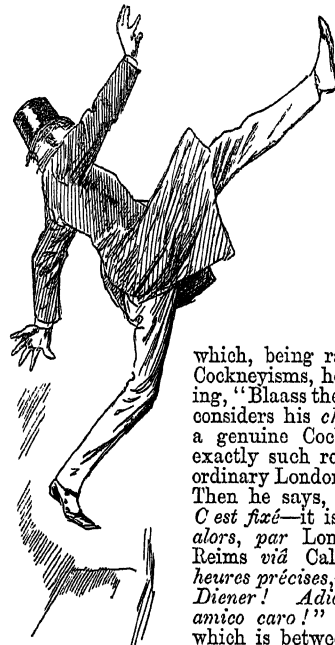
advance of Mercury himself, and having written a letter in the morning to say he is coming, it is not unlikely that he will travel by the next train, arrive before the letter, and then wonder that you weren't prepared to receive him. Such, in a brief sketch, is *mon ami* DAUBINET.

"Aha! *me voici!*" he cries, shaking my hand warmly. Then he sings, waving his hat in his left hand, and still grasping my right with his, "*Voici le sabre de mon père!*" which reminiscence of OFFENBACH has no particular relevancy to anything at the present moment, but it evidently lets off some of his superfluous steam. He continues, always with my hand in his, "*J'arrive! inattendu! Mais, mon cher,*"—here he turns off the French stop of his polyglot organ, and, as it were, turns on the English stop,—continuing his address to me in very distinctly-pronounced English, "I wrote to you to say I would be here," then pressing the French stop, he concludes with, "*ce matin, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Parfaitement, mon cher,*" I reply, giving myself a chance of airing a little French, being on perfectly safe ground, as he thoroughly understands English; indeed, he understands several languages, and, if I flounder out of my depth in foreign waters, one stroke will bring me safe on to the British rock of intelligibility again; or, if I obstinately persist in floundering, and am searching for the word as for a plank, he will jump in and rescue me. Under

these circumstances, I am perfectly safe in talking French to him—"Mais je ne vous attendais ce matin"—I've got an idea that this is something uncommonly grammatical—"à cause de votre lettre que je viens de recevoir"—this, I'll swear, is idiomatic—"ce matin. La voilà!" I pride myself on "*La,*" as representing my knowledge that "*lettre,*" to which it refers, is feminine.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaims—an exclamation which, I have every reason to suppose, from want of more definite information, is Spanish. "*Caramba!*" that letter is from Edinburgh; *j'ai visité* Glasgow, the *Nord et partout, et je suis de retour*. I am going on



"Au revoir!"

business to Reims, *pour revenir par Paris, si vous voudrez me donner le plaisir de votre compagnie—de Jeudi prochain à Mardi—vous serez mon invité, et je serai charmé, très charmé.*

Being already carried away in imagination to Reims, and returning by Paris, I am at once inclined to reply,

"*Enchanté!* with the greatest pleasure."

"*Hoch! Hoch! Hurra!*" he cries, by way of response, waving his hat. Then he sings loudly, "And—bless the Prince of WALES!" After

which, being rather proud of his mastery of Cockneyisms, he changes the accent, still singing, "*Blaass the Prince of WALES!*" which he considers his *chef d'œuvre* as an imitation of a genuine Cockney tone, to which it bears exactly such resemblance as does a scene of ordinary London life drawn by a French artist. Then he says, seriously—"Eh bien! *allons! C'est fixé—it is fixed.* We meet Victoria, *et alors, par London, Chatham & Dover, from Reims via Calais, très bien,—train d'onze heures précises,—bien entendu. J'y suis. Ihr Diener! Adios! A reverderla! Addio, amico caro!*" Then he utters something which is between a sneeze and a growl, supposed to be a term of endearment in the Russian tongue. Finally he says in English, "Good-bye!"

His hat is on in a jiffy (which I take to be the hundredth part of a second) and he is down the stairs into the hall, and out at the door "like a flying light comedian" with an airy "go" about him, which recalls to my mind the running exits of CHARLES WYNDHAM in one of his lightest comedy-parts. "*Au revoir! Pour Jeudi alors!*" I hear him call this out in the hall, the door bangs as if a firework had exploded and blown my vivacious friend up into the air, and he has gone.

"*Jeudi alors*" arrives, and I am at Victoria for the eleven o'clock Express to the minute, having decided that this is the best, shortest, and cheapest holiday I can take. I've never yet travelled with my excellent French friend DAUBINET. I am to be his guest; all responsibility is taken off my shoulders except that of my ticket and luggage, and to travel without responsibility is in itself a novelty. To have to think of nothing and nobody, not even of oneself! Away! away!

POLITESSE.—The following version of our great popular Naval Anthem will be issued, it is hoped, from Whitehall (the French being supplied by the Lords of the Admiralty in conjunction) to all the musical Naval Captains in command at Portsmouth. The graceful nature of the intended compliment cannot escape the thickest-headed land-lubber:—

Dirige, Madame la France,
Madame la France dirigera les vagues!
Messieurs les Français ne seront jamais, jamais, jamais,
Esclaves!

The effect of the above, when the metre is carefully fitted to the tune (which is a work of time), and sung by a choir (with accent) of a thousand British Blue-jackets, will doubtless be quite electrical.

NOTE BY A TRAVELLING FELLOW FIRST CLASSIC.—There's no passage in any Classical author, Latin or Greek, so difficult as is the passage between Dover and Calais on a rough day, and yet, strange to say, the translation is comparatively easy.

A PICTURE ON THE LINE.—Sketch taken at the Equator.



QUITE A LITTLE NOVELTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As Englishmen are so often accused of want of originality, I hope you will let me call your attention to an occasion when it was conclusively proved that at least two of the British race were free from the reproach. The date to which I refer



Professor Ginnifer exhibiting Sims' and Buchanan's Monstrosities.

original piece is simple in the extreme. *Cuthbertson*, a young gentleman, has married his wife in the belief that his Wife No. 1 (of whom he has lost sight), is dead. Having thus ceased to be a widower, *Cuthbertson* is confronted by Wife No. 1 and deserts Wife No. 2. Assured by the villain of the piece that she is not really married to *Cuthbertson*, Wife No. 2 prepares to marry her informant. The nuptials are about to be celebrated in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, when enter Wife No. 1 who explains that she was a married woman when she met *Cuthbertson*, and therefore, a fair, or rather unfair, bigamist. Upon this *Cuthbertson* (who is conveniently near in a pew, wearing the unpretentious uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery), rushes into the arms of the lady who has erroneously been numbered Wife No. 2, when she has been in reality Wife No. 1, and all is joy. Now I need scarcely point out to you that nothing like this has ever been seen on the stage before. It is a marvel to me how Messrs. SIMS and BUCHANAN came to think of such clever things.

But if it had been only the plot that was original, I should not have been so anxious to direct attention to *The Trumpet Call*. But



An Altared Scene.

the incidents and characters are equally novel. For instance, unlike *The Lights o' London*, there is a caravan and a showman. Next, unlike *In the Ranks*, there are scenes of barrack-life that are full of freshness and originality. In *Harbour Lights*, if my memory does not play me false, the hero enlisted in the Guards, in *The Trumpet*

Call he joins the Royal Horse Artillery. Then, again, unlike the scene in the New Cut in *The Lights o' London*, there is a view by night of the exterior of the Mogul Music Hall. Further, there is a "Doss House" scene, that did not for a moment (or certainly not for more than a moment) recall to my mind that gathering of the poor in the dark arches of a London bridge, in one of BOWEN'S pieces. By the way, was that play, *After Dark*, or was it *The Streets of London*? I really forget which. Then, all the characters in the new play are absolutely new and original. The hero who will bear everything for his alleged wife's sake, and weeps over his child, is quite new. So is the heroine who takes up her residence with poor but amusing showmen, instead of wealthy relatives. That is also quite new, and there was nothing like it in *The Lights o' London*. The villain, too, who will do and dare anything (in reason) to wed the lady who has secured his affections, is also a novelty. So is a character played by Miss CLARA JECKS as only Miss CLARA JECKS can and does play it. And there are many more equally bright and fresh, and, in a word, original.

So, my dear Mr. Punch, hasten to the Royal Adelphi Theatre, if you wish to see something that will either wake you up or send you to sleep. Go, my dear Mr. Punch, and sit out *The Trumpet Call*, and when you have seen it, you will understand why I sign myself,

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO HAS SEEN NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

"FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

From Admiral Gervais to My Lor' Maire.

MUCH we regret, Lor' Maire, mon cher,
Your banquet to refuse;
But if you fear not *mal de mer*,
Pack up your *malle de mer*, mon cher,
And join us in a cruise.

From My Lor' Maire to Admiral Gervais.

Mon cher GERVAIS,
Can't say "*Je vais*,"
Except "*Je vais*
L'autre côté."
GERVAIS, tu vas,—
Moi—je ne vais pas.



LE ROI (EN GARÇON) EN VOYAGE, S'AMUSE;

Or, what his Juvenile Majesty packed in his "Gladstone," and set down in his Notes, &c.

Ollendorff—Servian—in French, German, Russian, and any other Eastern tongues, as yet published.

Twelve dozen Boxes of Tin Soldiers.

Ditto, ditto, Bricks to Match.

Complete Letter Writer (with addenda), specially added by his "Papa," as models to be followed more or less closely when addressing his mother on matters of a homely and domestic character.

The Boy-King's Guide to the proper and decent method of presiding at a Cabinet Council, showing how the same may be conducted conjointly with the introduction of Ninepins, or some other equally interesting, intellectual, and manly game.

List of the best Sweet-stuff Shops.

Ditto, ditto of what's going on, and most worth looking up in places we visit.

Hand-Book to *Leger de Main*, with special reference to Practical Joking at State Functions, and other High Jinks!

Shilling Hand-Book to *Home Made Fireworks*, with Permanent Order signed by War Minister for supply of necessary materials.

Hyjinks and Hygiene.

HYGIENE and Demography! Never before

With such wonderful names has a Conference met,

With statistics by thousands and papers galore

As to what Demos wants, as to what he's to get.

It's not always perfectly clear what they mean,

Yet, perhaps an outsider is right when he thinks

Though no doubt they would die for beloved Hygiene,

As a matter of fact they indulge in High Jinks.

NEW WORK BY SIR AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS—to be included in the "*Opera Omnia*," by the same Author writing under a *nom de plume*, entitled, "*Legs Taghionis*; or, *Little Steps for Babes in the Ballet*. By a *Pa' de Quatre*." Also "*Classes and Lasses*," same series.



A PIOUS FRAUD!

'HULLO, MONTY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR BUTTON-HOLE? YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE JOINED THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY?'—"YES; FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY. GOING TO DINE WITH JAKES. DON'T WANT TO HURT POOR OLD JAKES'S FEELINGS—DON'T WANT TO BE POISONED BY HIS BEASTLY WINE. SEE?"

NEPTUNE'S "AT HOME;" OR, NEIGHBOURS UNITED.

THE French are all coming, for so they declare,
Of their fleet and their tars all the papers advise us;
They're to come o'er the sea and to Portsmouth repair,
Their squadrons at Spithead will please, not surprise us.
Their fleet is to come for a right friendly spree;
To promise them "skylarks" is hardly presumption.
They're welcome to NEPTUNE's old "Halls by the Sea."
Of powder and grog there'll be mighty consumption,
In toasts and salutes, for they're friends and invited:

JOHN and JOHNNY clasp paws,
And drink deep to the Cause

Of NEPTUNE's two guests and brave Neighbours United!

The scribes and the specials report wondrous things,
Of the grand preparations, the routs and the rackets.
Gone the old days of huge wooden walls and white wings,
We now meet without mutual dusting of jackets.
Well so much the better! Our seas let them try,
Their squadrons are welcome to float 'em and swim 'em.
Like good *Cap'n Cuttle* we'll smile and "stand by,"
Friendly bumpers we'll empty as fast as they brim 'em.
To welcome his guests Father NEPTUNE's delighted,

He'll clasp both their paws,
And drink deep to the Cause

Of Sailors as shipmates and Neighbours United!

Old NEP is "At Home" to the Sailors of France,
Old foes turn new friends as their reason grows riper;
"All hands for Skylarking!" A measure we'll dance,
With friendship for fiddler and pleasure for piper.
'Tis a good many years since they sought our white shore;
Once more at hands'-grip we are glad to have got 'em.
As to Jingos or Chauvinists,—out on the bores!
Such Jonahs should promptly be plumped to the bottom;
Poor swabs! For this party *they* are not invited;
Shall they come athwart hawse
As we drink to the Cause

Of Shipmates for ever and Neighbours United?

Yes, we know that humanity fondly may scheme
For Peace, of all ills the supposed panacea:
We know that Utopia's only a dream,
Unbroken good fellowship but an idea.
Old NEP knows his great Naval Show is now on,
And ARMSTRONG and WHITWORTH's huge works he's aware
on;

He sees what our shipwrights and gunsmiths have done
To send foes o'er the Styx in the barque of old Charon.
At sight of War's muderous monsters half frightened,
E'en valour may pause,

And drink deep to the Cause,

Of Good-will among Nations and Neighbours United!

But, gushing apart, 'tis a sight for sad eyes
To see ancient rivals on joint messmate duty.
A French ship in our waters and not as a prize
Might once have perturbed British Valour and Beauty.
But now Father NEPTUNE, "At Home," calmly grips
His trident, and smiles with most friendly benignity.
We welcome French Sailors, and shout for French ships,
Without an abatement of patriot dignity.
To see any friend of JOHN BULL NEP's delighted.

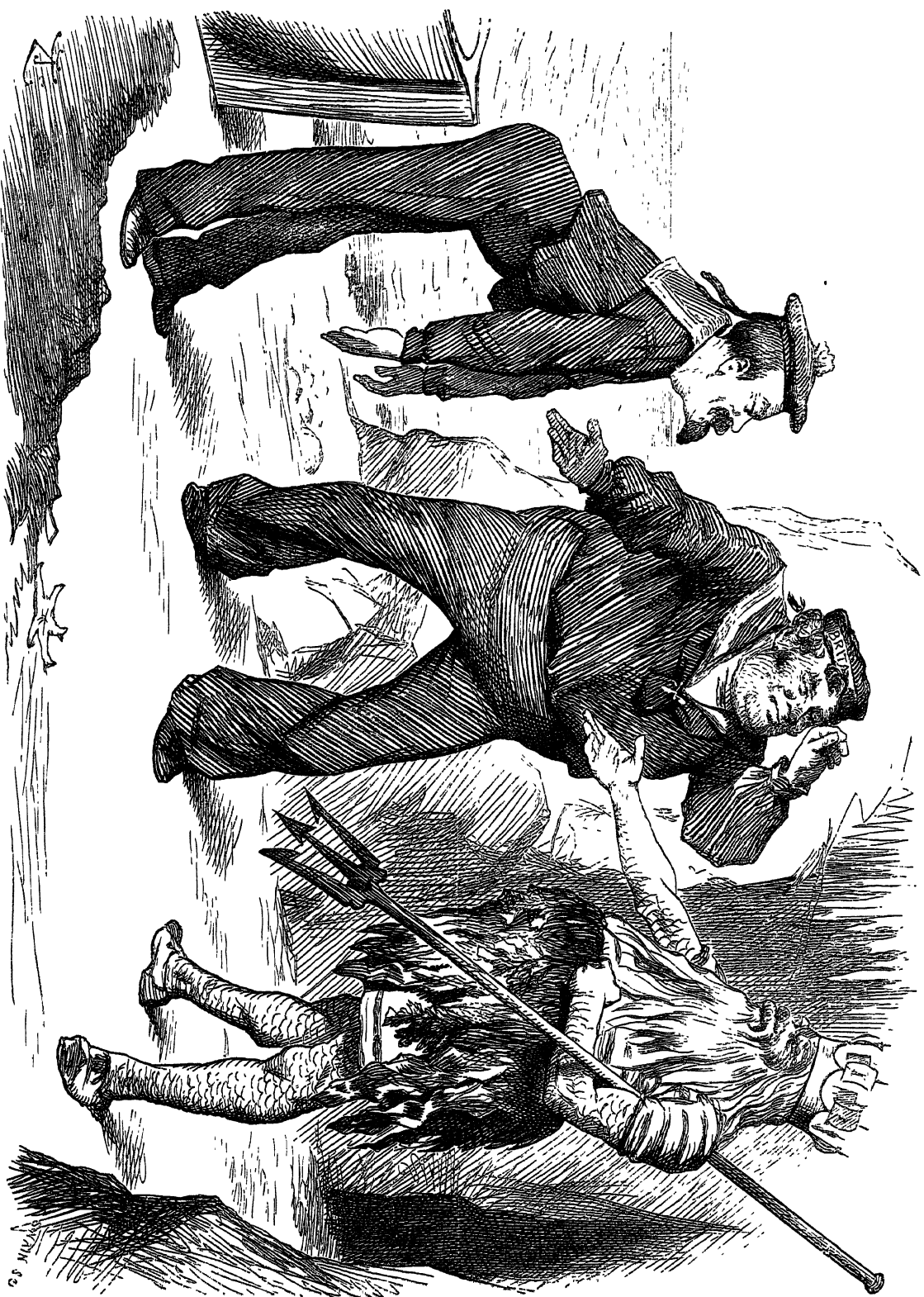
He holds out his paws,
And will drink to the Cause

Of Peace on the Ocean and Neighbours United!

Then shout, Britons, shout, while the neighbour'ng crews
Hob-nob, as the symbol of neighbouring nations;
Whilst NEPTUNE at Home welcomes brave Brother Blues,
And serves out the stingo to each in fair rations.
Your spirits, ye sturdy old seadogs, might smile
On a friendship which to your true hearts is no treason.
The Sea-God makes free of his favourite Isle
The French lads he once would have shied, and with reason.
Now to greet brave GEBVAIS and his tars he's delighted.

Midst general applause
Let us drink to the Cause.

Hooray for NEP's Visitors, Neighbours United!



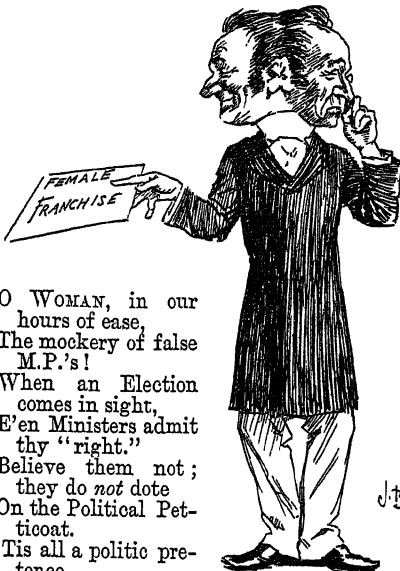
NEPTUNE'S "AT HOME;" OR, NEIGHBOURS UNITED.

JOHN BULL (*log*). "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY MESSENGER, MR. NEPTUNE."
NEPTUNE. "ALWAYS GLAD TO WELCOME ANY FRIEND OF YOURS, JOHN!"

TO THE SHELVED SEX.

(By One who keeps his Ears open.)

["Believing firmly in the absolute justice of woman's claim to the 'Parliamentary' franchise, I shall at all times support that claim."—*Mr. Logan, the new M.P. for the Harborough Division.*]



O WOMAN, in our hours of ease, The mockery of false M.P.'s! When an Election comes in sight, E'en Ministers admit thy "right." Believe them not; they do *not* dote On the Political Petticoat. 'Tis all a politic pretence. Some of them are upon the fence; Some of them have "political" wives, And shirking stings in their home-hives, Take up "the Cause" with a sham zeal, Which not five in five thousand feel. But hear them over a Club-dinner Chuckling about the "pretty sinner" Who hankers for that finer Club, The House o' Commons! There's the rub! They do not want you there, my dears; The prospect of your "franchise" queers Wire-pullers' plans, and party reckoning—Hope, in male guise, stands blandly beckoning. He—*Codlin*—is the friend, *not Short*, But, in his heart he's making sport. Of course 'tis wickedest of shames, But—recollect Sir HENRY JAMES, Your open enemy avowed, Did not the House o' Commons crowd Of frauds and shams play up to him, And shelve "the Female Franchise" whim Only the other day? Sheer diddle! Have you not *nous* to read the riddle? How wondrous prompt was W. G. To back up SMITH! With what sly glee The "Woman's Rightists" did subside. And—*sub silentio*—let you slide! [human. Your Grand Old Man, dears,—well, *he's* He doesn't want some Grand Old Woman As colleague or as rival. WOODALL? Well, he is gentle, genial, good all; But there's a twinkle in his eye Persuades me that *he* would not die Did you consent to drop your "claim." And now there comes another name To raise for Shes the party slogan. Well, trust, dears—if you like—to LOGAN; He "will support you at all times!" [rhymes Keep your eye on him! SHAKESPEARE'S Tell you "Men were deceivers ever." M.P.'s wise, foolish, crass, and clever, Are—nominally—on your side, And—privately—your cause deride. Take the straight tip, my dears—I glean it From private talk—they *don't half mean it!*

THE VOLUNTEERS' FOOTHOLD.—Shoebury-ness.

James Russell Lowell.

BORN, FEB. 22, 1819. DIED, AUG. 12, 1891.

"We could not have been prouder of him had he been one of us."—*Times.*

BARD of two worlds, and friend of both,
As ripe in years as culture, verily
To miss that voice two worlds are loth,
In which much wisdom spake so merrily.
A voice, and no mere echo, thine,
Of many tones, but manly ever.
Thy rustic *Biglow's* rugged line
A grateful world neglecteth never!
It smote hypocrisy and cant [ripple
With hail-like force; sleek bards that
Like shallow pools—who pose and pant,
And vaguely smudge or softly stipple,—
These have not brain or heart to sing
As *Biglow* sang, our quaint *Hosea*,
Whose "Sunthin in the Pastoral line,"
Full primed with picture and idea,
Lives, with "The Courtin'," unforget,
And worth whole volumes of sham-Shenstone.

Yes, you could catch, as prigs may not,
Pure women's speech and valiant men's
Zekle and *Huldy* in our hearts [tone.
Have found a place. But a true Poet,
Like SHAKESPEARE'S Man, plays many parts.
You chid us sharply, well we know it,
For you'd the gift of Satire strong,
And knew just how to lay the lash on.
You smote what you thought British wrong,
Well, *that* won't put us in a passion.
"I *ken* write long-tailed if I please,"
You said. And truly, polished writer,
More like "a gentleman at ease,"
Never touched quill than this shrewd smiter.

Your "moral breath of temperament"
Found scope in scholarly urbanity;
And wheresoever LOWELL went
Sounded the voice of Sense and Sanity.
We loved you, and we loved your wit.
Thinking of you, uncramped, uncranky;
Our hearts, ere we're aware of it,
"Run helter-skelter into Yankee."
"For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, there's few to
metech it."

Faith, how *you* used it; ever quick
Where'er Truth dwelt, to dive and fetch it.
Vernacular or cultured verse,
The scholar's speech, the ploughman's
patter
You'd use, but still in each were terse,
As clear in point as full in matter.
You'd not disdain "the trivial lute,"
The rustic Pan-pipe you would finger,
Yet could you touch "Apollo's lute"
To tones on which Love's ear would linger.
Farewell, farewell! Two countries loved,
Two countries mourn you. None will
quarrel
With English hands, which, unreprieved,
Lay on your bier an English Laurel!

AN OLD SCHOOL BUOY.—Under the heading of "Church and Schools," the *St. James's Gazette* gave an interesting illustration of "public spirit in schools." It recounted how "An Old Bedford Boy"—no relation to ROBERT, the Waiter, we believe—in the course of returning thanks, said, "I have bathed in all the great rivers of the world." Then he added, "the water of the sluggish Ouse is the sweetest of them all." Oddly enough his name was "ZINCKE," though evidently he must be a first-rate "Zwimmer." With genuine love for his old school, he might have added that he wished he was a Buoy again. But he seems to have got on swimmingly everywhere.

"HELPS" AND WHELPS.

THE following advertisement appeared some little time since in the columns of a daily contemporary:—

TO those who have not time to give their dogs sufficient exercise in London.—A Lady, experienced, would EXERCISE DOGS in the Park. Terms, one hour daily, 5s. a week; two hours, 7s. 6d.—Address, &c.

LISTEN to this, *Rover*, my hound!

This passes expectation!

A "Lady Guide," who'll trot you round
For scant remuneration!

When pain and anguish wring my brow
Because I'm doomed to hark
To your "Why-not-go-out?" bow-wow,
She'll take you to the Park!

Cometh this ministering sprite,
Smiling upon us meekly,
And says, "I'll make your burden light
For seven-and-sixpence weekly."

They talk of "woman's sphere," when sole,
Her hemisphere, when mated;
But surely here she's reached the goal
For which she was created!



She'll *chaperon* you down the Row,
With silken cord she'll lead
Your footsteps where the flowerets blow,—
A "lucky dog," indeed!

She'll win your love by bits of cake,
She'll let you bark, or growl,
And fight with other dogs, and make
War on the water-fowl.

Yet is it right your wayward tramp
Her maiden steps should hamper?
No one who knows you for a scamp
Would take you for a scamper!

And oh!—a thought most base and black,
That puts me in a fluster—
My *Rover*, would she bring you back?
No, no, I will not trust her!

The offer tempts—(again that bark!)—
But no—'tis weak to falter;
The chain that leads you to the Park
May lead me to the Altar!

FROM A VERY OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.
—"At Craig-y-nos we've been keeping up quite Craig-y-noces. High jinks up here. Craig-y-nos means the 'Rock of the Night,' but, mind you, no rock has been required by any of us when we did go to bed, even though we had real Welsh rabbits for supper. Madame PATTI, who takes the Patti-cake here, is far too viry ever to be a *Patti de foie gras*. Delicious air here, as any air must be in which PATTI has a voice.—Yours truly,
"THE APPEST OF THE AP JONESES."

THE DEMOGRAPHIC VADE MECUM.

Question. You properly attended the Congress last week?

Answer. Certainly, by wearing a small brooch pinned on the flap of my coat.

Q. What effect had this on the cabmen?

A. To cause them to charge me just double the customary fares.

Q. Did you go to the Inaugural Meeting?

A. Of course, but as it was so crowded, I could get no further than the door.

Q. Did you hear the speech of the Prince of WALES?

A. Unfortunately not; but I had the advantage of seeing the top of his Royal Highness's head.

Q. Did you go to the *Soirée* in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the Hall of the Royal College of Surgeons?

A. I did, and was much amused at finding myself drinking claret cup in the museum devoted to skeletons.

Q. Did you go to the reception at Guildhall?

A. Certainly, and was greatly gratified at the amusements supplied to the Lord Mayor's guests.

Q. What were those amusements?

A. So far as I could see, the Band of the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Lieut. DAN GONFREY in undress uniform, playing before Sir JOSEPH SAVORY, Bart.; and some charters under a glass case.



TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

An Optical Illusion in a Lady's Orchestra.

Q. Was that all?

A. Well, I heard some harps, and then of course there were the Lord Mayor's trumpeters.

Q. Did you get your hat and coat in comfort?

A. In great comfort—after I had fought like a wild beast with other wild beasts for an hour and a half to get up to the place of distribution.

Q. Was this part of the programme badly managed?

A. It was not managed at all. The City Authorities had not even had the sense to put the numbers available at each counter *en évidence*.

Q. Did you derive any linguistic learning from this struggle?

A. Certainly. I heard bad language in sixteen different tongues.

Q. And what (as a connoisseur) did you think of the oaths?

A. That none were comparable to that English expletive which is equally suggestive of a barrier in a river, the mother of a lamb, and the observations of an angry man.

Q. Did you go anywhere else?

A. The entertainments I attended were so numerous that it is impossible to remember a tithe of them.

Q. And what did you do about Science?

A. Left it for discussion until the meeting of the Congress to be held next year!

ROBERT'S AMERICAN FRIENDS.

My Amerrycane Frend has cum back again to the "Grand Hotel." He has bin with us nearly a month, and says he finds it, as before, the werry best Hotel anywheres for a jowial Bacheldore. I thinks as he's about the coolest card as I ever seed, tho as good natured as a reel Lady, and I don't think as that's at all a bad karakter.

When he heard as the Germun EMPERER was a cummin to Gildhall, he achsally arsked me to interdooce him to the Lord MARE, as he wanted a few tickets for hisself and frends! And when I told him as that couldn't be manidged, he arsked where he could buy a few, as he supposed as money could buy anything, and praps he wasn't so werry rong arter all. He had two or three Amerrycane frends to dinner the other day, and didn't they jest tork away. One of 'em arsked me if I didn't think as it was shamefoolly xtravagant to give the Lord MARE of our little City jest the same salary for governing his one little square mile, as they in Amerrykey gave their

Presedent for governing their hole country, altho it was about thirty times larger than ours. To which I boldly replied most suttently not, becuz I had herd as there was lots of Presedents in the World, but only one Lord MARE of London, to which my frend shouted out, "Bravo, ROBERT, that's one to you!"

Almost all their tork was about what they calls their "World's Show," as is to be held at Chickargo, I thinks they called it, the year after next, and what they have naterally come here for, is to arrange for the Lord MARE and his too Sherryffs, with their State Carriages, and state Footmen, and state Robes, to go over and show 'em how to open it! And the funniest one of the lot achsally said as I must go with 'em, for the World's Show would not be a perfect show without they had in it the most horiginal specimen of a reel London Hed Waiter to show to their 50 million people! And I am to have the werry biggest tip as ever a Hed Waiter had. And I'm quite sure as they meant it all, for they larfed all the while as they torked about it.

This same one had a Ticket for Guildhall the hother heaving, when about four thowsand gests was there, and jolly fun he says it was, for they all seemed to begin a drinking of werry good Champagne about Nine a Clock, and kep on at it for above three hours, for there wasn't not nothink else for 'em to do, and so they did that, and did it well.

He arsked me if I could remember what outlandish names the principal gests was all called, and when I told him I thort they was HIGH-GIN and DEMMY-GROGER, they all roared again, and shouted out, "that's another to you ROBERT; go ahead, my tulip!" Tho what they meant I'm sure I don't kno.



Our gentlemanly Manager looked in to see how they was a getting on, and when they told him what they called my last joke, ewen he larfed away like the best on 'em. The first time I gets a chance I'll ask him to explain it all to me.

What seemed to have struck the Amerrycane most, was what he described as the twelve most bewtiful Angels, all most bewtifully drest, in most bewtiful close, a playing most bewtiful toons on most bewtiful Arps! which he said reminded him more of Heaven than anything he had ever seen or heard. He arsked me the name of the bewtiful hair as they played three times, and when I told him as I believed as it was a Welsh wun, and was called "The March of the Men of Garlick," he wonderd how men with such bad taste could have written such sweet music.

They can tell jolly good staggerers they can! Why one on 'em said as how we was a getting so sorowged up in the old Country, that they thort of giving us jest a little slice of theirs, and as theirs was about thirty times as big as ours, they could easily spare it.

But this I must and will say, they are perfect Gennelmen, and, as the best possibel proof of it, they is allers werry libbral to me.

ROBERT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INTERESTING romance is MARION CRAWFORD'S *Witch of Prague*; the witch novel might easily have been told in one volume instead of three. Skipping is good exercise.

The casual reader, and the travelling reader or journey-alist, won't get much better entertainment for his money than he will find in *Stories of Old and New Spain*, by THOMAS A. JANVIER. No April foolin' around on the part of JANVIER with metaphysical digressions, but all straight to the point. For sensation, try *Saint Mary of the Angels*. Adelphi melodrama isn't in it with this story. Also in *San Antonio* there is a simple, quiet humour; and *The Legend of Padre José* is singularly touching. (Signed) infinite variety.



Sensational.

Altogether a book this of BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"How's THAT FOR HY"-GIENIC?—In spite of the London Season being over, the Hygienic Congress had what 'ARRY would call a "igh old time" of it in London last week. In anticipation of their next merry meeting, a distinguished member of the Association is already busily engaged in preparing a paper on "The Real and Apparent Connection between 'Hygiene' and 'High Jinks'."

UNDER THE SCREW.

(By a Liberal M.P.)

Oh, where shall I go, and what shall I do?
Turn which way I will, I am under the screw.
Every Voter must feel a tight clutch on the throat
Of my conscience—poor thing!—ere he'll promise his vote.
PAR late was my patron,—'twas only his fun!
Now he's "three single gentlemen" not rolled in one.



There's PARNELL, MACARTHY, and SAUNDERSON! Phew!
If I partly please one, I make foemen of two.
Hang Ireland! And Scotland is getting as bad.
The S. H. R. A. will insist on their fad; ["squeeze."
And their plan, too, is "pressure!" It's just nought but
And the poor M.P.'s life is one long "Little-Ease."
TAFKY too takes his turn at the merciless rack,
And there isn't a faddist, fanatic, or quack
But has his own Screw, which he wants to apply.
The Temperance Man "Direct Veto" would try,
And if I'm not found to accept it with glee,
He's vicious, and puts direct veto on me.
Ungenerous hot Anti-Jennerites claim
My vote against vaccine, or howl at my name;
The Working-Man wants his Eight Hours, or, by Jingo,
He'll give me—at polling—particular stingo.
The Socialist wants me to do with the Land
A—well, a dashed something I can't understand;
The Financial Reformer, 'tis little he "axes,"
He only requires me to take off all taxes!
And now, with the General Election in view,
I'm dashed if a poor M.P. knows what to do.
How to live on the rack is a regular poser.
By Jove, I'm half tempted to turn a—Primrose!
The soft "Primrose Path" may conduct to the fire,
But 'tis easy at least, and of Screwing I tire!

TOO FREE TO BE EASY.

SCENE—Exterior of a Board School. Enter R. and L.
well-meaning Philanthropist and long-headed Artisan.
They greet one another with differing degrees of
cordiality.

Philanthropist (heartily). Ah, my good friend, and how
are you taking advantage of this great boon—the enormous
privilege of free education?

Artisan (doggedly). By not sending my lad to school.

Phil. (with pained astonishment). You surprise me.

Art. I don't see why I should. I'm only following
SAWNIE's lead. It's what they did in Scotland. They
gave them free education, and that's the way to read it,
and a good way too!

Phil. Well, at least you ought to be grateful.

Art. Grateful! Grateful for what?

Phil. Why, for free education—for education, you
know, that costs you nought.

Art. Oh, it costs nought, does it? Then thank you for
nothing! [Exeunt—in very different directions!]

MUSIC FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY MILLION.

MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., has announced that during the Recess he
will deliver political addresses interspersed with songs and music. To assist him
we have prepared a specimen "utterance," which, for the sake of convenience,
we have thrown into a dramatic form.

Enter MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., with an assortment of musical instruments
which he places on a table in front of him. Immense applause, during which
the Hon. Gentleman picks up a Cornet and plays a solo. Enthusiasm.

Mr. Farmer-Atkinson (bowing after recovering from his exertions). Ladies
and Gentlemen. (Hear, hear!) Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your
cordial reception. (Applause.) And you must know, Ladies and Gentlemen, that
although I have given you a solo on the cornet, I did not visit this flourishing
town (cheers), this highly civilised town (renewed applause), this model town
(heartily cheering), with the intention of blowing my own trumpet. (He pauses—
silence.) Don't you understand? I did not want to blow my own trumpet—
joke, see? (A laugh.) Thank you! And now about the Irish Question. Well
everybody harps upon it. So will I. "Come back to Erin." (Plays and
sings the touching melody—a harp accompaniment—applause.) Thank you!
And now about the Triple Alliance. Well, I think I can illustrate that, both
musically and politically. Triple means three. Well, I will take this drum on
my back, beating it with the sticks that are bound to my shoulders; then I
will apply my mouth to this set of pipes, while I beat a triangle with my hands.
There! (Plays the musical instruments simultaneously—applause.) Thank
you! You see I get some sort of music. A little unattractive possibly ("No!
no!"), but still sufficiently pleasing to elicit your admiration. ("Hear, hear!")
Thank you! Well, this effect reminds me of the Triple Alliance. We may
take the drum to represent Italy, the set of pipes Germany, always fond of
making a shrill noise, and the triangle will ably represent Austria. See?
(Great applause.) And now I am very unwilling to weary you further.
("No, no!") Thank you! But I myself have an appointment which I must
keep, so therefore, I must conclude my entertainment—I should say speech.
Otherwise you would grow weary of me? ("No, no!") Thank you! But
before bidding you good-bye, I must sing you one more song that I think will
please everybody. It is called "Home Sweet Home." (Thunders of applause.)
And now I will just get the right key and fire away. (He tunes up harp, and
prepares to play.) And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, silence please, while I
sing the most touching song in my repertoire. (Sings with immense feeling,
"Home, Sweet Home.") Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, chorus, please—

"Home, sweet home!

Where'er we wander,

There's no place like ho—o—o—ome!"

[The chorus is repeated as MR. FARMER-ATKINSON disappears behind a
curtain on the platform, and the audience fade away.]

A PENNY FRENCH—TWO PENCE BRITISH.

(A Fragment from a Romance of the G. P. O.)

THE youth, without a moment's hesitation, dashed manfully into the sea.
He was watched by the excited spectators, who cheered him as he breasted
the waves that beat against the head of the
Admiralty Pier. It must, indeed, have been a
great prize in view that could have caused such a
daring feat. That was the thought of the old
Coast-guardsmen, as he watched the lad (he was
scarcely more than a boy) as he took stroke after
stroke for Calais. Now he rested on the back of a
treacherous porpoise that soon cast him away.

"Will the steamboat lend him a helping hand,
or rather rope?" muttered the veteran salt, as he
watched the seemingly fragile figure of the
swimmer. "Ah, by Neptune! well done! Strike me flat with a lubberly
marling-spike, but a kindly act indeed!"

The action that had extorted the admiration of the aged seaman was a rope
that had been thrown over the steamboat's bulwarks. The now weary swimmer
gratefully accepted the boon. It saved his life.

"Will you pay the difference, and come on board, young Sir?" asked the
Captain of the packet, facetiously.

"Were it not that I am very poor," gasped out the tired and shivering lad,
"I should not have undertaken this gigantic but necessary task."

He held on bravely, and in good time the coast of France was sighted, neared,
and reached. Although as cold as stone, owing to the exposure to the waves,
the swimmer was now refreshed. He threw away the rope, and once more struck
out.

"Adieu!" he cried to the crew of the steamboat. "I can finish the rest of
the distance without assistance."

He was as good as his word. Soon he was standing on French ground buying
a post-card for India.

"And why have you come in this strange fashion?" asked an aged mis-
sionary of British extraction.

The weary lad replied in a faint voice, "Because at Calais a post-card to
India costs a penny, at Dover twopence! Yet both posts surely are conveyed
by the same mail. By swimming from Dover to Calais I have saved a penny!"
And as he recorded this undoubted fact he fainted.



STORICULES.

I.—THE SUICIDE-ADVERTISEMENT.



AS you stood before the automatic machine on the station platform, making an imbecile choice between a packet of gooseberry nougat and a slab of the gum caramel, you could not help seeing on the level of your eye this notice:—

"BLACKING-CREAM.

ASK FOR HIGLINSON'S,

AND

TAKE NO OTHER."

Similar announcements met you on every hoarding, in almost every paper and magazine, on every omnibus. Neat

little packets of HIGLINSON'S Blacking-cream were dropped through your letter-box, with a printed request that you would honour Mr. HIGLINSON by trying it. Leaflets were handed you in the street to tell you what public analysts said about it, and in what great hotels it was the only blacking used. Importunity pays. Sooner or later you bought HIGLINSON'S Blacking-cream. You then found out that it was just about as good as any other, and went on buying it.

In one way this was very good for Mr. HIGLINSON, because he became very rich; in other ways it was not so good for him. For a long time he had nothing to do with public life; the public never thought about his existence; to the public he was not a man at all—he was only part of the name of the stuff they used for their boots. If he had introduced himself to a stranger, giving the name of HIGLINSON, it is probable that the stranger would have remarked jocularly, "No relation to the Blacking-cream, I presume?" HIGLINSON knew this, and it pained him deeply, for he was a sensitive man.

Because he was sensitive and felt things so much, he wrote a volume of very melancholy verses. He was unmarried and lonely, and he wanted to lead a high life. He said as much in his verses. But what comes well from Sir GALAHAD comes ill from the proprietor of a Blacking-cream; and—from idiotic notions about pluck and honesty—he had put his own name to his book. Unfortunately, those who feel much are not always those who can express much; and HIGLINSON could not express anything. So critics with a light mind had a very fine time with these verses. They quoted them, with the prefatory remark:—"The cream of the collection—perhaps we might say the Blacking-cream of the collection—is the following," and they wound up their criticism with saying that the book must have been simply published as an advertisement. Mr. HIGLINSON could hardly have been mad enough to have printed such stuff from any other motive.

Of course HIGLINSON should have changed his name, and should have married. But the idiotic notions about pluck prevented him from changing his name; and he would not marry a woman who accepted him from only mercenary motives. He was so unattractive that he did not think it possible a woman would marry him for any other reason. However, he could not always be superintending the manufacture of Blacking-cream; and it was obvious to him that he could publish no more verses. So he devoted himself to philanthropy in a quiet and unostentatious way. He attempted the reclamation of street-arabs. He worked among them. He spent vast sums on providing education, training, and decent pleasures for them. A man who wrote for *The Scalpel* found him out at last. Next day there was a pretty little paragraph in *The Scalpel*, showing Mr. HIGLINSON up, and suggesting that this was a clever attempt to get the London shoe-blacks to use HIGLINSON'S Blacking-cream. The Blacking-cream, by the way, had never been advertised in *The Scalpel*.

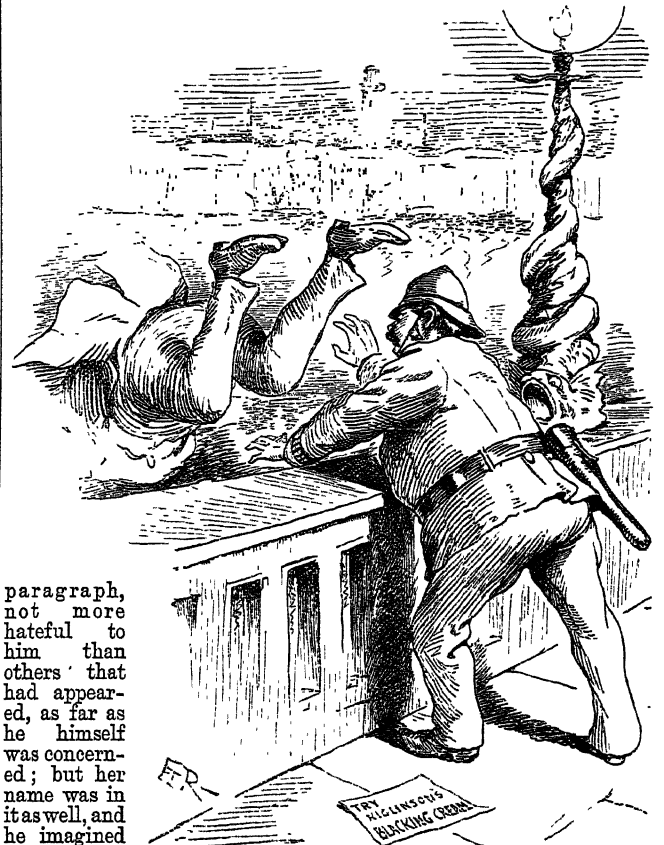
HIGLINSON was furious. He spent a little money in finding out who had written the paragraph. Then he walked up to the writer in a public street, with raised walking-stick. "Now, Sir," he said, "you shall have the thrashing that you deserve."

But it happened that the writer was physically superior to HIGLINSON; so it was the writer who did the thrashing, and HIGLINSON who took it. Next day, *The Scalpel* amused itself with HIGLINSON to the extent of half a column. The notice was headed:—

"MR. HIGLINSON ADVERTISES HIMSELF AGAIN."

Other newspapers also amused themselves, and HIGLINSON became notorious. The Blacking-cream sold better than ever, and brought him enormous profits. But if he attempted to spend those profits on any object, good or bad, it was always insisted that he was simply doing it for advertisement. The public became interested in HIGLINSON; and untrue stories about his private life appeared freely in personal columns. He was rich enough now to have relinquished his business, but those idiotic notions about pluck prevented him from doing this. He meant to go through with it, and to make the public believe in him just as much as they believed in the Blacking-cream. He found about this time someone who did believe in him; he began to change his views about marriage; he was to some extent consoled.

He was passing over the bridge one night, and had just bought an evening paper. His own name caught his eye. It was the usual



paragraph, not more hateful to him than others' that had appeared, as far as he himself was concerned; but her name was in it as well, and he imagined to himself

just how she would feel when she read it. He walked on a few paces, and then his pluck all vanished suddenly, as if it had been blown away into space, and it did not seem to be worth while to stop in such a world any longer.

The jury returned the usual verdict; but *The Scalpel* did not hesitate to hint that this suicide had simply been intended as an advertisement, and that HIGLINSON had always supposed that his rescue would be a certainty.

He might have saved himself all this, of course, by a few full-page advertisements in *The Scalpel*. But then he had those idiotic notions about pluck, and he was reluctant to bribe his enemies. It is a very dangerous thing to have notions about anything.

Wanted, a Word-Slayer.

Fin de Siècle! Ah, that phrase, though taste spurn it, I fear, threatens staying with us to eternity.

Who will deliver

Our nerves, all a-quiver,

From that pest-term, and its fellow "modernity"?



AT THE DOOR; OR, PATERFAMILIAS AND THE YOUNG SPARK.

Electric Light. "WHAT, WON'T YOU LET ME IN—A DEAR LITTLE CHAP LIKE ME?"

Householder. "AH! YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO DEAR FOR ME—AT PRESENT."

AT THE DOOR; OR, PATERFAMILIAS AND THE YOUNG SPARK.

(An Electrical Eclogue.)

["The cost is still heavy, no doubt, and the electric light still stands in the category of luxuries which are almost beyond the reach of average middle-class incomes."—The "Times" on the growth of Electric Lighting in London.]

Electric Sprite.

OLD BOY, let me in! Come, now, don't you be stupid!
Why stand at your door in that dubious way?
Like the classical girl who was called on by Cupid,
You seem half alarmed at the thought of my stay.
With meanings of mischief my mind is not laden;
Be sure, my dear friend, that I shall not sell you,
As the artful young archer-god did the poor maiden,
Who let him in only his visit to rue.
I hope you've not listened to enemies' strictures,
They've warned you, perhaps, against letting me pass.
I shan't soil your ceiling, I shan't spoil your pictures,
Or make nasty smells like that dirty imp, Gas!
You're prejudiced clearly, and that is a pity,
Why, bless you, I'm spreading all over the place!
My spark is pervading the whole of the City;
The dingy old Gas-flame must soon hide its face.
I'm brilliant, and clean, and delightfully larky;
Just look at my glow and examine my arc!
Fwizz! How's that for high, and for vivid and sparky!
I obviate dirt, and I dissipate dark.
You just let me in; the result you'll be charmed at.
Objections, Old Boy, are all fiddle-de-dee.
Come now! I'm sure you cannot be alarmed at
A dear little chap like me!

Paterfamilias.

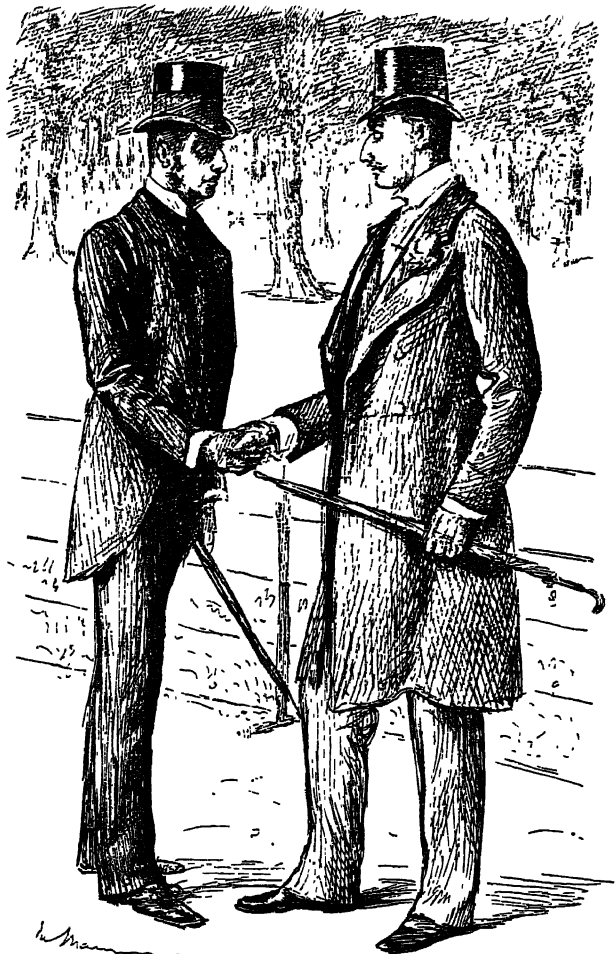
A dear little chap! Very true; but I'm thinking
That you're just a little too "dear" for me—yet!
Ah, yes! it's no use to stand smiling and winking;
I like the bright ways of you, youngster,—you let!
You're white as the moon, and as spry as a rocket;
No doubt all you say in self-praise is quite true,
But you see, boy, I must keep an eye to my pocket!
The Renters and Raters so put on the screw,
That a "middle-class income" won't stand much more squeezing,
And Forty or Fifty Pounds more in the year.
For your bright companionship, albeit pleasing,
Would come pretty stiff, my boy. That is my fear.
Just cheapen yourself, in supply and in fitting,
To something that fits with my limited "screw,"
And you will not find me shrink long from admitting
A dear little chap like you!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's Assistant Reader reports as follows to his chief—If you want a really refreshing book, a book whose piquant savour and quaint originality of style are good for jaded brains, buy and read *In a Canadian Canoe* by BARRY PAIN, the sixth volume of the Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour (HENRY & Co.). Most of the stories and, I think, the best that go to make up this delightful



volume have already appeared in *The Granta*, a Cambridge magazine, which London papers are accustomed to speak of as "our sprightly contemporary." They now seek and are sure to obtain a wider public and a more extended fame. There is in these stories a curious mixture of humour, insight and pathos, with here and there a dash of grimness and a sprinkling of that charming irrelevancy which is of the essence of true humour. Occasionally Mr. BARRY PAIN wings a shaft against the comfortably brutal doctrines of the average and orthodox householder, male or female. But on these occasions he uses the classical fables and the pagan deities as his bow, and the twang



THE HEIGHT OF FASTIDIOUSNESS.

Elder Brother. "HULLO, FRANK! HOW IS IT YOU'RE NOT IN MOURNING FOR POOR AUNT GRACE?"

Frank. "AH—WELL—FACT IS, I TRIED ON SIXTEEN OR SEVENTEEN HAT-BANDS, AND COULDN'T GET ONE TO SUIT ME!"

of his shot cannot offend those who play the part of target and are pierced. Read the four stories from the "Entertainments of Kapnides" in the "Canadian Canoe" series, or, "An Hour of Death," "The Last Straw," and "Number One Hundred and Three" in "The Nine Muses Minus One," and you will see at once what I mean. Then for run-away, topsy-turvy wit I think I would back "The Story of the Tin Heart" and "The Camel who never got Started," against most stories I know. Mr. BARRY PAIN's stories sometimes make me feel as if I had got hold of the key-handle of things which have hitherto been puzzles to me. I turn it, open the door ever so little to peep inside, and before I have taken a good square look, Mr. BARRY PAIN slams the door in my face, and I think I can hear him laughing on the other side at the bruise on my forehead. That's not kind treatment, but it promotes curiosity. As for "The Celestial Grocery," I can only say of it that it is in its way a masterpiece. Mr. PAIN sometimes gives way to a touch or two of sentiment, but he abstains from sloppiness. His book is not only witty and humorous but fresh and original in style. It is admirably written. His prose is good,—which is moderate praise, striking a balance between the *pros* and *cons* of criticism. *Prosit!* To all holiday-makers who like quaintness and fun touched with pathos and refinement, I say again, buy and read *In a Canadian Canoe*.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"Pugs" and "Mugs."

(A Quotation with a Comment.)

"THE faithful study of the fistic art
From mawkish softness guards the British heart."
The study of the betting British curse
From swift depletion guards the British purse!

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. IV.

SCENE—The Wiertz Museum at Brussels, a large and well-lighted gallery containing the works of the celebrated Belgian, which are reducing a limited number of spectators to the usual degree of stupefaction. Enter CULCHARD, who seats himself on a central ottoman.

Culchard (to himself). If PODBURY won't come down to breakfast at a decent hour, he can't complain if I— I wonder if he heard Miss TROTTER say she was thinking of coming here this morning. Somehow, I should like that girl to have a more correct comprehension of my character. I don't so much mind her thinking me fastidious and exclusive. I daresay I am—but I do object to being made out a hopeless melancholiac! (He looks round the walls.) So these are WIERTZ's masterpieces, eh? h'm. Strenuous, vigorous,—a trifle crude, perhaps. Didn't he refuse all offers for his pictures during his lifetime? Hardly think he could have been overwhelmed with applications for the one opposite. (He regards an enormous canvas, representing a brawny and gigantic Achilles perforating a brown Trojan with a small mast.) Not a dining-room picture. Still, I like his independence—work up rather well in a sonnet. Let me see. (He takes out note-book and scribbles.) "He scorned to ply his sombre brush for hire." Now if I read that to PODBURY, he'd pretend to think I was treating of a Shoe-black on strike! PODBURY is utterly deficient in reverence.

[Close by is a party of three Tourists—a Father and Mother, and a Daughter; who is reading to them aloud from the somewhat effusive Official Catalogue; the Education of all three appears to have been elementary.]

The Daughter (spelling out the words laboriously). "I could not 'elp fancying this was the artist's por-portrait? portent? no, protest against des-des (recklessly) despotism, and tyranny, but I see it is only—Por-Porlifymus fasting upon the companions of Ulyces."

Her Male Parent. Do it tell yer what that there big arm and leg be a' doin' of in the middle of 'em?

Daughter (stolidly). Don't you be in a hurry, Father (continuing) "in the midst of some colonial? That ain't it—colossal animiles fanatically—fan-tasty-cally—why, this catalogue is 'alf foreign!"

Female P. Never mind, say Peterborough at the 'ard words—we shan't be none the wiser!

Daughter. "The sime-boalic ram the 'ero is to Peterborough and leave 'is Peterborough grotter—"

Male P. That 'll do—read what it says about the next one.

Daughter (reading). "The Forge of Vulkan. Words are useless 'ere. Before sech a picture one can but look, and think, and enjoy it."

Both Parents (impressed). Lor!

[They smack their lips reverently; Miss TROTTER enters the Gallery. Culchard (rising and going to meet her). Good morning, Miss TROTTER. We—ah—meet again.]

Miss T. That's an undeniable fact. I've left Poppa 'outside. Poppa restricts himself to exteriors wherever he can—says he doesn't seem to mix up his impressions so much that way. But you're alone, too. Where've you hitched your friend up?

Culchard. My friend did not rise sufficiently early to accompany me. And, by the way, Miss TROTTER, I should like to take this opportunity of disabusing your mind of the—er—totally false impression—

Miss T. Oh, that's all right. I told him he needn't try to give me away, for I could see you weren't that kind of man!

Culchard. (gratefully). Your instinct was correct—perfectly correct. When you say "that kind of man," I presume you refer to the description my—er—friend considered it humorous to give of me as an unsociable hypochondriac?

Miss T. Well, no; he didn't say just that. He represented you as one of the fonniest persons alive; said you told stories which tickled folks to death almost.

Culchard. (annoyed). Really, this is most unpardonable of Mr. PODBURY! To have such odious calumnies circulated about one behind one's back is simply too—I do not aspire to—ah—to tickle folks to death!

Miss T. (soothingly). Well, I guess there's no harm done. I didn't feel like being in any imminent danger of perishing that way in your society. You're real high-toned and ever so improving, and that's better than tickling, every time. And I want you to show me round this collection and give me a few notions. Seems to me there was considerable sand in WIERTZ; sort of spread himself around a good deal, didn't he? I presume, though, he slept bad, nights. (She makes the tour of the Gallery, accompanied by CULCHARD, who admires her, against his better judgment, more and more.) . . . I declare if that isn't your friend Mr. PODBURY just come in! I believe I'll have to give you up to him.

Culchard. (eagerly). I beg you will not think it necessary. He—has a guide already. He does not require my services. And, to be plain, my poor friend—though an excellent fellow according to his—ah—lights—is a companion whose society occasionally amounts to a positive infliction.

Miss T. Well, I find him too chinny myself, times. Likely he won't notice us if we don't seem to be aware of him.

[They continue to inspect the canvases.]

A Belgian Guide (who has made an easy capture of PODBURY at the Hotel entrance). Hier now is a shdrainch beecture. "De toughts and veesions of a saivered haid." Fairst meenut afder deapitation; de zagonde; de tirt. Hier de haid tink dey vant to poot him in a goffin. Dere are two haid—von goes op, de udder down. Haf you got de two? Nod yet? No?

Podbury (shaking his head sagaciously). Oh, ah, yes. Capital! Rum subject, though.

Guide. Yais, vary magnifique, vary grandt, and—and rom also! Dees von reberesents Napoleon in hail. De modders show him de laigs and ahums of dair sons keeled in de vars, and invide him to drink a cop of bloodt.

Podb. Ha, cheery picture that!

Guide. Cheery, oh, yais! Now com and beep troo dis 'ole. (PODBURY obeys with docility.) You see? A Mad Voman cooking her shildt in a gettle. Hier again, dey haf puried a man viz de gollera before he is daid, he dries to purst de goffin, you see only de handt shdicking outd.

Podb. The old Johnny seems full of pretty fancies. (He looks through another peephole.) Girl looking at skeleton. Any other domestic subjects on view? (He suddenly sees Miss TROTTER and CULCHARD with their backs to him.) Hal—lo, this is luck! I must go to the rescue, or that beggar CULCHARD will bore her to death in no time. (To Guide.) Here, hold on a minute. (Crosses to CULCHARD, followed by Guide.) How d'ye do, Miss TROTTER? Doing the Wild Wiertz Show, I see. Ah, CULCHARD, why didn't you tell me you were going—might have gone together. I say, I've got a guide here.

Culchard. (drily). So we perceive—a very sensible plan, no doubt, in some cases, my dear fellow.

Podb. (to Miss T.) Do come and listen to him, most intelligent chap—great fun.

Mr. CULCHARD is above that sort of thing, I dare say.

Guide. Your vriendts laike to choïn, yais? Same for tree as for von. I explain all de beecture.

Miss T. You're vurry obliging, Mr. PODBURY, but your friend is explaining it all just splendidly.

Podb. (piqued). Perhaps I had better dismiss my chap, and take on CULCHARD, too?

Miss T. No, I'd just hate to have you do that. Keep on going round. You mustn't mind us, indeed!

Podb. Oh, if you'd rather! (Gloomily, to Guide.) They can do without us. Just show me something more in the blood-and-thunder line—no, at the other end of the room. [They withdraw.]

Guide. Hier is von dat is vary amusant. You know de sehtory of de Tree Vishes, eh?

Podb. Macbeth, eh? oh, I see—Wishes! No, what was that?

Guide. I dell it you. (He tells it; PODBURY falls into gloomy abstraction.) . . . And inschdantly she vind a grade pig soasage at de end of her noase. So de ole voman—

Podb. (wearily). Oh, I've heard all that. What's this one about? Guide. Dis is galled "De lasht Gannon." You see de vigure of Ceevilization floderin op viz de vings, vile Brogress preaks asonder de lasht gon, and in a gorner a Genius purns de vrontier best.



"I presume, though, he slept bad, nights."

Podb. (captiously). What's he doing *that* for?

Guide. I tont know. I subbose begause dey are bosts, or (*dubiously*) begause he is a Genius.

Culch. (touching PODBURY's arm as he goes out). Oh—er—PODBURY, I'm off. Going to lunch somewhere with the—ah—TROTTERS. See you at *table d'hôte* this evening, I suppose? Good-bye.

Podb. (savagely). Oh, ta-ta! (*To himself.*) And that's the fellow who said he wanted to keep out of making friends! How the dickens am I going to get through the time by myself? (*To Guide.*) Here, that's enough for one day. When I want you again, I'll let you know.

[*He dismisses him, and stands forlornly in the Gallery, while the Imperfectly Educated Daughter goes on spelling out the Catalogue for her Parents' edification.*]

A STORY—OUT OF SEASON.

So she's married to *him*! Whilst I travelled and wandered
Far away, for the lack of aught better to do;
Whilst my time and my money I recklessly squandered
In a hunt for big game—she was doing it too!
And I am not surprised he has fallen a prey to
The graces and wiles of a maiden so fair;
I must take a back seat as I humbly give way to
The Earl and the Countess of Hanover Square.



What a stroke of good luck!
For, like little Jack
Horner,
She put in her finger
and pulled out a
plum;
Yet there once was a time
when *we* sat in a
corner—
AMARYLLIS and I—
though her mother
looked glum.
If I do not forget, it
took place in Decem-
ber,
But I recollect better one
evening in June,
And, for all that has hap-
pened, I like to re-
member
What we whispered and
said by the light of the
moon.

But a truce to such thoughts, she has married another,
I must tidy away all the memories of yore.
There's a smile on the face of her match-making mother,
And her family rejoice as they ne'er have before.
It has happened. Her mother, I know, always said it
Would prove to be so with her beautiful girl,
And the fair AMARYLLIS has done herself credit
Now she's married the catch of the season—an Earl.

What she did, after all, was perhaps for the best meant.
She may even be fond of her Earl—who can tell?
In the business of Life she has made her investment,
Which I trust most sincerely she will find pay her well.
And as for myself my ambition just *nil* is,
With my pipe and my dog I shall stay on the shelf,
Though allow me to tell you, my dear AMARYLLIS,
I'd have made you an excellent husband myself.

A PUZZLER FOR EVEN SIR ANDR-W CL-RK, BART., M.D.—



What will he do with it?

Case of dyspepsia. What ought to be prescribed for a patient suffering from severe indigestion caused by *having eaten his own words*? Perhaps one of the most distinguished members of the Medical Congress, possessing a great experience among Cabinet Ministers and other Parliamentary celebrities, will oblige with "a solution"? And this is a perfectly serious question, although it certainly sounds as if it were only intended for a Roose.

MR. CLIP'S APPEAL.

[The Hairdressers' Early Closing Association of London (whose Central Office is at 6, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W., and whose President is Mr. W. J. REED, and Hon. Sec., Mr. A. M. SUTTON), has for object "to secure and maintain one early-closing day per week, suitable to the neighbourhood, and to generally assist in obtaining time for rest and recreation, and promote better and healthier conditions for hairdressers."]

DEAR BOB,—There's a stir in our noble Profession.

The hope of the Hairdresser, silent so long,
At last, like most others, is finding expression.

We've started, dear BOB, and are now going strong.



HAIR AND EXERCISE; OR, TAKING THE HAIR ON A 'OLE 'OLIDAY.

Early Closing's our object, which means that on one day
We want to shut up shops and scissors at five!
Perhaps Saturday's best, BOB, as coming next Sunday—
Don't seem asking *much*, if they'd keep us alive.

You cannot imagine how grinding our trade is—
Long hours, and long waits, BOB, when custom is slack!
When the premises hold one old gent and two ladies,
'Tis hard for twelve chaps to be kept on the rack.
To knock off at five on a Saturday eases
Our week's work a little. One evening in six
Ain't more than the Public can spare—if it pleases—
If only its hours 'twill conveniently fix.

When a swell wants a shave, a shampoo, or a clipping,
He likes to drop in at *his* pleasure, no doubt;
But surely he'd not keep us scraping and snipping
To save him from being a trifle put out!
If he'll but get fixed before five on a Saturday,
We poor Hairdressers may get just a chance
Of an hour or two's pleasure or rest on the latter day;
Prospect to make many dreary eyes dance!

And yet some object to this small "Early Closing,"
I wish they could know what it is to chop, chop,
When your feet are one ache and your eyes drawn to dozing
And you're sick of the sight and the smell of the shop!
When a whiff from the meadows appears to come stealing
Above all our washes, and powders, and soaps;
And the whirr of the brush which revolves near the ceiling
Seems pain to our ears and seems death to our hopes!

True, most of the Masters will yield to our yearnings,
A lesson I think to the few who stand out!
I wager the change won't diminish their earnings,
W. REED and A. SUTTON know what they're about,—
Our President, BOB, and our Hon. Sec. Address 'em
At "fair Piccadilly," 6, Swallow Street, W.
Hairdressers' Assistants unitedly bless 'em,
If you, BOB, or others *can* help us, I'll trouble you!

'Tis long, my dear BOB, since I sent you a letter,
And this you'll admit is a practical one.
We Hairdressers wish our condition to better,
And get our fair share of rest, leisure, and fun.
One Five o' Clock Close every week is our plea, BOB,
Not much for the slaves of scrape-scrape and snip-snip!
The fairness of it I'm convinced you will see, BOB,
And so should the world, says CARACTACUS CLIP.

[Mr. Punch, who knows how much his own personal comfort is dependent upon the adroit ministrations of the "Sons of the Shears," cordially seconds the appeal of his old Correspondent.]

A CASE OF FRENCH LEAVE.—The Gallic Fleet have gone to Cherbourg—as if they had not had enough "cheers" before leaving England!



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Jones (reading aloud). "A TRUE, GOOD, NOBLE WOMAN IS EVER READY TO MAKE HERSELF A DOOR-MAT FOR THE MAN SHE LOVES!"... AH, DOLLY, THOSE ARE THE WOMEN WHO MAKE THE BEST WIVES!" Mrs. J. (who is not of this type). "YES, DEAR—AND THE WORST HUSBANDS!"

MR. PUNCH'S ANTI-LABOUR CONGRESS.

Mr. Punch (in a Marine Lotos-Land) sings his Sea-side Version of the Laureate's lovely "Choric Song."

I.

THERE is a slumber here that softer falls
Than forty-winks where dull, dull Bills they
pass;
Oft have I drowsed within those dreary walls,
Where brays the pertinacious party ass.
Here sleep more gently on the spirit lies
Than where the SPEAKER tells the Noes and
Ayes.
The wave-wash brings sweet sleep down from
the summer skies,
Here laps the azure deep,
And through the weed the small crabs creep,
And safe from prigs who plague and nymphs
who peep,
Sagacious Punch reclines and woos benignant
sleep.

II.

Why are we weighed upon with Politics,
And, utterly fatigued by "bores" and
"sticks,"

While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are "such clever things!"
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one "Question" to another thrown?
Gulls, even, fold their wings,
And cease their wanderings,
Watching our brows which slumber's holy
balm
Bathes gently, whilst the inner spirit sings
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should Punch only toil, the top and
crown of things?

III.

How sweet it were, dodging the urban stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream!
To dream and dream that yonder glittering
light
No more shall top the tall Clock Tower's
[height]
To hear no more the party speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach;
(No, no, not Hicks! Thank heaven, he's far
away!)

To lend one's mind and fancy wholly
Unto the influence of the calmly jolly;
Forgetful, whilst the salt breeze
round one rustles;
Of all the clamorous Congresses of
Brussels,
Of all the spouting M.P.'s party
tussles,
Of all the noisy votaries of CARL
MARX;
Of all save slumber and Unmitigated
Larks!

IV.

Dear are the memories of our wedded
lives,
Dear also are the outfits of our wives,
And their huge trunks: but this is
a sweet change!
For surely now our household hearths
are cold,
Charwomen prowling thereby: our halls
look strange,
Our suites are swathed like ghosts.
Here all is joy,
And, by the stirless silence rendered
bold,
The very gulls stand round with furléd
wings. [boy?
What do you think of it, TOBY, my
The Session's Bills are half-forgotten
things.
Is there discussion in our little Isle?
Let Parties broken so remain.
Factions are hard to reconcile:
Prate not of Law and Order—by the
main!
There is a fussiness worse than death
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Lost labour, and sheer waste of breath,
Sore task to hearts dead beat by many
wars,
And ears grown dumb with listening
to loud party jars.

V.

But propt on sand and pebbles rolly-
polly [us lowly]
How sweet (while briny breezes fan
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a boat-side tarry, coally,
To watch the long white breakers
drawing slowly [spill—
Up to the curling turn and foamy
To hear far-off the wheezy Town-Crier
calling,
"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" Truly, TOBIAS
mine,

This solitude à deux is most divine;
A Congress we—of Two; where no outfalling
is possible. Our Anti-Labour line
Is wordlessly prolonged, stretched out beside
the brine.

VI.

Such Lotos-eating all at times must seek!
The Lotos blows by many an English creek.
Punch is no "mild-eyed melancholy" coon,
Born, like the Laureate's islanders, to moon
In lands in which 'tis always afternoon.
No, TOBY, no! Yet stretch your tawny muzzle
Upon these tawny sands! We will not puzzle,
For a few happy hours, our weary pates
With Burning Questions or with Dull
Debates. [Motions, we,
We have had enough of Measures, and of
"Ayes" to starboard, "Noes" to larboard
(in the language of the sea),
Where the wallowing SEXTON spouted like
a whale, and COBB made free.
Let us take our solemn davy, TOBY, for a space
(Punch perceives complete approval in that
doggish face)— [mind!—
Let us take our davy, TOBY—for a time, now
In this briny Lotos Land to live and lie reclined,
On the sands like chums together, careless of
mankind! [Sleeps.



MR. PUNCH'S ANTI-LABOUR CONGRESS.

SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

CHAPTER II.

On Tour—Restauration—Method—Rapid Act—Patriotism—Chorus—Dinner—Forwards—Entrée—Exit—Destination.

WITH DAUBINET I soon acquire the careless habit of speaking any French that comes into my head, irrespective of grammar, genders, or idioms. If he doesn't understand it in French he will do so in English, or *vice versa*. On this mutual comprehension system we get along as easily as the express does, and as easily as the boat does too, to-day,—for we are in luck, the weather is delicious and the sea propitious,—and so we arrive hungry and happy at the excellent buffet at the Calais Station, the praises of which I have sung more than once in my lifetime.

Far be it from me to draw comparisons, but I if want to start well and wisely for the Continent, give me the short sea-passage *vid*



Dover and the excellent restauration at Calais, with a good twenty-five minutes allowed for refreshment; though why this interval shouldn't be extended to three-quarters of an hour, and less time occupied on the journey to Paris, I have never yet been able to ascertain. In the not very dim and distant future no doubt it will be so. I record the above observation in italics, in order to attract the attention of all whom it may and does and ought to concern. Perhaps they'll kindly see to it.

Our *déjeuner* at Calais is as good as it usually is at that haven of Restauration. After the buffeting of the waves, how sweet is the buffet of the shore. I sit down at once, as an old Continental-travelling hand, tell the waiter immediately what I am going to take, and forthwith it is brought; then, in advance, I command the coffee, and have my French money all ready in an outside-pocket, so that there shall be no unnecessary delay. All station-feeding is a fearsome pastime. You are never quite sure of the trains, and you never quite trust the waiter's most solemn asseveration to the effect that you have still so many minutes left, decreasing rapidly from fifteen to five, when, time being up and the food down, you find yourself hurrying out on to the platform, plunging recklessly in between the lines, uncertain as to your carriage, and becoming more and more hot, nervous, and uncomfortable up to the very last moment, when the stout guard, with the heavy black moustache, and the familiar bronzed features set off by a cap-band which once was red, bundles you into your proper place, bangs the door, and you are off,—for Paris, or wherever your destination may be.

DAUBINET knows the proprietor of the restaurant, likewise the proprietor's good lady and good children. He has a great deal to say to them, always by means of working the semaphore with his arms and hands, as if the persons with whom he excitedly converses were deaf; and having lost all count of time, besides being in a state of considerable puzzle as to the existence of his appetite, he is suddenly informed by the head-waiter,—another of his acquaintances, for DAUBINET, it appears, is a constant traveller to and fro on this route, that if he wants anything he must take it at once, or he won't get it at all, unless he chooses to stop there and lose his train. So DAUBINET ladles some soup into his mouth, and savagely worries a huge lump of bread: then having gobbled up the soup in a quarter of a second, and having put away all the bread in another quarter, he pours a glass of wine into a tumbler out of the bottle which I have had opened for both of us, adds water, then tosses it off, wipes his lips with the napkin which he hangs down on the table, and, with his hat and coat on, his small bag in his hand, and quite prepared to resume the journey, he cries, "*Allons! Petukoff!*" (or some such word, which I suppose to be either Russian or an ejaculation quite

new and original, but *à la Russe*, and entirely his own invention), with the cheery and enthusiastic addition of, "*Bless the Prince of WAILES!*"

"By all means," I cordially respond, for we are on a foreign soil, where loyalty to our Royal Family is no longer a duty only, but also a mark of patriotism, which should ever distinguish the true Briton,—though, by the way, now I think of it, DAUBINET is a lively Gaul. Subsequently, observing my friend DAUBINET, I find that he is especially English in France, and peculiarly French in England. On what is to me foreign, but to him his own native soil, he is always bursting out into snatches of our British National Anthem, or he sings the line above quoted. In France he will insist on talking about London, England, Ireland, Scotland, with imitations in slang or of brogue, as the case may be, on every possible or even impossible opportunity; and, when the subject of conversation does not afford him any chance for his interpolations, then, for a time, he will "lay low," like Brer Fox, only to startle us with some sudden outbursts of song, generally selected from the popular English Melodies of a bygone period, such as "*My Pretty Jane*," "*My Love is like a red, red Rose*," or "*Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye*," and such-like musical reminiscences, invariably finishing with a quotation from the National Anthem, "*Rule Britannia*," or "*Bless the Prince of WAILES!*" He is a travelling chorus.

We stop—I don't know where, as I trust entirely to my guide and fellow-traveller—for a good twenty minutes' stuff, nominally dinner, *en route*, about seven o'clock. It is the usual rush; the usual indigestion; the usual indigestion. DAUBINET does more execution among the eatables and drinkables in five minutes than I can manage in the full time allotted to refreshment; and not only this, but he finds plenty of time for talking nonsense to one of the nicest-looking waitresses. Of course, he positively refuses to speak a word of his own native language, but gives his orders in English, Spanish, and Russian, to the despair of all the attendants, with the exception of the pretty waiting-maid, to whom he addresses himself in colloquial French. She quite enters into the joke; can give and take as pleasantly as possible; can also fetch and carry; and when, finally, DAUBINET *en bon prince* rewards her intelligence with a two-franc



piece, her bright smile, and her courteous "*Merci beaucoup, Monsieur*," prove once more that she can take as well as give,—nay, even better, and yet leave the donor her debtor. "*Da Karascho!*" Yes, all right! "*Montez donc!*" cries my mercurial friend, hurrying to the train; then, as he once more settles himself in the compartment, he sings "*Rule Britannia! Bless the Prince of WAILES! O Maman!*" and before I have lit my after-dinner cigar, he has made himself quite comfortable, lying at full length, and is fast asleep. So am I soon. When I awake, it is night; pitch-dark, and very cold. We are stopping at some station. A stout Frenchman enters our carriage; not that there is anything remarkable about his stoutness, as it seems to me that the majority of middle-class and middle-aged Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen, too, are all, more or less, of considerable corpulence.

The new arrival recognises DAUBINET, and salutes him. DAUBINET warmly acknowledges the recognition, and in a few moments they are engaged in an animated conversation, one commencing his reply before the other has finished his question, neither permitting the other to complete a sentence, whether interrogatory or declaratory; so that, during the greater part of their conversation,—which lasts till, thank goodness, the stranger has to get out, which he does at the



"NEB'LAR (HIC) 'POTHESIS."

Elderly Gentleman (overcome by gravitation). "ORRIGHT, INSPECTRUM. BEEN READING SPEESH—PRES'DENT BRI'SH-SOSHIASHLEM. SHEPLENDID SPEESH! I'M IN 'UNIQUE POSISHEN 'F (HIC) ABSOLUTE IMM'BILITY IN MIDSET OF WHIRLING 'N DRIFTING SUNS, 'N SYSHEMS 'F SUNS.' GOOR OLD HUGGINS!!"

"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS!"

Or, Voluntary Contributions Un-gratefully Received.

SCENE—A Railway Compartment.

BROWN and SMITH looking up from their Daily Papers.

Brown. Now that Parliament stands prorogued, I suppose there is nothing to read?

Smith. Nothing. Except this article upon Australia. Tells one all about Capital and Labour in that part of the world. Most interesting. Wonder how they found room for it! Have you seen it?

Brown. Well, no. Fact is I have been reading about Argentina. Very exhaustive article this, and on a matter of serious moment. I hold some shares as a trustee. Seems that they will all come right in the end. Would you like to see it?

Smith. When I have time to read it. But, to tell the truth, it takes me a good hour to get through the City Intelligence. And the racing, too, that always interests me; but I don't think it is so exciting as the Stock Exchange.

Brown. No more do I. By the way, is there anything good in the correspondence line in your paper?

Smith. The usual sensational recess subjects. Some of the letters are too good for the general public; they must have been written in the office.

Brown. I daresay. And perhaps these sketches of places away from Town are also written in London?

Smith. Not a bit of it! I happen to know that the papers spend thousands and thousands upon obtaining information in every quarter of the globe. Bogus articles are things of the past.

Brown. Only fancy! And all this expense for nothing in the recess! When no one reads the papers!

Smith. Yes, and when there's nothing in them! [They resume perusal of their papers until interrupted by a tunnel. Curtain.]

next station, and disappears in the darkness,—I can only pick up a word or half a sentence here and there, and, in a general way, wonder why they become so earnest and emphatic about the most ordinary topics. For an English listener, however, it is an excellent lesson in colloquial French; only I cannot help wishing that they would take the "tempo" just a little slower, and that their tone were not necessarily up to concert pitch, in order to keep itself well above the running accompaniment of railway-wheels, which seems to fit all modes of counting from two to sixteen in a bar. At last the train stops, the dialogue becomes jerky, our companion salutes us politely, wishes us "bon voyage," and descends.

After his departure, I ask DAUBINET, "Who is your friend?" as I should like to know the reason of DAUBINET not having introduced us. His reply at once resolves all my doubts and difficulties on the subject; it is simply, "Heaven knows! He is a nice fellow. I have met him *quelque part*. Ah! *v'là!*" He rushes to the window. "Hi! hi! Guard! Conducteur!" The Conducteur appears, and informs us that we descend at the next station, and, after that, in another five minutes we shall be at Reims.

And so we are. Reims at last! Not brilliant is Reims on this dark night. There are several omnibuses and other vehicles waiting to take the very few passengers who alight from the train, and who, it appears, as a rule, prefer to walk. Having no baggage beyond a few bags and a small portmanteau which travel with us in our compartment, and which the porter can wheel on a truck, or indeed carry if he chooses, we are soon in the 'bus, and rattling over the stones to the Hotel.

ODE TO A BAROMETER.

(By a Troubled Tapster.)

| | |
|---|---|
| I TAP you early, tap you late, In vain! | The end—whatever you may say Is wet! |
| We get—whatever you may state— Much rain. [sing] | 'Twas wet in June, and in July Wet too; |
| The Woodpecker of which fools Ne'er tapped | In August it is wetter. Why, Trust you? |
| Half so persistently. Since Spring I've rapped | Barometer, you false old chap, You bore! |
| Your fair false dial day by day, And yet | I'm no Woodpecker, and I'll tap No more! |

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

OH, Sir, I read the papers every day,
To amuse myself and pass the time away;
But they've got so hard to follow that they simply beat me hollow
With the learning and the culture they display;
And they wouldn't be so hard if those
good people down at Cardiff
Would but be a shade more careful
what they say.

The President's address, I think, will
tax
My intellectual organ till it cracks;
The Association British isn't wanted to
be skittish,
Wear the motley, nor to run a race in
sacks;
But 'twas getting awkward rather when
my youngest asked his father
What the President implied by parallax.

The money market often puzzles me;
I've no notion what the Funding Loan
may be;
In the sales of corn (Odessa), jute and sago, I confess a
Sort of feeling that I'm very much at sea;
But couldn't the reporter keep this science rather shorter,
Or at any rate provide us with a key?



QUEER QUERIES.

HOUSE DECORATION.—What am I to do under the following circumstances? I took a house a year ago, and painted the outside scarlet, with gold "facings," to remind me—and my neighbours—of the fact that I am highly connected with the Army, my deceased wife's half-brother having once held some post in the Commissariat. I am leaving the house now, and my landlord actually insists on my scraping all the paint off! He says that if any bulls happen to pass the house, they will be sure to run at it. Am I obliged to yield to this ridiculous caprice?—LOVER OF THE PICTURESQUE.



ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS.—SIR RICHARD.

Mr. Punch's Parliamentary Artist reads in the Papers that Sir Richard T— does not intend to Stand for Parliament again!

SEASIDE ASIDES.

(Paterfamilias in North Cornwall.)

OH! how delightful now at last to come
Away from town—its dirt, its degradation,
Its never-ending whirl, its ceaseless hum.
(A long chalks better, though, than sheer
stagnation.)



For what could mortal man or maid want more
Than breezy downs to stroll on, rocks to
climb up,
Weird labyrinthine caverns to explore?
(There's nothing else to do to fill the time
up.)

Your honest face here earns an honest brown,
You ramble on for miles 'mid gorse and
heather,
Sheep hold athletic sports upon the down
(Which makes the mutton taste as tough as
leather.)

The place is guiltless, too, of horrid piers,
And likewise is not Christy-Minstrel tooney;
No soul-distressing strains disturb your ears.
(A German band has just played "Annie
Rooney.")

The eggs as fresh as paint, the Cornish cream
The boys from school all say is "simply
ripping,"
The butter, so the girls declare, "a dream."
(The only bacey you can buy quite dripping.)

A happiness of resting after strife,
Where one forgets all worldly pain and
sorrow,
And one contentedly could pass one's life.
(A telegram will take me home to-morrow.)

CANINE SAGACITY.—Numerous instances
of this have been quoted in the *Spec-*
tator and other
papers. Our *Toby*
would like to be in-
formed how one clever
dog would communi-
cate with another
clever dog, if the
former were in a
great hurry? The
reply from a great
authority in the K 9
Division, signing
himself "DOG-
BERRY," is that "the
clever dog would
either tailgraph or tailphone; but that,
anyhow, in the strictest confidence, he would
tell his own tail."



THE MANNERS OF OUR CHILDREN!

(Fragment from a Tragic Farce, suggested by a
Correspondence in a Daily Paper.)SCENE—*The Sanctum of Paterfamilias.*
Enter to him JACKY, his eldest born.

Pater. (cordially). How are you, old chap?
Jacky. Very well, thank you, Father. And
will you forgive me—is not "chap" a trifle
slangy?

Pater. (astomshed). Eh! what?
Jacky. You were good enough to write to
my Form Master after the Easter Vacation,
complaining of my style. Consequently that
worthy pedagogue has given more than usual
attention to that part of my education.

Pater. Well, now you are home for the
holidays! As for your Form Master—hang
him and all his works!

Jacky. Are you quite sure that you are
quoting correctly? To the best of my belief
the line goes, "hang him with his pen and
ink-horn."

Pater. Eh! what? I don't understand you.
Jacky. Why, my dear Father, I naturally



concluded that you were quoting from the
Immortal Bard. You will find the passage in
The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth,
Act IV., Scene 2.

Pater. What are you talking about?
Jacky. Why your misquotation. And will
you forgive me—but do you not think it would
sound better if you were to ask me—"about
what I was talking?" I might add that my
Form Master and I—

Pater. Your "Form Master and you."
Rot and bosh! I should say—

Jacky. (with a twitch of pain). Oh, my dear
Father, more slang, more slang!

Pater. (getting very red). And what if there
is? What's that to you? You don't pay for
my education, do you?

Jacky. (quickly). No. If I did, I could not
declare that I was satisfied with your progress!

Pater. (indignantly). You little prig, I—

Jacky. (calmly interrupting). Pray do not
excite yourself. I am only doing my duty.
I am merely attempting to instruct those less
polished than myself. Surely I may regard
such an action with satisfaction?

Pater. (furious). You shall go back to
school at once!

Jacky. I am afraid that that is scarcely
practicable. If you will refer to the slip that
accompanied my school-bill, you will notice
that the Vacation does not cease until the
20th of September.

Pater. And a nice school-bill! Why they
charged everything as an extra!

Jacky. Surely such a matter is scarcely
within my province? According to statute,
my dear Father, you are bound to provide for
me until (if my memory does not betray me)
I reach the age of sixteen. As I am now five
years younger than that limit, it is clearly
your duty to support me.

Pater. Why, Sir, you are insupportable!
Jacky. (smiling). I see—a joke—very good!
But, my dear Sir, do you think it quite dignified
to make so small a jest in my presence? It is
calculated to lessen my respect for you.

Pater. Well I never!
Jacky. Never what? You have not com-
pleted the sentence.

Pater. Sir, you are an insolent young puppy!
Jacky. I am forced to contradict you—in
justice to yourself. You cannot be willing to
let me regard you as a dog?

Pater. (after a pause). Well, the sooner you
get back to the school the better.

Jacky. (promptly). I have no doubt you are
right, my dear Father; and, as I take a sincere
interest in your welfare, I would respectfully
suggest that you should accompany me. It
must be patent to us both that you are lacking
in polish.

Pater. (losing his patience). You young
cub! I will give you the soundest thrashing
you ever had in your life!

Materfamilias. (interposing). Oh, you cruel
man! What has the poor child done?

Jacky. (with ready tact). Nothing, dearest
Mamma, except to take after his kind, clever
and accomplished Mother!

[Scene closes in upon a family group not
entirely free from domestic complications.]

THE SURREY A B C.

A is for ABEL, who can certainly block well;
B stands for BOWLEY, and BEAUMONT, and
BROCKWELL;

C is the Captain, JOHN SHUTTER his name;
D is the Devotion he gives to the game;

E is the Ele-
ven, deser-
vedly great;
F is the Funk
which their
bowlers cre-
ate.

G stands for
GEORGE—
our only
GEORGE
LOHMANN;

H for young HENDERSON, valiant young
foeman.

I is the Innings, beloved of the gapers;
J is the Jargon they put in the papers.

K is for KEY, the accomplished Dark Blue;
L is for LOCKWOOD, who bowls a bit too;

M is for MAURICE, his other name READ;
N poor old Nottingham, beaten indeed.

O is the Oval, the home of the crowd;
P the Pavilion, the seat of the proud.

Q is the Question, "Oh, Umpire, how's that?"
R is for Gentleman READ, who can bat.

S stands for SHARPE, it will pay you to
mind him;

T is the Trouble they were put to to find him;
U their United attempts—hard, to beat them;

V the Vain efforts oft made to defeat them.
W represents WOOD at the wicket;

X is the Xcellent style of their cricket.
Y ends the county, not played out in a hurry.

Z stands for ZERO, a stranger to Surrey!



A GENUINE REGRET.—The French Admi-
ral had one regret



in leaving Albion's
hospitable shores,
and that is that he
didn't go up to
London and get a
taste of a real City
Savory at a Munch-
ing House banquet.
He wouldn't have
found The Albion
"perfidious" in the
matter of "turtle
and fine living"—

which was Mrs. R.'s description of the Pha-
risee. Their French leave is up, and they're
on sail or return.

SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

CHAPTER III.

Reims—Night—Streets—Arrival—Lion d'Or—Depression—Landlady—Boots—Cathedral—Loneliness—Bed.

It is just ten o'clock. Reims seems to be in bed and fast asleep, except for the presence in the streets of a very few persons, official and unofficial, of whom the former are evidently on the alert as to the movements, slouching and uncertain, of the latter.

We drive under ancient Roman Arch; DAUBINET tells me its history in a vague kind of way, breaking off suddenly to say that I shall see it to-morrow, when, so he evidently wishes me to infer, the Roman Arch will speak for itself. Then we drive past a desolate-looking Museum. I believe it is a Museum, though DAUBINET's information is a trifle uncertain on this point.

We pass a theatre, brilliantly illuminated. I see posters on the wall advertising the performance. A gendarme, in full uniform, as if he had come out after playing *Sergeant Lupy* in *Robert Macaire*, is pensively airing himself under the *façade*, but there is no one else within sight,—no one; not a *cocher* with whom *Sergeant Lupy* can chat, nor even a *gamin* to be ordered off; and though, from one point of view, this exterior desolation may argue well for the business the theatre is doing, yet, as there is no logical certainty that the people, who do not appear outside a show, should therefore necessarily be inside it, the temple of the Drama may, after all, be as empty as was *Mr. Crummles'* Theatre, when somebody, looking through a hole in the curtain, announced, in a state of great excitement, the advent of another boy to the pit.

And now we rattle over the stones joltingly, along a fairly well-lighted street. All the shops fast asleep, with their eyelids closed, that is, their shutters up, all except one establishment, garishly lighted and of defiantly rakish appearance, with the words *Café Chantant* written up in jets of gas; and within this *Café*, as we jolt along, I espy a *dame du comptoir*, a weary waiter, and two or three second-class, flashy-looking customers, drinking, smoking, perhaps arguing, at all events, gesticulating, which, with the low-class Frenchmen, comes to much the same thing in the end, the end probably being their expulsion from the drinking-saloon. Where is the *chantant* portion of the *café*? I cannot see,—perhaps in some inner recess. With this flash of brilliancy, all sign of life in Reims disappears. We drive on, jolted and rattled over the cobble stones—(if not cobble, what are they? Wobble?)—and so up to the *Lion d'Or*.

I am depressed. I can't help it. It is depressing to be the only prisoners in a black van; I should have said "passengers," but the sombre character of the omnibus suggests "Black Maria;" it is depressing (I repeat to myself), to be the only two passengers driving through a dead town at night-time, as if we were the very personification of "the dead of night" being taken out in a hearse to the nearest cemetery. Even DAUBINET feels it, for he is silent, except when he tries to rouse himself by exclaiming "Caramba!" Only

twice does he make the attempt, and then, meeting with no response from me, he collapses. Nor does it relieve depression to be set down in a solemn courtyard, lighted by a solitary gas-lamp. This in itself would be quite sufficient to make a weary traveller melancholy, without the tolling of a gruesome bell to announce our arrival. This dispiriting sound seems to affect nobody in the house, except a lengthy young man in a desperate state of unwakefulness, who sleepily resents our arrival in the midst of his first slumber (he must have gone to bed at nine), and drowsily expresses a wish to be informed (for he will not take the trouble to examine into the matter for himself) whether

we have any luggage; and this sense of depression becomes aggravated and intensified when no genial Boniface (as the landlord used invariably to be styled in romances of half a century ago) comes forth to greet us with a hearty welcome, and no buxom smiling hostess is there to order the trim waiting-maid, with polished

candlestick, "to show the gentleman his room." And, at length, when a hostess, amiable but shivering, does appear, there is still an absence of all geniality; no questions are asked as to what we might like to take in the way of refreshment, there is no fire to cheer us, no warm drinks are suggested, no apparent probability of getting food or liquor, even if we wanted it, which, thank Heaven, we don't, not having recovered from the last hurriedly-swallowed meal at the railway buffet *en route*. Yes, at the "*Lion d'Or*" at Reims, on this occasion, *hic et nunc*, is a combination of melancholy circumstances which would have delighted *Mark Tapley*, and, as far as I know, *Mark Tapley* only.

"On an occasion like this," I murmur to myself, having no one else to whom I can murmur it confidentially,—for DAUBINET, having a knowledge of the house, has disappeared down some mysterious passage in order to examine and choose our rooms,—"there is, indeed, some merit in being jolly."

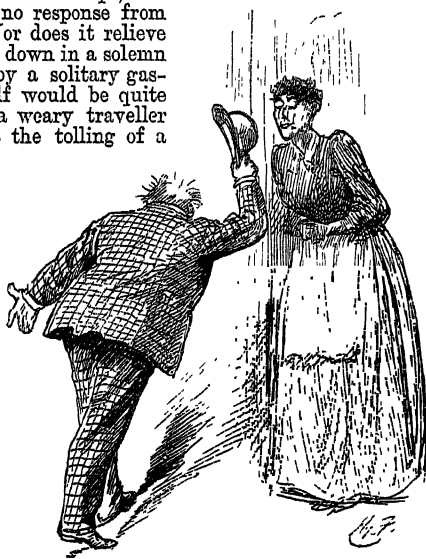
DAUBINET returns. He has found the rooms. The somnolent boots will carry our things upstairs. Which of the two rooms will I have? They are *en suite*. I make no choice. It is, I protest, a matter of perfect indifference to me; but one room being infinitely superior to the other, I select it, apologetically. DAUBINET, being more of a *Mark Tapley* than I am, is quite satisfied with the arrangement, and has almost entirely recovered his wonted high spirits.

"Very good. *Très bien!* Da! Petzikoff! Pedajoi! I shall sleep like a top. *Bon soir! Buono notte! Karascho!* Bless the Prince of



WAILES!" and he has disappeared into his bedroom. I never knew a man so quick in unpacking, getting into bed, and going to sleep. He hasn't far to go, or else Morpheus must have caught him up, *en route*, and hypnotised him. I hear him singing and humming for two minutes; I hear him calling out to me, "All right? Are you all right?" and, once again invoking the spirit of *Mark Tapley*, I throw all the joviality I can into my reply as I say, through the wall, "Quite, thanks. Jolly! Good-night!" But my reply is wasted on him; he has turned a deaf ear to me, the other being on the pillow, and gives no sign. If he is asleep, the suddenness of the collapse is almost alarming. Once again I address him. No answer. I continue my unpacking. All my portmanteau arrangements seem to have become unaccountably complicated. I pause and look round. Cheerless. The room is bare and lofty, the bed is small, the window is large, and the one solitary *bougie* sheds a gloom around which makes unpacking a difficulty. I pull up the blind. A lovely moonlight night. In front of me, as if it had had the politeness to put itself out of the way to walk up here, and pay me a visit, stands the Cathedral, that is—some of it; but what I can see of it, *au clair de la lune*, fascinates me. It is company, it is friendly. But it is chilly all the same, and the sooner I close the window and retire the better. Usual difficulty, of course, in closing French window. After a violent struggle, it is done. The bed looks chilly, and I feel sure that that stuffed, pillow-like thing, which is to do duty for blanket and coverlet, can't be warm enough.

Hark! a gentle snore. A very gentle one. It is the first time I ever knew a snore exercise a soothing effect on the listener. This is decidedly soporific. It is an invitation to sleep. I accept. The Cathedral clock sounds a *carillon*. It plays half a tune, too, as if this was all it had learnt up to the present, or perhaps to intimate that there is more where that comes from, only I must wait for to-morrow, and be contented with this instalment. I am. Half a tune is better than no tune at all, or *vice versa*: it doesn't matter. When the tune breaks off I murmur to myself, "To be continued in our next;" and so—as I believe, for I remember nothing after this—I doze off to sleep on this my first night in the ancient town of Reims.



BUMBLE BROUGHT TO BOOK.

["Mr. RITCHIE . . . has taken the unusual step of preparing a memorandum explanatory of . . . the Public Health (London) Act, which comes into operation on the 1st of January . . . The Vestries and District Councils . . . have come out with increased powers, but also with increased responsibilities. They are in future known as 'the sanitary authorities'; they must make bye-laws, and enforce not only their own, but those made by the County Council; and, if they fail in their duty—as, for example, in the matter of removing house-refuse, or keeping the streets clean—they are liable to a fine. It is pleasant to think that, in future, any ratepayer may bring Mr. BUMBLE to book."—*The Times*.]



President of the Local Government Board. "THERE'S MR. BUMBLE'S WORK, MADAM, AND IT'LL BE YOUR OWN FAULT IF YOU DON'T KEEP HIM UP TO IT!"

Bumble. Wot, more dooties piled upon me? It's a beastly black shame and a bore, Which RITCHIE beats *Oliver Twist* in a canter at "asking for more." Didn't grasp his dashed Haet, not at fust, though of course I opposed it like fun;

But this 'ere Memyrandum's a startler. I want to know what's to be done. *Me* keep the streets clean, *me* go poking my dalicot nose into 'oles As ain't fit for 'ogs, but is kep' for them Sweaters' pale victims—pore soles?

Me see that the dust-pails is emptied, and underground bedrooms made sweet? *Me* nail the Court Notices hup upon Butchers as deals in bad meat? Great Scissors, it's somethink houtrageous. I knew RITCHIE's Act meant 'ard lines,

And it's wus than I could 'ave emagined.
 But wot I funk most is them FINES!!!
 Fine *Me*—if I make a mistake, as, perhaps,
 even BUMBLE may do!
 That 's turning the tables a twister! More
 powers? Ah, well, that might do,
 But increase my great "Responsibilities,"
 give them Ratepayers a chance
 Of a calling *me* hover the coals! Won't this
 make my hold henemies dance?
 I never did like that HYGEIA, a pompous and
 nose-poking minx—
 A sort of a female *Poll Pry*, with a heye like
 an 'ork or a lynx;
 But the making me "Sanit'ry," too—oh, I
 know wot *that* means to a T.
 She's cock—or say, hen—of the walk, and
 her sanit'ry slave'll be *Me*!
 Oh, I fancy I see myself sweeping the snow
 from the streets with a broom,
 Or explorin'—with fingers to nose—some
 effluvius hunderground room!
 Or a-trotting around with the dust-pails
 when scavengers chance to run short!
 Oh, just *won't* the street-boys chyike me and
 'ousemaids of BUMBLE make sport?
 Disgustin'! But there RITCHIE stands with
 his dashed Memyrandum. A look
 In his heye seems to tell me that he too enjoys
 bringing BUMBLE to book,
 As the *Times*—I'm surprised at that paper!—
 most pleasantly puts it to-day.
 My friend BONES the Butcher too! Moses!
 wot *would* my old parlour-chum say
 If he saw me a nailing a Notice—but no,
 that's too horrid a dream.
 I must be a 'aving a Nightmare, and things
 cannot be wot they seem.
 I could do with mere Laws—bye or hother-
 wise—Hacts, jest like Honours, is easy,
 But this Memyrandum of RITCHIE's queers
 BUMBLE, and makes him feel queasy,
 Can't pertend as I don't hunderstand it, it's
 plain as my nose, clear as mud.
 I'm responsible for—say Snow-clearing! It
 stirs up a Beadle's best blood!
 And when they can *Fine* me for negligence,
 jest like some rate-paying scrub—
 Oh! Porochial dignity's bust! I must seek a
 pick-up at my Pub! [Does so.]



A MODEST REQUEST.

"I HEAR YOU'RE SO CLEVER ABOUT ZENANA WORK. WILL YOU SHOW ME THE STITCH?"

"FIRST-CLASS" TRAVELLING

Made Easy, by Paying a "Third-class" Fare and a small additional Tip.

(BY ONE WHO HAS DONE IT.)

1. ARRIVE at station in four-wheeler, accompanied by lots of superfluous rugs, wraps, air-cushions, and pillows, &c., and if your domestic arrangements permit of it, two young ladies and one middle-aged one, who should assume an anxious and sympathetic mien.

2. On your cab drawing up, stay with a gentle forbearance the rush of the ordinary attentive porter, and request him, as if you had something important to communicate, to send you "the guard of the train" by which you propose to travel. On the appearance of this official, who will not fail to turn up, you will now appeal to one of your three female assistants, the middle-aged one for choice. Placing your case, as it were, in her hands, she will, in a half-sympathetic, half-commanding tone, address the official somewhat as follows:—"This gentleman, who is travelling to Barminster, and is going third-class (she makes a point of this), is, as you see, a great invalid, and he will require (this with a certain sense of being understood to mean a handsome tip) a carriage to himself." If said with a certain self-assurance, involving a species of lofty wink, this will probably be understood in the right sense by the official in question, and will be probably met by some such assurance as—"The train is very full, Madam, but I will do my best for the gentleman, and can ensure him, I think, a compartment to himself, at least, as far as Bolchester, where I leave the train. But I will explain the matter to my successor, and I have no doubt that he will be able (this also with a significant wink) to ensure the gentleman's seclusion. You are, I think, four? If you will follow me, and take my arm, Sir, I think we shall be able to manage it for you."

3. Enlist the assistance of several attendant porters, regardless of apparent outlay, who have been fairly let into your secret, and are prepared to, and in fact absolutely do, empty a third-class com-

partment already packed with passengers for Barminster, who retreat awe-stricken at your approach.

4. Immediately on taking possession of your carriage, recline the whole length of the five seats, faced by your three sympathetic and anxious-miened female companions. Be careful to give each of the assistant porters certainly not less than sixpence apiece in ostentatious fashion. Do not, however, as yet administer the shilling, or perhaps, eightpence you purpose giving to the original guard of the train who is to hand you over to the official who will have charge of you after Bolchester.

5. You will possibly have a *mauvais quart d'heure* before departure, for though your guard, in hopes of the remunerative fee, will have carefully locked you in, he will not be able to prevent the calculating and more or less unfeeling British public, who, composed of a party of nine, are looking for as many places as they can find together, from discovering that you have six vacant places in your carriage, and directing the attention of other railway officials, not initiated into your secret agreement, to this circumstance. You must therefore be prepared for some such curt brutality as, "Why, look 'ere, EMMA, there's room for 'arf-a-dozen of us 'ere!" or, "I'm sure 'e needn't be a sprawlin' like that, takin' 'arf the carriage to 'isself," a rebuke which your feminine supporters resent in their severest manner. You are, however, at length saved by the interposition of your guardian angel, who sweeps away the party of nine unseated ones with a voice of commanding control, as much as to say, "This isn't your end of the train; besides, can't you see the poor gentleman's pretty well dying?" And he does hurry them off, and pack them in somewhere or other, but whether to their satisfaction or not, it is easier to hazard a guess than faithfully to record.

6. Bolchester is reached, and you are formally introduced to your final guarding and protecting angel, who rapidly takes in the situation, and by an assurance that he will see to your comfort, this, accompanied by a slightly perceptible wink, leaves you in happy expectation, which the result justifies, of reaching your destination uninvaded.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. V.

SCENE—Upper deck of the Rhine Steamer, König Wilhelm, somewhere between Bonn and Bingen. The little tables on deck are occupied by English, American, and German tourists, drinking various liquids, from hook to Pilsener beer, and eating veal-cutlets. Mr. CYRUS K. TROTTER is on the lower deck, discussing the comparative merits of the New York hotels with a fellow countryman. Miss MAUD S. TROTTER is seated on the after-deck in close conversation with CULCHARD. PODBURY is perched on a camp-stool in the forward part. Near him a British Matron, with a red-haired son, in a green and black blazer, and a blue flannel nightcap, and a bery of rabbit-faced daughters, are patronising a tame German Student in spectacles, who speaks a little English.

The British Matron. Oh, you ought to see London; it's our capital—chief city, you know. Very grand—large—four million inhabitants!

[With pride, as being in some way responsible for this.]

A Rabbit-faced Daughter (with a simper). Quite a little world!

[She looks down her nose, as if in fear of having said something a little too original.]

The Germ. Stud. No, I haf not yet at London peen. Ven I will pedder English learn, I go.

The Blazer. You read our English books, I suppose? DICKENS, you know, and HOMER, eh? About the Trojan War—that's his best work!

The Stud. (Ollendorffically). I haf not read DIGGINS; but I haf read ze bapers by Bigwig. Zey are vary indershtin, and gurious.

A Patriotic Young Scot (to an admiring Elderly Lady in a black mushroom hat). Eh, but we just made a pairty and went up Auld Drachenfels, and when we got to th' tope, we danced a richt gude Scots reel, and sang, "We're a' together an' naeboddy by," concluding—just to show, ye'll understand, that we were loyal subbies—wi' "God Save th' Queen." The peasants didna seem just to know what to mak' of us, I prawmise ye!

The Black Mushroom. How I wish I'd been one of you!

The Young Scot (candidly). I doot your legs would ha' stood such wark.

[PODBURY becomes restless, and picks his way among the camp-stools to CULCHARD and Miss TROTTER.]

Podbury (to himself). Time I had a look in, I think. (Aloud.) Well, Miss TROTTER, what do you think of the Rhine, as far as you've got?

Miss T. Well, I guess it's navigable, as far as I've got.

Podb. No, but I mean to say—does it come up to the mark in the scenery line, you know?

Miss T. I can't answer that till I know whereabouts it is they mark the scenery-line. I expect Mr. CULCHARD knows. He knows pretty well everything. Would you like to have him explain the scenery to you going along? His explanations are vurry improving, I assure you.

Podb. I daresay; but the scenery just here is so flat that even my friend's remarks won't improve it.

Culch. (producing his note-book ostentatiously). I do not propose to attempt it. No doubt you will be more successful in entertaining Miss TROTTER than I can pretend to be. I retire in your favour.

[He scribbles.]

Podb. Is that our expenses you're corking down there, CULCHARD, eh?

Culch. (with dignity). If you want to know, I am "corking down," to adopt your elegant expression, a sonnet that suggested itself to me.

Podb. Much better cork that up, old chap—hadn't he, Miss TROTTER?

[He glances at her for appreciation.]

Miss T. That's so. I don't believe the poetic spirit has much chance of slopping over so long as Mr. PODBURY is around. You have considerable merit as a stopper, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. I see; I'd better clear out till the poetry has all gurgled out of him, eh? Is that the idea?

Miss T. If it is, it's your own, so I guess it's a pretty good one.

[PODBURY shoulders off.]

Culch. (with his pathetic stop on). I wish I had more of your divine patience! Poor fellow, he is not without his good points; but I do find him a thorn in my flesh occasionally, I'm afraid.

Miss T. Well, I don't know as a thorn in the flesh is any the pleasanter for having a good point.

Culch. Profoundly true, indeed. I often think I could like him better if there were less in him to like. I assure you he tries me so at times that I could almost wish I was back at work in my department at Somerset House!

Miss T. I daresay you have pretty good times there, too. Isn't that one of your leading dry goods stores?

Culch. (pained). It is not; it is a Government Office, and I am in the Pigeonhole and Docket Department, with important duties to discharge. I hope you didn't imagine I sold ribbons and calico over a counter?

Miss T. (ambiguously). Well, I wasn't just sure. It takes a pretty bright man to do that where I come from.

An Old Lady (who is sitting next to PODBURY, and reading a home-letter to another Old Lady). "Dear MARIA and dear MADELINE are close by, they have taken very comfortable lodgings in Marine Crescent. Dear MADELINE's frame is expected down next Saturday."

Second Old Lady. MADELINE's frame! Is anything wrong with the poor girl's spine?

First Old Lady. I never heard of it. Oh, I see, it's flancé, my dear. CAROLINE does write so illegibly. (Continuing.) "Um—um, suppose you know she will be maimed—" (perhaps it is her spine after all—oh, married, to be sure), "very slowly" (is it slowly or shortly, I wonder?), um—um, "very quiet wedding, nobody but dear Mr. WILKINSON and his hatter."

Second O. L. The idea of choosing one's hatter for one's best man! I'm surprised MARIA should allow it!

First O. L. MARIA always was peculiar—still, now I come to look, it's more like "brother," which is certainly much more suitable. (Continuing.) "She will have no—no bird's-marks . . ." (Now, what does that—should you think that meant "crows-feet"? Oh, no, how stupid of me—bridesmaids, of course!)—"and will go to the

otter a plain guy"—(Oh, CAROLINE really is too . . .)—"to the altar in plain grey! She has been given such quantities of pea-nuts"—(very odd things to give a girl! Oh, presents! um, um)—"Not settled yet where to go for their hangman"—(the officiating clergyman, I suppose—very flippant way of putting it, I must say! It's meant for honeymoon, though, I see, to be sure!) &c., &c.

Culch. I should like to be at Nuremberg with you. It would be an unspeakable delight to watch the expansion of a fresh young soul in that rich mediæval atmosphere!

Miss T. I guess you'll have opportunities of watching Mr. PODBURY's fresh young soul under those conditions, any way.

Culch. It would not be at all the same thing—even if he—but you do think you're coming to Nuremberg, don't you?

Miss T. Well, it's this way. Poppa don't want to get fooling around any more one-horse towns than he can help, and he's got to be fixed up with the idea that Nuremberg is a prominent European sight before he drops everything to get there.

Culch. I will undertake to interest him in Nuremberg. Fortunately, we are all getting off at Bingen, and going, curiously enough,



Mr. Cyrus K. Trotter discussing New York Hotels.

to the same hotel. (*To himself.*) Confound that fellow PODBURY, here he is again!

Podb. (to himself, as he advances). If she's carrying on with that fellow, CULCHARD, to provoke me, I'll soon show her how little I— (*Aloud.*) I say, old man, hope I'm not interrupting you, but I just want to speak to you for a minute, if Miss TROTTER will excuse us. Is there any particular point in going as far as Bingen to-night, eh?

Culch. (resignedly). As much as there is in not going farther than somewhere else, I should have thought.

Podb. Well, but look here—why not stop at Bacharach, and see what sort of a place it is?

Culch. You forget that our time is limited if we're going to stick to our original route.

Podb. Yes, of course; mustn't waste any on the Rhine. Suppose we push on to Maintz to-night, and get the Rhine off our hands then? (*With a glance at Miss TROTTER.*) The sooner I've done with this steamer business the better!

Miss T. Well, Mr. PODBURY, that's not a verry complimentary remark to make before me!

Podb. We've seen so little of one another lately that it can hardly make much difference—to either of us—can it?

Miss T. Now I call that real kind, you're consoling me in advance!

The Steward (coming up). De dickets dat I haf nod yed seen! examining CULCHARD's coupons. For Bingen—so?

Culch. I am. This gentleman gets off—is it Bacharach or Maintz, PODBURY?

Podb. (sulkily). Neither, as it happens. I'm for Bingen, too, as you won't go anywhere else. Though you *did* say when we started, that the advantage of travelling like this was that we could go on or stop just as the fancy took us!

Culch. (calmly). I did, my dear PODBURY. But it never occurred to me that the fancy would take you to get tired of a place before you got there!

Podb. (as he walks forwards). Hang that fellow! I know I shall punch his head some day. And She didn't seem to care whether I stayed or not. (*Hopefully.*) But you never can tell with women!

[He returns to his camp-stool and the letter-reading Old Ladies.]

A SONG IN SEASON.

'Twas the autumn time, dear love,
The English autumn weather;
And, oh, it was sweet, it was hard to beat
As we sailed that day together!
It was cold when we started out,
As we noted with sad surprise;
And the tip of your nose was as blue, I suppose,
As the blue of your dear, dear eyes.

We sailed to Hampton Court,
And the sun had burnt us black;
Then we dodged a shower for the half of an hour,
And then we skated back;
Till the weather grew depressed
At the shifting state of its luck,
And the glass, set fair, gave it up in despair,
And much of the lightning struck.

We sat on the bank in the storm,
In the steady fall of the snow,
In the stinging hail and the howling gale,
And the scorching sun, you know;
We sat in it all—yes, all!
We cared for no kind of weather—
What made us so mad was the fact that we had
The whole of the kinds together.

ROBERT'S FUTURE.

My kind Amerryrain acquaintance—I musn't call him frend tho' he is so verry free and social with me, for I hopes I knos my proper place—has giwen me a long account of his week at Brighton. It seems as he was in grate luck, for it was Brighton Race Week, and he is good enuff to say that, whatever diffrent opinyons the men of other countries may find in regard to the various customs and manners of our grate but rayther rum nashun, they all agrees, with one aord, that a English race-course is the prettyest and nicest thing of the sort that the hole world can show. I rayther thinks as he dropt his money there, but it couldn't have bin verry much, for it didn't have the least effeck on his good temper. It seems as he got interdooced to some sillybrated pusson who rites in papers and seemed to kno everythink, but wot he wanted to kno was if I could tell him what caused his verry bad indijeshun, to which I at once replied, without a moment's hesitashun, that it was prob-

berbly owing to his being, wich he told me he was, a sort of relashun of a real Common Councilman of the Grand old City of London! at which he larfed quite hartily, and said, "Bravo, Mr. ROBERT, that's one to you!"

He arterwards asked me for the verry best place to go to, where he coud have jest about a few hours quiet refleckshun all to hisself without not nothink to disturb him; so I sent him to Marlow, gentlemanly Marlow, if you please, with a letter to my old friend BILL the Fisherman, and there, he told me arterwards, he had sich a luvly day of it as he never remembered having afore. He sat



for fours ours in a luvly Punt, in a bewtiful drizzlin rain, with lots of fish a biting away, but he was much too much engaged to pay the least atenshun to 'em, and there wasn't not noboddy to bother him; so he sat there, and thort out about the most himportentest ewent of his life; and when I waited upon him at the "Grand Hotel" arterwards, I don't think as I ewer seed a reel Gent, as he suttlenly is, in such jolly good sperrits. So, seeing how verry successfool I had been, I wentured to say to him,—"And now, Sir, if you wants to see gentlemanly Marlow in quite another aspice, and one that estonishes and delites all as sees it, just take the 9'45 train from Paddington next Sunday, and, directly you gets there, go at wunce to the Lock, and there, for ours and ours you will see sich a sight of most ravishing bewty, combined with helegance and hart, as praps no other spot in all the hole world can show! Why, Sir," I said, "every time as the full Lock opens its yawning gates, at the command of one of the principel hofferers of the Tems Conserwancy, you will think of the Gates of Parrydice a hopening for a excurshun of hundreds of the most bewtifullest Angels as generally lives there!" "Why, Mr. ROBERT," says the Amerryrain, "your henthiasm xcites my curocity, and I'll suttlenly go, and," he added, with almost a blushing smile, "I rayther thinks as I'll take a companion with me."

And off he went on the follering Sunday, and didn't git back till seven o'clock to dinner, and his fust words to me was,—"Mr. ROBERT, you didn't in the least xagerate the bewty of the scene as you sent me for to see—it was as strange and as lovely as a Faery Tail! I wasn't at all surprised to see what Swells there was among 'em, and what verry particklar attentions they paid to 'em, cos I reklek how My Lord RANGDULF CHURCHILL slected that particklar spot, on henny particklar fine Sunday, to seek that verry welcome and much wanted change from his sewere Parlemetary dooties, as he used wen he were ere among us to rekuire, for I guess as there ain't sich a sight to be seen not nowheres else so well calkated to brighten a pore feller up who's jest about done up with reel hard work." I didn't quite understand what made my Amerryrain smile quite so sllly as he finished his rayther long speech, but he most certenly did, and then set to work at his dinner.

He arterwards told me as how as he means to pay a visit, when the season begins, to our new Hotel at Monty Carlo, sumwheres in France, and try his new system at the Tables, and if he suckseeds, as he knows he shall, he will, praps, sum day tell me his secret, and then I shall have to ask my gentlemanly Manager here to let me have a few weeks there, and then I shan't want to do any more waiting! What a prospeck!

ROBERT.



COUNTRY-HOUSE PETS.

The Morning-Room at Glen-Dimity Castle, after Lunch. Mr. Belamy Tabby is singing "Hi tiddley hi ti, hi, ti, hi!"

The Duchess. "HOW CLEVER AND AMUSIN' YOUR FRIEND, MR. WHATSHISNAME IS!—TABBY, ISN'T IT? So GOOD-LOOKIN' AND GENTLEMANLIKE TOO! QUITE A GODSEND ON A RAINY DAY LIKE THIS, WHEN ALL THE MEN ARE OUT SHOOTIN' OR FISHIN', OR SOMETHING! IS HE MARRIED?"

Noble Hostess. "OH YES; BUT WHAT'S SO NICE ABOUT HIM, HE DOESN'T MIND BEIN' ASKED WITHOUT HIS WIFE. THOSE SORT OF PERSONS SO OFTEN EXPECT THEIR WIVES TO BE ASKED TOO, AND THAT'S SUCH A BORE, YOU KNOW!"

Her Grace. "YES; HOW SENSIBLE OF HIM! I MUST GET HIM TO COME TO US AT BRASENOSE TOWERS!"

THE CANADIAN "SEARCH-LIGHT."

(A SONG OF SINCERE SYMPATHY.)

AIR—"The Slave in the Dismal Swamp."

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The Search-Light sends its ray!
What is that hideous oozy tramp?
What creatures crawling 'midst jungle damp
Scuttle from light away?

Revealing radiance shine, oh shine,
Through black bayou and brake,
Where knotted parasites intertwine,
And through the tangles of poisonous vine
Glideth the spotted snake.

Where hardly a human foot would pass,
Or an honest heart would dare
The quaking mud of the foul morass, [grass,
With rank weed choked, and with clotted
Fit for a reptile's lair.

They dread the light, do those dismal things,
Its gleam they dare not face.
Their snaky writhings, their bat-like wings,
Their quaking menace of fangs and stings
Make horror of the place.

All things should be so bright and fair
In a land so glad and free;
But the Search-Light layeth dark secrets
bare,
And shows how loathsomeness builds a lair
In a land of Liberty.

Push on, brave bearer of piercing Light,
Through pestilential gloom,
Where crawls the spawn of Corruption's night!
Deal out, stout searcher, to left and right,
The cleansing strokes of doom.

That fair lithe form in that fleet frail bark
Is a comely Nemesis,
Before whose menace 'tis good to mark
The reptile dwellers in dens so dark
Driven with growl and hiss.

The saurian huge and the lizard slow,
Foul shapes of ruthless greed,
And the stealthy snake of the sudden blow,
All owl-like shrink from the Search-Light's
glow,
Or fly with felon speed.

Corruption's spawn must be chased and slain,
Scourged from the wholesome earth.
It clingeth else like the curse of CAIN.
Smite, smite like hail upon garnered grain,
These things of bestial birth!

Old Doggerel Re-dressed.

(After reading certain Criticisms on certain Novel-ists, certain Comments on those Criticisms, and certain Rejoinders to those Comments.)

LITTLE novelists have little critics,
Like little gnats, to bite 'em;
Those little critics have lesser critics,
And so *ad infinitum*!

LINES BY A LEWISHAM WITLER.

THE PENN is mightier than the sword—
Of any Red-Rad whipster.
I said he'd win—doubted my word;
But I'm the O. K. tipster.
Rads roughed on me and called me "Bung;"
I've bunged them up—a corker—
At the result their heads they hung.
They whip the Witler? Walker!
We're the PENN-holders. For their man
That One-Six-Nine-Three nicked him,
Witlers warmed up "Old Warmingpan;"
PENN gave him odds, and licked him.
"Villadom" did its duty—game;
Rads jeered it; that's their mania.
Lewisham? No, we'll change the name,
And call it—PENN-Sylvania!

TIP BY A TORY.—The *Star*, talking of "Hodge's Political Salvation," says that Mr. GLADSTONE has given the Liberal country programme in a sentence. I will give it in a word. It is all "Hodge-podge!"

UNATTRACTIVE COMBINATION.—If a young woman is "fast," and uncommonly ugly, wouldn't she make a great mistake were she to combine the two qualities, and be "fast-idious"?

NAME FOR A CERTAIN SECTION OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS.—The Nude Journalism.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.



THE CANADIAN "SEARCH-LIGHT."

THE COQUETTE OF THE PERIOD.

You vowed you loved me, but your eyes
Said just the same to dozens,
The music of your low replies,
Was heard by several cousins.
Forgive me if I could not cope,
With charms so comprehensive;
And scarce believed a love whose scope,
Was really too extensive.



The fashion of the age you'll say,
But I've a predilection
For girls who in the olden way
Retain one man's affection.
You favoured me with witching smiles,
You gave me frequent dances;
But other men that I wished miles
Away, enjoyed your glances.
Man loves as men loved in old times,
And as in legends hoary,
We celebrate a maid in rhymes,
Is that too old a story?
But still man loves one girl alone,
And flies when he discovers—
That she he thought was all his own,
Has half a dozen lovers.
You sighed and said that you felt hurt,
And prettily you pouted,
When anybody called you flirt,
A fact I never doubted.
And yet such wheedling ways you had,
Man yielded willy-nilly;
And half your swains were nearly mad,
And all of us were silly.
Youth's first illusions fly apace,
And now one man confesses
He scarcely can recall your face,
Or colour of your dresses.
And whether you were false or true,
Or what fate followed after,
Remembrance only keeps of you
The echo of your laughter.

PROVERBIAL PRAYER FOR A PAUPER-HATING BUMBLE.—Give me neither poverty nor Ritches!

A CREDITABLE INCIDENT IN THE NEXT WAR.

(An Advance Sheet from Mr. Punch's Prophetic History of Europe.)

["Italy is bound to maintain abroad the appearance of a great and rich country, while at home she ought to conduct herself as if in straitened circumstances."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE Italian Army had been completely victorious. There was but one drawback to the entire satisfaction of the Commander-in-Chief—one of his favourite Generals was under arrest, and was being tried by court-martial. The accused had refused the assistance of Counsel, and had insisted upon pleading "Guilty."

"But," urged the Commander-in-Chief, "you surely have some excuse. To sack a private house belonging to your own countryman was unpardonable. It was an aimless piece of Vandalism! For your own reputation—for the sake of your ancestors—on behalf of your descendants—some explanation should be afforded."

"Surely this is no time for levity," murmured a Warrior-Journalist, who was suspected of combining with the duties of a hero the labours of a Special Correspondent for a Roman journal.

"Do I look like a jester?" asked the Prisoner; and then he added, "My brave companions, it is for the honour of our country—to conceal her poverty from the sneers of foreigners—that I carry with me the secret of my action to the family vault. Press me no further—see, I am ready for the firing-party!"

There was nothing further to be said, and the little procession made its way to the Barrack Square. The Prisoner shook hands warmly with his Judges, and with the weeping soldiery who were to act as his executioners. "I will give the words of command myself. Ready—present—"

"Stop!" An aged man had approached the group. He was out of breath with running. The firing-party paused, and lowered their rifles.

"Do not listen to him!" shouted the Accused. "And if he will not desist, shoot him too—shoot us both."

"You exceed your duties, Sirrah," said the Commander-in-Chief, with some severity—for discipline was strict in the Italian Army. "It is for me to command, not you!" The Prisoner lowered his head at the just reproof, and then his superior officer continued, "Why do you ask us to desist?"

"Because the Prisoner is innocent. He acted from the best of motives. I was the proprietor of the shop he sacked, and I (for after all, I am a patriot) demand his pardon!"

"You!" exclaimed the Commander-in-Chief. "Surely you ought to be the last to urge such a plea. We do not know what your shop contained, but presume that the contents was your property."

"You are right in the presumption," acquiesced the aged man; "but these documents will show that he was right, from a military point of view, to sack my shop."

The Commander-in-Chief hastily glanced at the papers, and with a thrill of pleasure, ordered his favourite General to be released.

"This mystery must never be revealed," he murmured. And it never would, had not the hero-journalist printed the story. Thus it was that the tale became international property. Now it is known all the world over that the General sacked a shop to obtain the arms and accoutrements of the Italian Army. But it is still (comparatively) a secret that the proprietor of the establishment carried on on the premises the business of a pawnbroker!

COMPULSORY GREEK;

OR, BYRON UP TO DATE.

(A British Boy's View on a Burning Question.)

COMPULSORY Greek! Compulsory Greek! Though "burning SAPPHO loved and sung," Why in Greek shackles should they seek To bind the British schoolboy's tongue? Eternal bores, that Attic set, [yet. But, heaven be thanked, we'll "chuck" them "The Scian and the Teian Muse" Ruled us as tyrants absolute; Now even pedagogues refuse To stodge us with such stale old fruit. Why should the STANLEY-dowered West Make the *Anabasis* a test?



They teach us about Marathon,
But what is Marathon to me?
Tell me of fights still going on,
Men "rightly struggling to be free;"
Nay, I find interest much more brave in
The mill 'twixt Thingummy and SLAVIN.

Oh, feed me not on mythic lore,
But Science and the modern Fact,
Teach me Electric Fires to store,
The difference 'twixt "Bill" and "Act."
Why should a Cockney care a "cuss"
For HOMER or for ÆSCHYLUS?

For who are they? But what art thou,
My Country? On thy fertile shore
The heroic lyre is tuneless now;
To scheme for dividends, dig for ore,
These are the things we hold divine,
Not HOMER's long-resounding line.

If you would make a splendid name
Amidst a lucre-loving race,
You must be in god Mammon's game,
And hustle for a foremost place.
What do we want with poets here?
For Greece a snub, for Greek a sneer!

Must we still pore o'er classic text
Because our simple fathers said
It made "a gentleman"? What next?
Let the dead languages stay dead!
Hooray for Fact and Rule of Three!
Compulsory Greek is fiddle-de-dee.

Place me on Stock Exchange's steep
With nought to do but sell and buy
To Bull and Bear we need not keep
Our classics up; that's all my eye.
Ho! for the Factory, Mart, and Mine
The toils of Greek our souls decline.



THE POOR OVERWORKED PARLIAMENTARY OFFICIAL TRIES TO ESCAPE FOR A HOLIDAY WITHIN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

SOLOMON PELL IN ALL HIS GLORY.

A Dickensian Dream at Plymouth.

"Boy!" cried Mr. SOLOMON PELL, in the tones of a severe Stentor. The small Boy with the Big Blue Bag responded promptly with a deferential "Yussir."

"Listen!" pursued Mr. PELL, with dignity. And he read with emphatic elocution from some closely-printed columns in the *Times*, interjecting exclamatory comments from time to time.

"When we remember the importance of the work daily intrusted to Solicitors (*Important, indeed!*), and the amount of industry (*Quite so!*), judgment (*Exactly!*), learning (*I believe you!*), and integrity (*Why, cert'n'y!*), it involves, and the responsibility which is necessarily incurred by them in advising, not only in public and political matters, but in all the details of private transactions, the dealings with property, and matters affecting not only the purses, but the honour and reputation (*Ah!!*), of the members of the community (*Well, and pointedly put, Boy!*), and when we remember, in addition, what a powerful and (on the whole) respected body they are (*I should think so!*)—a body, too, consisting not merely of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" (*I should say not, indeed! Fancy me being a mere "atom," or fortuitous!*) ("Please, Sir, I can't," interjected the Boy with the Bag)—each going his own way, and seeking his own interest, but bound together, as the great bulk of its members are, and organised by means of this great Society, and of the kindred societies scattered over the country, and acting in harmony with it—it seems most surprising (*Surprising? Astounding, Sir!*) that so little in the way of dignity and reward can be looked forward to by the Solicitor, however honestly, ably, and conscientiously he may perform the arduous and responsible duties of his profession."

Mr. PELL here paused, and panted, like one who comes to the surface after a deep-sea dive. Then he pursued:—

"There, Boy! *That* is from the opening speech of the President of the Incorporated Law Society at Plymouth! And excellent it is,—though perhaps a little long-winded. As a mere sentence, a sinuous sequence of words, a 'breather' in syllables, an exercise in adjectives, it cuts the record and takes the cake. But look, Boy, at the sound common-sense of it! Since the famous, if flattering, remarks—concerning Me!—of my late friend, the ex-Lord-Chancellor, who said—nay, swore, that 'the country ought to be proud of me,' I have met with no observations concerning our Profession which so commend themselves to my judgment."

"Oh, please Sir, yussir, right you are, Sir!" jerked out the Boy with the Bag.

"Right Mr. MELMOTH WALTERS is," corrected Mr. PELL, severely. "I knew it would come, Boy, and it *has*. Though it has taken time, it has taken time. Listen yet further, and don't fidget with that Bag!"

"I contend (*He contends!*) that it is the duty of the State to provide due recognition of merit in the ranks of a Profession which has been set apart (*Dedicated, as it were, like a—like a—sort of a scapegoat—ahem!* no, not that, exactly, either, but—a—you know, Boy, you know!), and regulated (*Just a leetle too much, perhaps*) by it, from which so much is expected, and to which so much is confided."

"Splendid! My sentiments to a touch! Sir, that Blue Bag is a Temple of Sacred Secrets, and *should* be a shrine of Open Honour. (*Must make a note of that for my next speech at the Forum!*) 'Sir SOLOMON PELL' would not sound badly, eh, Boy?"



"Oh, please Sir, yussir—I mean, no, Sir, fur from it, Sir—fur from it!"

"And yet the Bar gets all the honours, and most of the emoluments, whilst the Blue Bag, too often, is sent empty away. Is it just? Is it judicious? What says once again the Plymouth oracle?"

"I ask whether it is wise or prudent on the part of the State to leave unnoticed and disregarded the higher aspirations and ambitions of a large and useful and powerful class of the community?"

"No, Sir—a thousand times no! Let our 'higher aspirations' be considered. *Some* of us have souls above six-and-eightpence, and yearnings beyond bills of costs. Let 'em be gratified, Boy!"

"Oh, please Sir, yussir; let 'em! Immediately—if not sooner, Sir!"

"By the State—with a capital S! If a soldier may carry a Field Marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, why, *why* should not a Solicitor carry a Baronetcy in his Blue Bag?"

"And Ekker answers, 'Why?' Sir."

"I beg your pardon, Boy, it is the *Times*, not the *Echo*, which so answers. The *Times* says:—

"'They (Solicitors) are the guardians of our dearest (yes, our *dearest*) interests, the confidants of family secrets, the arbiters in family controversies, and not infrequently the custodians of the honour and the good name of their clients.'

"Quite so. Why, Boy, did we let out the Secrets of the Blue Bag, the contents of Old Nick's Sack, which that 'stupid old snuff-colour'd son of a gun,' Saint Medard 'cut into slits on the Red Sea shore,' would be *nothing* to 'em!"

"Nothink at all, Sir; nothink, wotsomedevel!"

"No matter—a time will come, Boy! In Mr. WILLIAM MELMOTH WALTERS's speech I see the dawn of it."

"The Profession, it is true, does not receive in any great measure those official dignities and rewards which the President claims on its behalf, nor are we quite confident that, if it did, the fact would increase the confidence or the respect of its clients."

"Well, the *Times* may not be 'quite confident.' I am! And so would the clients be, I'm sure. Remove that Blue Bag, Boy! Wonder what Mr. *Pickwick's* opinion of Mr. WALTERS's speech would have been, and that of the *Wellers*, father and son! [*Sings.*]

"I'll place it in the hand of my Solicitors;

I'll have this thing put right.

We may make money,

But—*isn't it funny!*—

Few 'dignities' Solicitors delight!"

[*Left considering it.*]

FROM DARKEST AFRICA.

MRS. SHELDON is back from her travels abroad.

Were she only a man, we should hail her as manly!

As it is, there are some who, in wishing to laud,

Are accustomed to call her the feminine STANLEY.

But now this adventurous, much-daring she

Through such perils has gone, and so gallantly held on,

In time that's to come Mr. STANLEY may be

Merely known to us all as the male Mrs. SHELDON!

MOTTO FOR THE OPPONENTS OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—No noose is good news! (But what will grim Lord GRIMTHORPE say?)

THE Cheapest Insurance Office must be the *Fee-nix*.

STORICULES.

II.—THE BACK-VIEW.

THE boy had gone out to get change.

I was waiting in the studio, listening to the photographer. He was in quite a small way of business, and no one would have expected him to have any change for anything. I was sitting on a rustic stile, with a Greek temple and some wilted *Spiræas* in the background.



He was in the dark room, busy, splashing liquids about, and reminiscent. I still believe that he thought the time of waiting would seem shorter to me if he talked. The whole place seemed to suggest financial difficulties, and smelt of chemicals.

"You remember the Punyer case?" he asked. His voice sounded thin and far-off through the closed door of the dark room.

I did. PUNYER had been a cashier, and had absconded with rather more than the usual amount.

"Well, I had some dealings with PUNYER. As a cashier he was cer-

tainly dishonest, but as a man he was absolutely reliable, and nothing would induce him to break his word. I know that to be a fact from my personal experience of the man; indeed, it was through me that he was identified—or, rather, through one of my photographs."

"Really?"

"Yes. On the day that he absconded, a four-wheeler drove up to this house. The driver got off, and sent a message up to the studio that a gentleman in a cab outside wished to speak to me. So, of course, I went out. Inside the cab I found a man wearing a thick green veil. He explained to me that his face had been injured in a railway accident, and that he could not allow it to be seen by any one. He wanted me to photograph the back of his head. He knew that the request was unusual. 'But,' he said, pathetically, 'my few friends have got to know the back of my head, just as they know the faces of others who are—who are less unfortunate than myself. The doctors tell me that I have not long to live, and my friends are eager to have some slight memento of me.' I was much moved, and I agreed to photograph him at once."

"The man was PUNYER?"

"Of course. The photograph of the back of his head turned out admirably—clear and full of character."

"But why did he get photographed at all?"

"You shall hear; it all came out afterwards. I have already told you that PUNYER, in his private capacity, was a man of his word. It appears that he was engaged to a Miss MIRANDA BUDE. Indeed, it was to her that I was to send the photographs when they were finished. He had promised her that he would have his photograph taken for her on his birthday; and the day on which he absconded happened to be his birthday. He could not break his promise. What was he to do? At first he disguised himself as far as he could; he shaved off his luxurious beard and moustache; he had his long fair hair closely cropped and stained black. But there was on his face one certain mark of identification which he could not alter nor remove. It was a slight scar, extending diagonally across his forehead; when he was a child he once fell into the fender, and the mark had remained ever since. At last the bright idea occurred to him that he might have the back of his head photographed instead of his face, and so keep his promise to MIRANDA. It was really a brilliant idea. For there was absolutely nothing in the view of the back of his head by which he could be identified."

"But you told me just now that he actually was identified by your photograph."

"So he was;—I was just going to explain. I was sitting in my studio one day, touching up the photographs of the back-view of PUNYER, when in came a detective from Scotland Yard. From his appearance, a detective was the last thing on earth that you would have taken him to be."

"They generally say that in the detective stories," I said, meditatively.

"If you think I'm making this up——"

"No, no,—not at all. Go on."

"Well, he told me his business, and I at once showed him one of the photographs, telling him under what circumstances they were taken. He examined it carefully. 'Ah!' he said, 'if I only could prove that this was PUNYER, I should be able to complete my case, and my advancement would be certain. In my own mind I am convinced of it, but at present I cannot prove it. PUNYER had a scar on his face. It was like his devilish cunning to have only the back of his head photographed!' He was just leaving, when suddenly a new idea seemed to flash across him. He seized the photograph, and rushed across to the mirror. You know that if anything is written backwards, you can read it by holding it up to a looking-glass. So, of course, the detective, by holding up the photograph of the back-view, saw the full-face reflected. The scar showed just above the green veil, and consequently——"

At this point the boy returned with my change. The photographer had locked himself into the dark room, and I could not get at him; the law gives a man no redress under such circumstances, and so I came away.

I might have got over the story, perhaps; but my change, I found afterwards, was sixpence short, and that is not so easy to forgive.

"ENTERTAINMENT."

"People of this high class (Royal Highnesses, &c.) are said to 'entertain' visitors, but that is an inversion of the actual fact; their object is to be entertained. And quite right too. Nothing can surely be more delightful than to have one's house full of friends at will, and then be able to turn them out at a moment's notice (as a life-boat gets rid of superfluous water) by that simple mechanism of a Chamberlain. When the Social System attains its acmé, all of us will have a Chamberlain and be entertained."—JAMES PAYN.]

Host (concerning Guest):—

THE twenty-first day, and no signs of a budge!—

And it isn't for want of "suggestion."

I begin to suspect Hospitality's fudge,

Meaning—mutually ruined digestion!

He is such a bore, and his wife is so fat,

And as fond of her bed as a dormouse.

My girls say—in confidence—she is a cat;

I'm sure he's a prig and a poor-mouse.

I fancied he'd "influence," which he might use

For DICK, our third son, who's a duffer.

It doesn't come off, and I really refuse

In DICK's interests longer to suffer.

PAYN's right, and a Chamberlain would be a boon.

Ah! I know so precisely what PAYN meant.

What! Be entertained—by one's guests? I'd as soon

From a locust-swarm seek—Entertainment!

Guest (concerning Host):—

Hah! He wants to get rid of us, curriish old cub!

But, although it's by no means amusing,

My only alternative now is the Club.

Confound Mrs. JONES for refusing

McMungo's "invite" into Scotland. She thought

This crib was as swell, and more cosy.

She hoped, too, to meet that young MAGNUS McNAUGHT,

Who once seemed so sweet on our ROSIE.

We're bored to extinction, and BLOOGS is a "foots";

If we're late down to breakfast, he snorts at us.

He worries our lives out with pic-nics and shoots,

And will flourish his Clarets and Ports at us.

My wife likes her ease and her breakfast in bed;

I hate cellar-swagger and scurry.

Entertainment indeed! We're as lumpish as lead

When we're not on the whirl or the worry.

But turn out to-morrow, my BLOOGS? No, not me,

Though I know what your "little hints" signify.

Your "dear DICK" forsooth! Such a noodle as he

The title of "duffer" would dignify

You've given up hope about him, and so now

You would have us "make room." Not precisely!

Till the Tenth, when we're due at Dunctack, somehow

"The Doldrums" will do pretty nicely.

PAYN's right. With "high rank and no manners," a man

His guests may "evict" at his pleasure;

But BLOOGS—till he hits on some "Chamberlain" plan—

Must leave 'em to flit at their leisure.

I made up my mind when I came to this place;

For a month, at the least, to remain meant.

Though now my amusement at BLOOGS's wry face

Is nearly my sole "Entertainment."

SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

CHAPTER IV.

Reims—Solemnity—Relief—En voiture—Politeness—Calling—Calves
—Caves—Starting—Cocher—Duet.

SEEN the Cathedral. Grand. As I am not making notes for a Guide-book, shall say nothing about it. "Don't mention it," I shan't. Much struck by the calm air of repose about Reims. So silent is it, that DAUBINET's irrepressible singing in the solemn courtyard of the Hotel comes quite as a relief. It is an evidence of life. This Hotel's exceptional quietude suggests the idea of its being conducted like a prison on the silent system, with, of course, dumb-waiters to assist in the peculiarly clean and tidy *salle à manger*.

"Petzikoff! Bless the Prince of WAILES!" sings out DAUBINET, whose *Mark-Tapley*-like spirits would probably be only exhilarated by a lonely night in the Catacombs. Then he shakes hands with me violently. In France he insists upon shaking hands on every possible occasion with anybody, in order to convey to his own countrymen the idea of what a thorough Briton he is.

"Vous avez eu votre café? Eh bien alors—allons! pour passer chez mon ami VESQUIER," says DAUBINET, at the same time signalling a meandering fly-driver who, having pulled up near the Cathedral, is sitting lazily on his box perusing a newspaper. He looks up, catches sight of DAUBINET, nods, folds up the paper, sits on it, gives the reins one shake to wake up the horse, and another, with a crack of his whip, to set the sleepy animal in motion, and the animal being partially roused, he drives across the street to us. DAUBINET directs him, and on we go, lumbering and rattling through the town, meeting only one other *voiture*, whose driver appears infinitely amused at his friend having obtained a fare. Some chaff passes between them, which to me is unintelligible, and which DAUBINET professes not to catch, but I fancy, whatever it is, it is not highly complimentary to our *cocher's* fares. In one quarter through which we drive, they are setting up the booths and roundabouts for a Fair.

"They can't do much business here," I observe to my companion.

"Immense!" he replies.—"But there's no one about."

"There will be," he returns. "Manufacturing town—everybody engaged in business. Bell rings—*Caramba!*—out they come, like the cigarette-makers in *Carmen*." Here he hums a short musical extract from BIZET's Opera, then resumes—"Town's all alive—then, after dinner, back to business—evening time out to play, to *cafés*, to the Fair! God save the QUEEN!"

"But there's nothing doing at night, as we saw when we arrived yesterday," I observe.

"No," says DAUBINET; "it is an early place." Then he sings, "If you're waking"—he pronounces it "whacking"—

"call me early, mothair dear!" finishing up with a gay laugh, and a guttural ejaculation in Russian; at least, I fancy it is Russian. "Ah! *voilà!*"

We have pulled up before a very clean-looking and handsome *façade*. The carriage-gates are closed, but a side-door is immediately opened, and a neat elderly woman answers DAUBINET's inquiries to his perfect satisfaction. "Vesquier est chez lui. Entrez donc!" We enter, profoundly saluting the portress. When abroad, an Englishman should never omit the smallest chance of taking off his hat and bowing profoundly, no matter to whom it may be. Every Englishman abroad represents "All England"—not the eleven, but the English character generally, and therefore, when among people noted for their politeness, he should be absolutely remarkable for his courteous manners. As a rule, to which there can be no exception taken, never lose any opportunity of lifting your hat, and making your most polished bow. This, in default of linguistic facility, is universally understood and appreciated in all civilised countries. In uncivilised countries, to remove your hat, or to bow, may be taken as a gross outrage on good manners, or as signifying some horrible immorality, in which case the offender would not have the chance of repeating his well-intentioned mistake. But within the limits of Western enlightenment to bow is mere civility, and may be taken as a preface to conversation; to omit it is to show lack of breeding and to court hostility. Therefore, N.B. *Rule in travelling*—Bow to everybody. And this, by the way, is, after all, only *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant's* receipt for getting on in the world by 'boo'ing and boo'ing.

We pass through a courtyard, reminding me of the kind of court-

yard still to be seen in some of our old London City houses-of-business. This, however, is modernised with whitewash. Here also, it being a Continental court-yard, are the inevitable orange-trees in huge green tubs placed at the four corners. A few pigeons feeding, a blinking cat curled up on a mat, pretending to take no sort of interest in the birds, and a little child playing with a cart. Such is this picture. Externally, not much like a house of business; but it is, and of big business too. We enter a cool and tastefully furnished apartment. Here M. VESQUIER receives us cordially. He has a military bearing, suggesting the idea of a Colonel *en retraite*. I am preparing compliments and interrogatories in French, when he says, in good plain English, with scarcely an accent—

"Now DAUBINET has brought you here, we must show you the calves, and then back to breakfast. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly." I think to myself—why "calves"? It sounded like "calves," only without the "S." Must ask presently.

M. VESQUIER begs to be excused for a minute; he will return directly. I look to DAUBINET for an explanation. "We are, then, going to see a farm, I presume?" I say to him. "Farm!" exclaims DAUBINET, surprised. "*Que voulez-vous dire, mon cher?*"—"Well, didn't Mister—Mister—" "VESQUIER," suggests DAUBINET.

"Yes, Mister VESQUIER—didn't he say we were to go and 'see the calves'—*C'est à dire*," I translate, in despair at DAUBINET's utterly puzzled look, "*que nous irons avec lui à la ferme pour voir les veaux*—the calves."—"Ha! ha! ha!" Off goes DAUBINET into a roar. Evidently I've made some extraordinary mistake. It flashes across me suddenly. Owing to M. VESQUIER's speaking such excellent English, it never occurred to me that he had suddenly interpolated the French word "*caves*" as an anglicised French word into his speech to me. This accounts for his suppression of the final consonant.

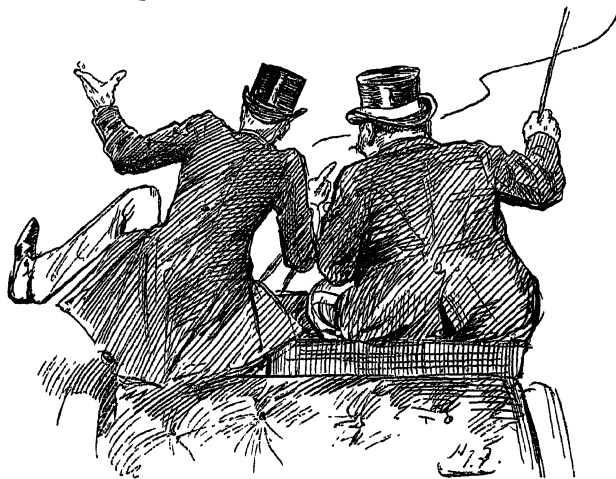
"Ah!" I exclaim, suddenly enlightened; "I see—the cellars."

"*Pou ni my?*" cries DAUBINET, still in ecstasies, and speaking Russian or modern Greek. "*Da!*—of course—*c'est ça—nous allons voir les caves*—the cellars—where all the champagne is. *Karrascho!*"

At this moment M. VESQUIER returns. He will just take us through the offices to his private rooms. Clerks at work everywhere. Uncommonly like an English place of business: not much outward difference between French clerks in a large house like this and English ones in one of our great City houses; only this isn't the City, but is, so to speak, more Manchesterian or Liverpoolian, with the immense advantage of being remarkably clean, curiously quiet, and in a pure and fresh atmosphere. I don't clearly understand what M. VESQUIER's business is, but as he seems to take for granted that I know all about it, I trust to getting DAUBINET alone and obtaining definite information from him. Are they VESQUIER's caves we are going to see? "No," DAUBINET tells me presently, quite surprised at my ignorance; "we are going to see the *caves de Popperie*—Popper & Co., only Co.'s out of it, and it's all POPP now."

"Now then, Gentlemen," says the *gérant* of Popp & Co, "here's a *voiture*. We have twenty minutes' drive." The Popp-Manager points out to me all the interesting features of the country. DAUBINET amuses himself by sitting on the box and talking to the coachman.

"It excites me," he explains, when requested to take a back seat inside—though, by the way, it is in no sense DAUBINET's *métier* to "take a back seat,"—"it excites me—it amuses me to talk to a *cocher*. On ne peut pas causer avec un vrai *cocher* tous les jours."



And presently we see them gesticulating to each other and talking both at once, DAUBINET, of course, is speaking English and various other languages, but as little French as possible, to the evident bewilderment of the driver. DAUBINET is perfectly happy. "Petzikoff! Bless the Prince of WAILES!" I hear him bursting out occasionally. Whereat the coachman smiles knowingly, and flicks the horses.

THE TWO WINDS.

(A Fairy Story for the Season of 1891. Imitated—at a distance—from Hans Andersen's celebrated Tale of *The Four Winds*.)



THE Mother of the Winds (acting as *locum tenens* for her Clerk of the Weather, who, sick of his own unseasonable work, was off to spend his annual holiday with Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in the Pacific Isles), received the desperately damp, dishevelled, blown-about, and almost heart-broken Princess AGRICULTURA at the door of the Cave. "Oh, here you are again!" she cried, "once more in the Cavern of the Winds! And this time you have brought two of my sons with you, I see," she added, pointing to the South Wind and the West Wind, who were blowing away at the Princess like bellowy blends of Blizzards, Cloud-bursts, Tornadoes and Tritons.

"Oh, do for pity's sake, stop them!" cried AGRICULTURA, struggling hard to keep herself and her garments together. "It seems as though the heavens have become one vast sluice, that keeps pouring down water, as my predecessor, the Prince, put it. I have not a dry thread about me. Please put them in their Bags—do—whilst I have a little talk with you about them, and the mischief they have been doing."

Two prolonged chuckles, a deep stentorian one and a sharp staccato one, came from the two Bags already hanging to the wall of the Cavern, from whence subsequently protruded the round ruddy form of the North and the pinched figure of the East Wind.

"Ho! ho! ho!" chortled the North Wind, chokingly.
 "Who says I do all the damage?"
 "He! he! he!" sniggered the East Wind, raspingly.
 "Who is the pickle and spoil-sport now, I should like to know?"

"Shut up!" said the Mother of the Winds, sharply.
 "And as to you two," she added, turning to the South and West Winds, "if you don't stand still and give an account of yourselves, I'll pop you into your respective Bags in the twinkling of a hundred-ton gun!"

"Why, who is she, that she should call us over the clouds?" cried the two Winds, stopping their blowing a bit, and pointing to the Princess.

"She is my guest," said the old woman; "and if that does not satisfy you, you need only get into the Bags. Do you understand me now?"

Well, this did the business at once; and the two Winds, in a breath, began to relate whence they came, and what they had been doing for nearly three months past.

"We have been spoiling the English Summer," they said.

"That's nothing new," muttered the Mother of the Winds.

"Isn't it, though—in the way we've done it?" cried the two, triumphantly. "Why, those two Boys over yonder, uniting their fatulent forces, could not have done better—or worse. Ho! ho! ho! They made last winter a frozen Sahara. We've made the present summer a squashy Swamp! The winter was as dry as the dust of RAMSES. The summer has been as wet as old St. Swithin's gingham. We soaked June, we drenched July, and we drowned August. We squelched the strawberry season, reducing tons of promising fruit to flavourless pulp, and the growers to damp despair. Whoosh!! What a wetting we gave 'em!!! As soon as the Cricket Season started, so did we! Didn't we just? We simply sopped all the wickets, and spoilt all the matches, either keeping the cricketers waiting in the pavilion or slipping about on sloppy slithery turf. Consequently, the Cricketing Season has been a sickening sell. We 'watered down' the 'averages' of all the 'cracks.' S. W. was too many for W. G. (GRACE, of Gloucester), and W. W. gave the other W. W. (READ, of Surrey) a fair doing! We followed 'The Leviathan' in particular about persistently, till he must be real glad to 'take his hook' to Australia. Wherever he was playing, from Kennington to Clifton, we combined our forces, swooped down on him, and simply washed him out!"

"Wanton wags!" said the Mother of the Winds, reproachfully.

"Ra-ther!" yelled her promising offspring in chorus. "But that's not all, is it, S. W.?—is it, W. W.? We mucked up Lawn Tennis, soaked Henley Regatta, nearly spoilt the German EMPEROR's visit, ruined all the *al fresco* functions of the Season—slap!—flooded Society out of London, only to deluge them in their fitting till they wished they were back again, intensified the Influenza Epidemic, and—"

"Oh! stop, stop!" moaned the Old Woman. "Those Boys yonder will burst—with jealousy. But what have you been doing to the Princess AGRICULTURA here?"

The two broke into a spasmodic duo of delight and disdain. "Why look at her?" they cried. "Doesn't she speak for herself?"

"I do," replied AGRICULTURA. "And I charge this pair of Pernicious Pickles with planning—and to a large extent effecting—my Destruction! Hay, Hops, Cereals, Root-Crops, Fruits and Flowers—all ruined by these roystering rascals. They've done more incurable mischief in three supposed-to-be Summer Months than those much-maligned Boys over yonder did all the Winter. They've had it all their own way the Season through, ay, as much as though they'd nailed the weathercock to S. W., and knocked out the bottom of Aquarius's water-pot. And I call upon you, O Mother of the Winds, to pop them at once into their respective Bags, sit upon them till they are choked silent and still, and then hang them up to dry—if dry such watery imps can—for at least six months to come!"

Now whether the Mother of the Winds gave ear to the prayer of the poor Princess AGRICULTURA, and imposed upon the Two Winds the punishment they richly deserved, the sequel must show.



SIGNS OF BREEDING.

(Vide Correspondence in the "Daily Telegraph.")

Little Binks agrees with Lord Byron that Breeding shows itself in the Hands, and complacently surveys his own.

"BOSH!" SAYS BLOKER. "BREEDING SHOWS ITSELF IN THE EAR, AND NOWHERE ELSE!"

MORE MESSAGES FROM THE MAHATMA.

1. I AM KOOT HOOMBOOG. There are more things in my philosophy than were ever dreamed of in heaven or earth. You are POONSH. You are a Thrupni but you are not a Mahatma. Be a Mahatma, and save your postage expenses. But you must be discreet; and you must be exceeding vague. A Mahatma is nothing if he is not vague. You must also be elusive. Can you elude? It is no light matter to prove one's spiritual capacity by materialising a cigarette inside a grand piano.



2. Your reply to my letter is soulless and sceptical. How can you ask me, O POONSH, what I am trying to get at? I ask nothing from you. It would be to your advantage rather than mine if you printed my poem on the Re-incarnation of Ginan Bittas, entitled *The Soul's Gooseberry Bush*. And if you will only be a Mahatma, or a disciple, I will gladly let you have the serial rights in that great work. What do you mean by saying you do not want to find cigarettes in your neighbour's piano? Think it over again, and you will see the beauty of it. You are a Thrupni, but surely you have some spiritual needs.

3. You say that you do not want my poem, and you ask me if I have no further attractions to offer. I am KOOT HOOMBOOG, and I have kept the greatest attraction for the last. If you will only join us, you may find a few newspapers who will discuss you. You may see the question whether you are a fool or a knave debated in the correspondence columns. Think of the glory of it!

4. What? you won't? Well, I am surprised!

THE (EUROPEAN) WORLD AND ITS WIFE. — Europe — says an oracle — is "Wedded to Peace." Possibly. And Europe, doubtless, does not exactly desire a divorce. But Europe has to pay pretty heavily—in armies and fleets, &c.—for Peace's "maintenance."

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. VI.

SCENE—Garden of the Hotel Victoria at Bingen, commanding a view of the Rhine and the vine-terraced hills, which are bathed in warm afternoon sunlight. Under the mopheaded acacias, CULCHARD and PODBURY are sitting smoking. At a little distance from them, are a Young Married Couple, whose honeymoon is apparently in its last quarter.

The Bridegroom (lazily, to Bride, as she draws another chair towards her for a foot-rest). How many more chairs do you want?

Bride (without looking at him). I should think you could spare me one—you can hardly sit on three at once!

[After this interchange of amenities, they consider themselves absolved from any further conversational efforts.]

Podb. (to CULCH., resuming a discussion). I know as well as you do that we are booked for Nuremberg; but what I say is—that's no earthly reason why we should go there!

Culch. No reason why you should go, unless you wish it, certainly. I intend to go.

Podb. Well, it's beastly selfish, that's all! I know why you're so keen about it, too. Because the TROTTERS are going.

Culch. (colouring). That's an entire mistake on your part. Miss TROTTER has nothing to do with it. I don't even know whether she's going or not—for certain.

Podb. No, but you've a pretty good idea that she is, though. And I know how it will be. You'll be going about with her all the time, and I shall be shunted on to the old man! I don't see it, you know! (CULCH. remains silent. A pause. PODBURY suddenly begins to search his pockets.) I say—here's a pretty fix! Look here, old fellow, doosid annoying thing, but I can't find my purse—must have lost it somewhere!

Culch. (stoically). I can't say I'm surprised to hear it. It's awkward, certainly. I suppose I shall have to lend you enough to go home with—it's all I can do; but I'll do that with—er—pleasure.

Podb. (staring). Go home? Why, I can wire to the governor for more, easily enough. We shall have to stay here till it comes, that's all.

Culch. And give up Nuremberg? Thank you!

Podb. I rather like this place, you know—sort of rest. And we could always nip over to Ems, or Homburg, if it got too slow, eh?

Culch. If I nip over anywhere, I shall nip to Nuremberg. We may just as well understand one another, PODBURY. If I'm to provide money for both of us, it's only reasonable that you should be content to go where I choose. I cannot, and will not, stand these perpetual interferences with our original plan; it's sheer restlessness. Come with me to Nuremberg, and I shall be very happy to be your banker. Otherwise, you must stay here alone.

[He compresses his lips and crosses his legs.]
Podb. Oh, that's it, is it? But look here, why not tit up whether we go on or stay?

Culch. Why should I "tit up," as you call it, when I've already made up my mind to go. When I once decide on anything, it's final.

The Bride (to Bridegroom, without enthusiasm). Would you like me to roll you a cigarette?

Bridegroom (with the frankness of an open nature). Not if I know it. I can do it better myself.

Bride (coldly). I see.

[Another silence, at the end of which she rises and walks slowly away, pausing at the gate to see whether he intends to follow. As he does not appear to have remarked her absence, she walks on.]

Podb. (to Culch., in an undertone). I say, those two don't seem to hit it off exactly, eh? Seem sorry they came! You'll be glad to hear, old fellow, that we needn't separate after all. Just found my purse in my trouser-pocket!

Culch. Better luck than you deserve. Didn't I tell you you should have a special pocket for your money and coupons? Like

this—see. (He opens his coat.) With a buttoned flap, it stands to reason they must be safe!

Podb. So long as you keep it buttoned, old chap,—which you don't seem to do!

Culch. (annoyed). Pshaw! The button is a trifle too—(feels pocket, and turns pale). Good Heavens, it—it's gone!

Podb. The button?

Culch. (patting himself all over with shaking hands). Everything!—money, coupons, circular notes! They—they must have fallen out going up that infernal Niederwald. (Angrily.) You would insist on going!

Podb. Phew! The whole bag of tricks gone! You're lucky if you get them again. Any number of tramps and beggars all the way up. Shouldn't have taken off your coat—very careless of you! (He grins.)

Culch. It was so hot. I must go and inform the Police here—I may recover it yet. Anyway, we—we must push on to Nuremberg, and I'll telegraph home for money to be sent there. You can let me have enough to get on with?

Podb. With all the pleasure in life, dear boy—on your own conditions, you know. I mean, if I pay the piper, I call the tune.

Now, I don't cotton to Nuremberg somehow; I'd rather go straight on to Constance; we could get some rowing there.

Culch. (pettishly). Rowing be—(recollecting his helplessness). No; but just consider, my dear PODBURY. I assure you you'll find Nuremberg a most delightful old place. You must see how bent I am on going there!

Podb. Oh, yes, I see that. But then I'm not, don't you know—so there we are!

Culch. (desperately). Well, I'll—I'll meet you half-way. I've no objection to—er—titting up with you—Nuremberg or Constance. Come?

Podb. You weren't so anxious to tit up just now—but never mind. (Producing a mark.) Now then, Emperor—Constance. Eagle—Nuremberg. Is it sudden death, or best out of three? [He tosses.]

Culch. Sud— (The coin falls with the Emperor uppermost.) Best out of three.

[He takes coin from PODBURY and tosses.]

Podb. Eagle! we're even so far. (He receives coin.) This settles it.

[He tosses.]

Culch. Eagle again! Now mind, PODBURY, no going back after this. It must be Nuremberg now.

Podb. All right! And now allow me to have the pleasure of restoring your pocket-book and note-case. They did fall out on the Niederwald, and it was behind and saw them drop. You must really be more careful, dear boy. Ain't you going to say "ta" for them?

Culch. (relieved). I'm—er—tremendously obliged. I really can't say how.—(Recollecting himself.) But you need not have taken advantage of it to try to do me out of going to Nuremberg—it was a shabby trick!

Podb. Oh, it was only to get a rise out of you. I never meant to keep you to it, of course. And I say, weren't you sold, though? Didn't I lead up to it beautifully? (He chuckles.) Score to me, eh!

Culch. (with amiable sententiousness). Ah, well, I don't grudge you your little joke if it amuses you. Those laugh best who laugh last. And it's settled now that we're going to Nuremberg.

[Miss TROTTER and her father have come out from the Speise-saal doors, and overhear the last speech.]

Mr. Trotter (to Culchard). Your friend been gettin' off a joke on you, Sir?

Culch. Only in his own estimation, Mr. TROTTER. I have nailed him down to going to Nuremberg, which, for many reasons, I was extremely anxious to visit. (Carelessly.) Are we likely to be there when you are?

Miss T. I guess not. We've just got our mail, and my cousin, CHARLEY VAN BOODELER, writes he's having a real lovely time in the Engadine—says it's the most elegant locality he's struck yet, and just as full of Amuricans as it can hold; so we're going to start out there right away. I don't believe we shall have time for Nuremberg



"Good Heavens, it—it's gone!"

this trip. Father, if we're going to see about checking the baggage through, we'd better go down to the *dépôt* right now. [*They pass on.*]
Culch. (with a very blank face and a feeble whistle). Few-fifty-fifty-fifty-fa-di-fee-fee-foo; few— After all, *PODBURY*, I don't know that I care so much about Nuremberg. They—they say it's a good deal changed from what it was.

Podb. So are you, old chap, if it comes to that. Tiddledy-iddlety-ido-lumpy-doodle-oo! Is it to be Constance after all, then?

Culch. (reddening). Er—I rather thought of the Engadine—more bracing, eh?—few-feedle-ee-dle-oodle—

Podb. You artful old whistling oyster, I see what you're up to! But it's no go; she don't want either of us Engadinizing about after her. It's CHARLEY VAN STICKINTERMUD's turn now! We've got to go to Nuremberg. You can't get out of it, after gassing so much about the place. When you've once decided, you know, it's final!

Culch. (with dignity). I am not aware that I wanted to get out of it. I merely proposed in your— (*PODBURY suddenly explodes.*) What are you cackling at now?

Podb. (wiping his eyes). It's the last laugh, old man,—and it's the best!

[*CULCHARD walks away rapidly, leaving PODBURY in solitary enjoyment of the joke. PODBURY's mirth immediately subsides into gravity, and he kicks several unoffending chairs with quite uncalled-for brutality.*]

A "KNOT"ICAL STORY OF DRURY LANE.

(Told by our aged Salt, with a taste for the Diddin Drama.)

WHAT, not remember it! Not the scene on Wapping Old Stairs and Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY in the Merchant Service, and Miss MILLWARD the Ward of Count GURNEY DELAUNAY! Not remember all that! Not recollect the pretty set with the River, the boat-house, and the figure-heads! Ah, tell it to the Marines! Not that they would believe you! I remember it, and a good deal more. Now it came about in this way. You see Miss MILLWARD thought that Lieutenant CHARLES WARNER, R.N.—"her sweetheart as a boy"—was dead, and like a sensible young lady, made arrangements to marry his foster-brother, meaning GLENNEY. This she would have done most comfortably, had not the Count and a Boat-builder, one JULIAN CROSS PENNYCAD, objected. But after all, their opposition wouldn't have come to much hadn't Lieutenant CHARLES WARNER, R.N., taken it into his head to turn up from the Centre of Africa, or the Cannibal Islands, or somewhere. On second thoughts I don't think it could have been the Cannibal Islands, because there they would have certainly eaten him—he looked so plump, and in such excellent condition.

Well, Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., finding that Miss MILLWARD was on the eve of marrying Mr. GLENNEY, most nobly made room for his foster-brother, and hurried back to sea. But as luck (and Mr. HENRY PETTIT) would have it, just as the lady and gentleman were on their way to Stepney Old Church to be spliced, who should turn up in a uniform that showed him to be a fine figure of a man but Lieutenant



"A Sailor Knot"—not a Sailor.

WARNER, R.N., himself—with the Press Gang. It turned out that Lieutenant WARNER's ship was very under-manned, and that he had been ordered by his Captain to get all the sailors he could on board H.M.S. *Dauntless*—a vessel, by the way, that afterwards proved to be the very image of the *Victory*. And here came a complication. Through the treachery of JULIAN CROSS PENNYCAD, Lieutenant WARNER seized Mr. GLENNEY just as he and Miss MILLWARD were entering Stepney Old Church. Says Mr. GLENNEY to Lieutenant WARNER, "What, taking me, because you are jealous of me, on my wedding-day! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" or words to that effect. Says Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., to Mr. GLENNEY, "Nothing of the sort. For the man who would betray another, save in the way of kindness, on his bridal morn, is unworthy of the name of a British sailor," or words to that effect. Then Miss MILLWARD chimed in, and thus touched the heart of Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., so deeply that he ordered Mr. GLENNEY's immediate release. "I forget my duty," explained the generous

WARNER. "But I don't," put in his superior officer, Captain WILLIAM LUGG VERNON, "and I order that man to be carried on board!" and there was not a dry eye amongst those present, except, perhaps, amongst the heartless "Press Gang," who, having to write notices for the daily and weekly papers, were naturally eager to see what "In the Fo'castle" and "The Deck of the *Dauntless*" were like. And these they did see in the next Act of this really capital Drama. And here came in a scene that will long be remembered to the honour of the British Navy and the National and Royal Theatre, Drury Lane. There came a mutiny, with the misguided GLENNEY at the head of it. Said Captain WILLIAM LUGG VERNON, after it was quelled, "We can't spare a man, and so I shall have Mr. GLENNEY flogged." "Don't do that," cried Lieutenant WARNER; "he is my brother and my friend, although he has given me a oner, owing to a misunderstanding. Captain, may I appeal to these men, and ask them in stirring language, to fight the foe." "You shall," replied his superior officer; "and, by arrangement with Mr. HENRY PETTIT, I will see that '*Rule Britannia*' is played softly by an efficient orchestra while you are speaking to them." "A thousand thanks!" cried the eloquent WARNER; and then he let them have it. He told them that the enemy were waiting for them—that they had left Brest for the purpose of engaging in a first-class naval engagement. He pointed out that the other ships of the Fleet were on their way to the scrimmage. Would the gallant *Dauntless* be the only laggard? "No!" shouted the now-amenable-to-naval-discipline GLENNEY, and with the rest of the malcontents, he asked to be led to glory. It was indeed stirring to see the red-coats waving their hats on the tops of their bayonets, and the Blue Jackets brandishing their swords. In the enthusiasm of the



Losing their heads on board the *Dauntless*.

moment, the entire ship's company seemed to have lost their heads, and cheers came from the deck, and the auditorium equally. It was a moment of triumph for everyone concerned! Everyone! And need I say anything more? Need I tell you how it came right in the end? How Miss MILLWARD (who was always on the eve of being married to someone) did actually go through a civil ceremony (the French were polite even in the days before Waterloo) with the Count, which, however, failed to count (as an old wag, with a taste for ancient jests, observed to a brother droll), because the Gallic nobleman got killed immediately after the ceremony? Need I hint that Mr. GLENNEY was falsely accused of murder, to be rescued at the right moment by the ever-useful and forgiving WARNER? Need I say that Mr. HENRY PETTIT was cheered to the echo for his piece, and Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS for his stage management? No, for other chronicles have given the news already; and it is also superfluous to describe the fun of those excellent comedians, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS and Miss FANNY BROUGH. All I can say is, if you want to see a good piece, well mounted, and capitally acted all round, why go to Old Drury, and you will agree with me (and the old wag with a taste for ancient jests) that Sir AUGUSTUS might add September, October, November, and December to his signature, as *A Sailor's Knot* seems likely to remain tied to the Knightly Boards until it is time to produce the Christmas Pantomime. So heave away, my hearties, and good luck to you!

SONGS FOR THE PRO. AND CON. THEOSOPHICAL CONTROVERSIALISTS.
 —"All round Mahatmas," "He's a jolly good Chela!" "Row, Brothers, Row!" and "Why did my 'Masters' sell me?"



CRICKETANA. YOUNG LADIES V. BOYS.

Fair Batter (cat. 18). "Now, JUST LOOK HERE, ALGY JONES—NONE OF YOUR PATRONAGE! YOU DARE TO BOWL TO ME WITH YOUR LEFT HAND AGAIN, AND I'LL BOX YOUR EARS!"

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

A Scene very freely adapted from "The Critic."

Enter MR. PUNCH, First Commissioner of Police, Inspector, and Constables.

Commissioner. Oh! very valiant Constables: one is the Inspector himself, the others are ordinary P. C.'s. And now I hope you shall hear some better language. I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in my manifesto, because there was so much matter-of-fact ground for remonstrance, and even chiding; but still, 'i faith, I am proud of my men, who, in point of fact, are fine fellows.

Mr. P. Unquestionably! But let us listen—unobserved, if so it may be.

Inspector. How's this, my lads! What cools your usual zeal, And makes your helmeted valour down i' the mouth? Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame Whose reddening blaze, by civic spirit fed, Should be the beacon of a happy Town? Can the smart patter of a Bobby's tongue Thus stagnate in a cold and prosy converse, Or freeze in oathless inarticulateness? No! Let not the full fountain of your valour Be choked by mere official wiggings, or Your prompt consensus of prodigious swearing Be checked by the philanthropists' foaming wrath, Or high officialdom's hostility!

Mr. P. There it is, Mr. Commissioner; they admit your by no means soft impeachment.

Commissioner. Nay, listen yet awhile!

1st P. C. No more!—the freshening breeze of your rebuke Hath filled the flapping canvas of our souls! And thus, though magistrates expostulate, [All take hands and raise their truncheons. And hint that ANANIAS dressed in blue, We'll grapple with the thing called Evidence, And if we fall, by Heaven! we'll fall together!

Inspector. There spoke Policedom's genius! Then, are we all resolved?

All. We are—all resolved.

Inspector. To pull—and swear—together?

All. To pull—and swear—together.

Inspector. All?

All. All!

Mr. P. Nem. con. Egad!

Commissioner. Oh, yes! When they do agree in the Force, their unanimity is wonderful!

Inspector. Then let's embrace this resolution, and "Keep it with a constant mind—and now—"

[Kneels.

Mr. P. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Commissioner. Yes—hush! In great emergencies—on the Stage or in the Force—there's nothing like a prayer in chorus.

Inspector. "O MENDEZ PINTO!"

Mr. P. But why should he pray to MENDEZ PINTO?

Commissioner. Oh, "the Knight, PINTO-MENDEZ FERDINANDO," as POE calls him, is the tutelary genius of Bards—and Bobbies! Hush!

Inspector. If in thy homage bred Each point of discipline I've still observed; Swearing in squads, affirming in platoons; Nor but by due promotion, and the right Of service to the rank P. C. Inspector, Have risen; assist thy votary now!

1st P. C. Yet do not rise—hear me!

2nd P. C. And me!

3rd P. C. And me!

Inspector. Now swear—and pray—all together!

All. We swear!!!

Behold thy votaries submissive beg That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask, Assist them to accomplish all their ends, And sanctify whatever means they use To gain them

[Kneels.

[Kneels.

[Kneels.

Mr. P. A very orthodox and harmonious chorus. Their "tutti" is perfection.

Commissioner. Vastly well, isn't not? Is that well managed or not? Is the "thin Blue line" well disciplined or not? Have you such absolute perfection of "altogether-ishness" on your lyric stage as the Force voluntarily maintains—in its own interests, and obedient to its own peculiar *esprit de corps*?

Mr. P. (with significance). Not exactly!

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

(Punch to Madame La République.)

["The Republic attains its majority to-morrow (Sept. 4). It is the first Government since the Revolution which has had a twenty-first birthday."—*The Times*.]

DEAR Madam, "Perfidious Albion" proffers The best birthday wishes good feeling can shape!

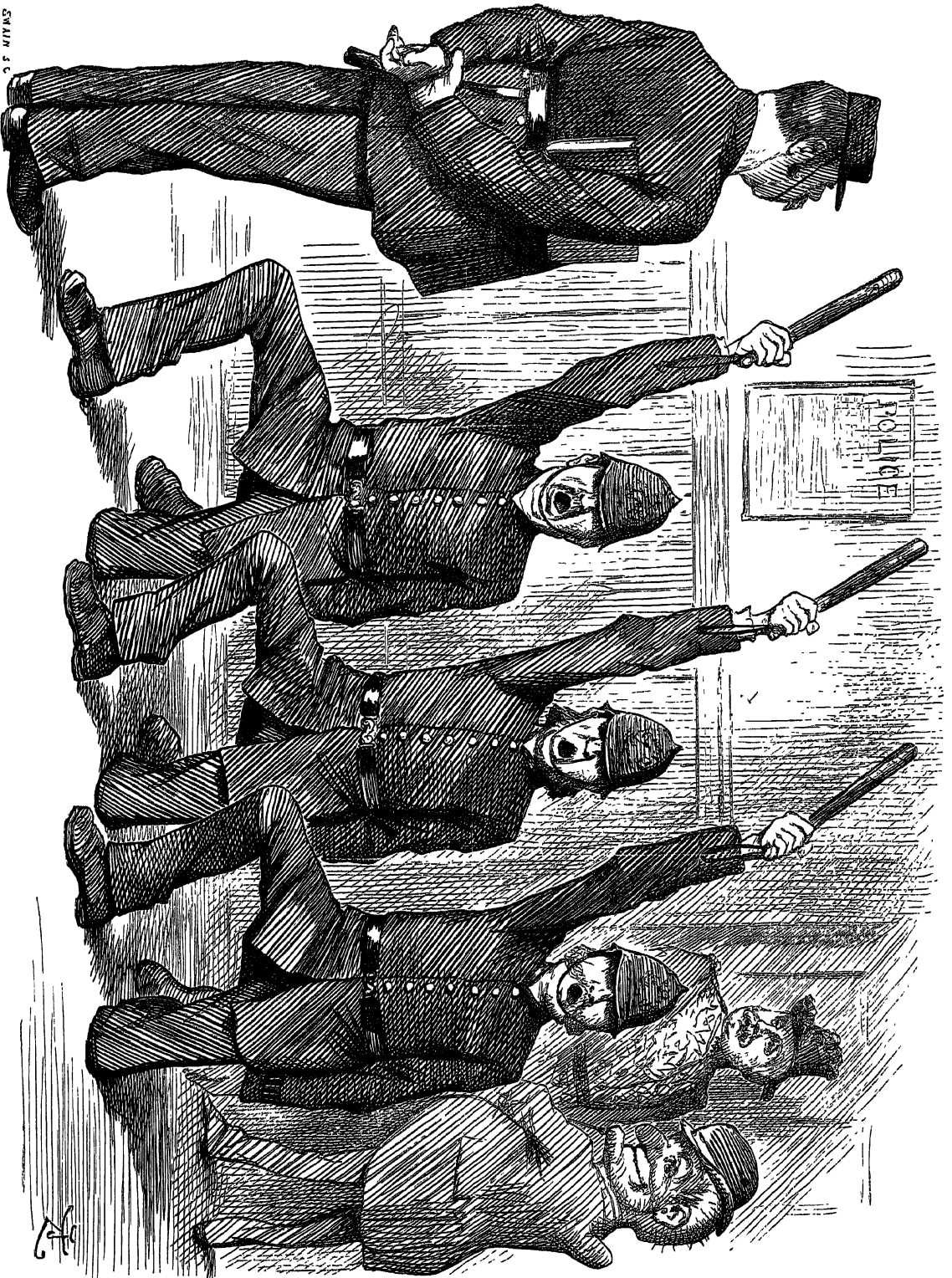
A snap of the fingers for cynical scoffers!

A fig for the framers of venomous jape.

May Peace and Goodwill be your lasting possession,

Your proud "Valour" tempered by "years of discretion!"

HYGEIA OFF THE SCENT.—It is stated that even the charms of a champagne luncheon failed to attract more than one out of twenty-four members of the Hygienic Congress invited to test the merits of sewage-farms by ocular—or should we say *nasal*?—demonstration. Perhaps the missing three-and-twenty thought that in this case, at least, Mrs. MALAPROP would be both correct and pertinent in saying that "Comparisons are *odoriferous*!"



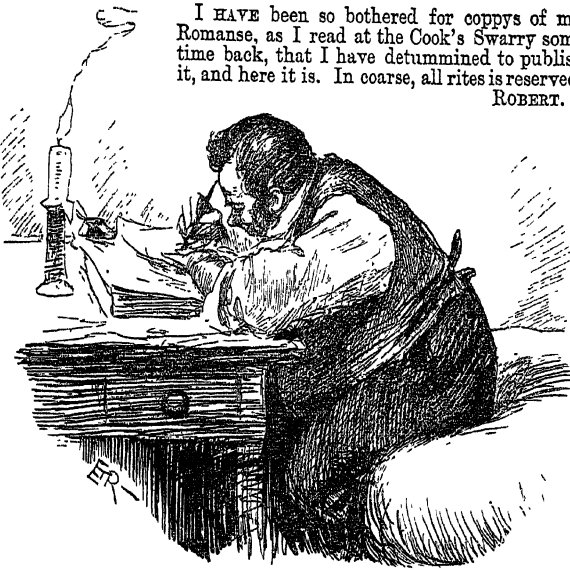
“NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.”

INSPECTOR. “NOW SWEAR! ALL TOGETHER!” CONSTABLES. “WE SWEAR!!”
Mr. PUNCH (*aside*). “DEAR ME, SIR EDWARD; WHEN THEY *DO* AGREE, THEIR UNANIMITY IS WONDERFUL!”—“*The Critic*,” *freely adapted*.

ROBERT'S ROMANCE.

I HAVE been so bothered for coppys of my Romanse, as I read at the Cook's Swarry some time back, that I have detummined to publish it, and here it is. In coarse, all rites is reserved.

ROBERT.



THE MYSTERY OF MAY FARE.

(BY ONE BEHIND THE SEENS.)

CHAPTER I.—Despare!

It was Midnite! The bewtifool Countess of BELGRAVIER sat at the hopen winder of her Boodwar gazing on the full moon witch was jest a rising up above the hopposite chimbleys. Why was that evenly face, that princes had loved and Poets sillybrated, bathed in tears? How often had she, wile setting at that hopen winder, washed it with Oder Colone, to remove the stanes of them tell tail tears? But all in wane, they woud keep running down that bewtifool face as if enamelled with its buty; and quite heedless of how they was a spiling of her new ivory culleder sattin dress that Maddam ELIS's yung ladies had been a workin on up to five a clock that werry artemnoon.

She had bin to the great ball of the Season, to be washupped as usual by the world of Fashun, but wot had driven her home at the hunerthly hour of harf-parst Eleven? Ah, that cruel blo, that deadly pang, that despairin shok, must be kep for the nex chapter.

CHAPTER II.—The Helopemeant!

Seated in the Housekeeper's own Room at the Dook of SURREY's lovely Manshun, playfully patting his fatted calves, and surrounded by his admiring cirkle, sat CHARLES, the ero of my Tale. CHARLES was the idle of that large establishment. They simply adored him. It was not only his manly bewty, tho that mite have made many an Apoller envy him. It was not only his nolledge of the world, tho in that he was sooperior to menny a Mumber of Parlyment from the Sister Oil, but it was his stile, his grace, his erty demeanor. The Housekeeper paid him marked attenshuons. The Ladies Maid supplied him with Sent for his ankerchers. The other Footmen looked up to him as their moddel, and even the sollem Butler treated him with respect, and sumtimes with sumthink else as he liked even better. The leading Gentlemen from other Dooctal establishments charfed him upon his success with the Fare, ewen among the werry hiest of the Nobillerty, and CHARLES bore it all with a good-natured larf that showed off his ivory teeth to perfecshun. Of course it was all in fun, as they said, and proberly thort, till on this fatal ewening, the noose spread like thunder, through the estonished world of Fashun, that CHARLES had heloped with the welthy, the middle-aged, but still bewtifool, Marchioness of St. BRINDIGO.

CHAPTER III.—The Dewell.

The pursoot was rapid and sucksessful, and the MARKISS's challenge reyther disterbed the gilty pair at their elegant breakfast. But CHARLES was as brave as he was fare, and, having hired his first Second for twenty-five francs, and made a few other arangements, he met his hantigginest on the dedly field on the follering day at the huerthly hour of six hay hem. CHARLES, with dedly haim, fired in the hair! but the MARKISS being bald, he missed him. The MARKISS's haim was even more dedly, for he, aperiently, shot his rival in his hart, for he fell down quite flat on the new-mown hay, and dishcullered it with his blud!

The MARKISS rushed up, and gave him one look of orror, and, throwing down a £1000 pound note, sed, "that for any one who

brings him two," and, hurrying away to his Carridge, took the next train for Lunden. CHARLES recovered hisself emediatey, and, pocketing the note, winked his eye at the second second, and, giving him a hundred-franc note for hisself, wiped away the stains of the rouge and water, and returned to breakfast with his gilty parrer-mour.

CHAPTER IV.—The End.

The poor MARKISS was so horryfied at his brilliyant sucksess, that CHARLES's sanguinary corpse aunted his bed-side, and he died within a munth, a leetle munth, as *Amlet* says, of the dredful ewent, and CHARLES married his Widder. But, orful to relate, within a werry short time CHARLES was a sorrowin Widderer, with a nincom of sum £10,000 a year; and having purchased a Itallien titel for a hundred and fifty pound, it is said as he intends shortly to return to hold Hingland; and as the lovely Countess of BELGRAVIER is fortinetly becum a Widder, and a yung one, it is thought quite posserbhel, by them as is behind the seens, like myself, for instance, that before many more munce is past and gone, there will be one lovely Widder and one andsum Widderer less than there is now; and weis all on us ankshushly looking forred to the day wen the gallant Count der WENNIS shall lead his lovely Bride to the halter of St. George's, Hannower Squeer, thus proving the truth of the Poet's fabel,—

"The rank is but the guinny's stamp,
The Footman's the man for a' that."

WHERE ARE OUR DAIRYMAIDS?

A SONG OF VANISHED SUMMER.

["What has become of our Dairymaids?"—*Newspaper Question.*]

AIR—"The Dutchman's Little Dog."

O WHERE and O where is our Dairymaid gone?
O where, O where can she be?
With her skirts cut short and her hair cut long,
O where, and O where is she?

Well, Summer is gone, and so is the Sun,
And farming is nought but a bilk.
When our Butter is Dutch, and our Cheese is Yank,
Why, why should they leave us our Milk?

Our brave Queen BESS, as the Laureate says,*
Might wish that a milkmaid were she;
Whilst MAUDLIN in WATSON's bucolical days
Could troll forth her ballad with glee.

But, alas! for the days of the stool and the churn,
And the milking-pails brass-bound and bright!
There is much to do and but little to earn
In the Dairy, once IZAAK's delight.

Now Companies deal with the lacteal yield,
And churns clank o' night at Vauxhall,
Who dreams with delight of the buttercup'd field,
Or Dun Suke in her sweet-smelling stall?

Milking the Cow, and churning the milk
Made work for the maids long ago,
But possible Dairymaids now dress in silk,
That's where our Dairymaids go.

Ah! DOLLY becomes a mechanical drudge,
And SALLY—a something much worse.
Through cowslip-pied meadows to merrily trudge
Won't fill a maid's heart, or her purse.

The meadow at eve and the dairy at morn,
And a song—from KIT MARLOW—between,
Would fire a fine-dressed modern MAUDLIN with scorn,
And move modish MOLLY to spleen.

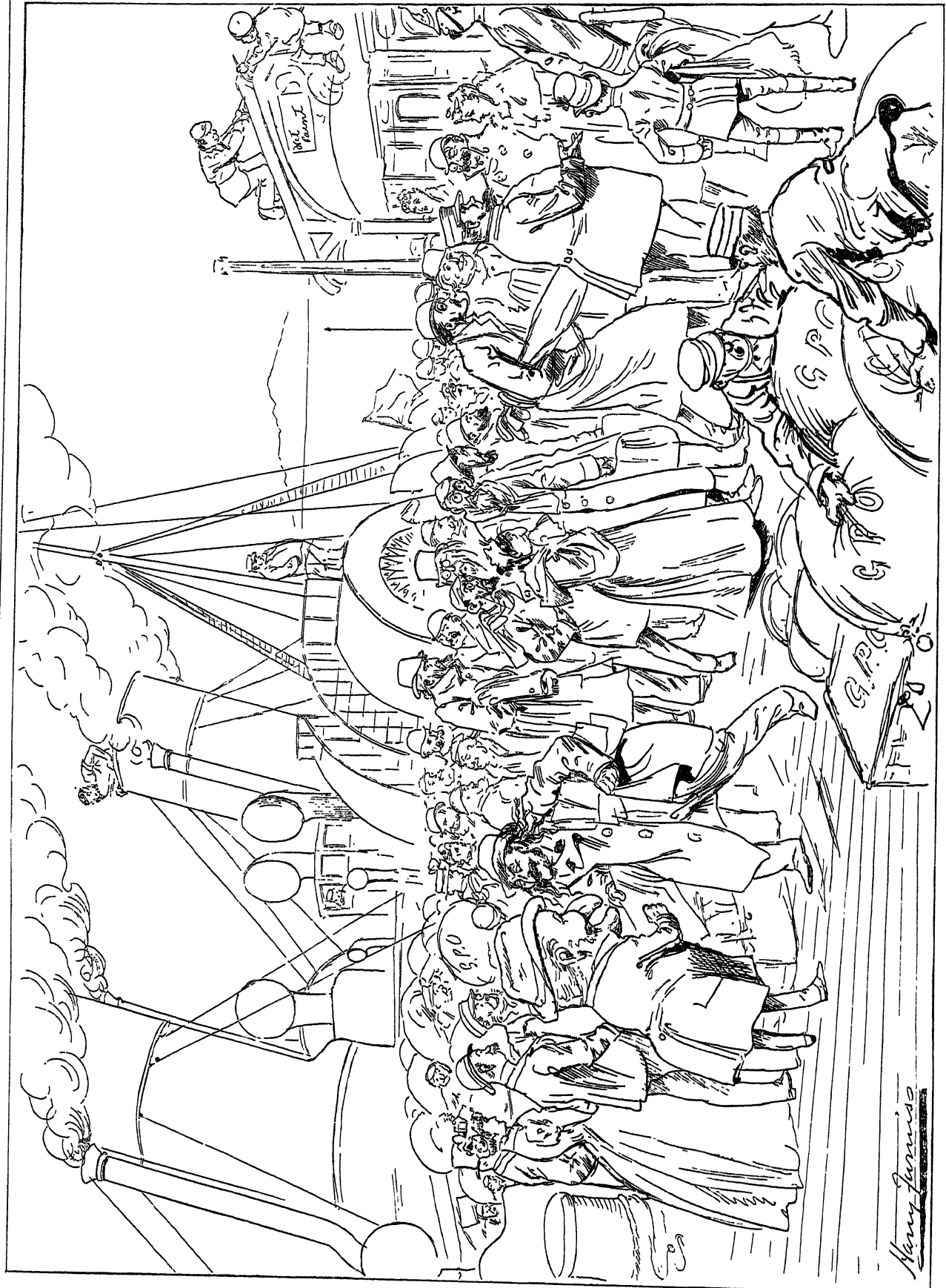
The Dairymaid's true "golden age" is long fled
With Summer, and pippins and cream;
Like little *Bo-Peep* and *Boy-Blue*, it is dead,
Save as parts of a pastoral dream.

O where and O where is our Dairymaid gone?
O where, and O where can she be?
Well, they make cockney shop-girls of PHILLIS and JOAN,
And I guess that they make such with *she*!

* "I would I were a milkmaid
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake and die."

TENNYSON'S *Queen Mary*.

A MATTER OF CORSET.—At Sydenham, Ontario (it is stated), the Corset has been declared to be "incompatible with Christianity!" If some of our fashionable dames uttered their innermost feelings, they would doubtless reply, "So much the worse for—Christianity." It is so obvious that many modish Mammas care much more for their daughters' bodices than their souls.



MR. PUNCH ON TOUR. HE ARRIVES AT KINGSTOWN BY THE IRISH MAIL.

THE GUZZLING CURE.

[Sir DYCE DUCKWORTH, in a letter written to a Vegetarian Correspondent, says, "I believe in the value of animal food and alcoholic drinks for the best interests of man. The abuse or misuse of either is another matter."]



What though they warn me that at first—
It may be merely fancy—
The stomach's sure to try its worst
In base recalcitrancy?
When half-starved gastric juice is set
To cope with dainty dishes,
The outcome—one may safely bet—
Won't be just what one wishes.

O PLUMP Head-waiter, I have
read [writes]
What worthy DUCKWORTH
And that is why I've swiftly sped
To where your door invites.
I kept my indigestion down
Of old, by sheer starvation;
But now no longer shall I frown
On food assimilation.

I pledge him in your oldest port,
This medical adviser,
For vainly elsewhere might be
A cheerier or a wiser. [sought]
He bids me speedily return
To ordinary diet—
A sage prescription!—and I burn
To chance results, and try it!

I've lived on air; on food for Lent;
On what some Doctor calls
"Nitrogenous environment"—
A fare that quickly palls.
I'll eat the chops I once did eat;
All care and thought I banish;
And with this unexpected treat
My old dyspeptics vanish.

This earth is rich in chemists' shops,
With doctors it abounds,
Who, if I feel the change from slops,
Will take me on their rounds.
So, scorning indigestive ache,
I count each anxious minute;
Oh, waiter, hurry up that steak!
My happiness is in it.

ANNALS OF A WATERING-PLACE

THAT "HAS SEEN ITS DAY."

I do not know when Torsington-on-Sea's day precisely was, or, whether indeed its day has yet dawned, but I was sent there by my medical adviser as being "the very place" for me, it being "delightfully quiet," nine miles from a railway station, which apparently means in plain English twenty-four hours behind the rest of this habitable globe, and generally stranded in the race for every conceivable comfort or necessity with which an age of Co-operative Stores and Electric Lighting has made one comfortably—perhaps too comfortably—familiar. Judging, however, from the fact that Torsington-on-Sea consists mainly of a pretentious architectural effort consisting of six-and-thirty palatial sea-side residences, twenty-four of which are let in sets of furnished apartments to highly respectable families, and twelve of which appear, from want of funds, to have stopped short in their infancy many years ago at the basement, showing a weed-covered foundation of what might, had the over-sanguine capitalist not overshot the initial mark, have proved as fine a sea-side terrace on the South East Coast as the weary cockney eye could well hope to light upon, it would be including the fact that there is but one policeman to protect the lives and properties of the inhabitants and strangers of Torsington-on-Sea, by day and by night, and a town band (with a uniform) of five, of which two-fifths are, I was going to say "armed," with cymbals, triangle and with big and side drums, it would be more reasonable to suppose that Torsington-on-Sea had seen its day, and that what glories it ever had may be regarded as having departed with the vanished years.



Beyond the stock recreation afforded by the militarily-apparelled Town Band of five, whose *répertoire* appears to be confined to a sad and serious opening march, a rather lugubrious galop, and a couple of waltzes and a quick-step Polka, which evidently owe their origin to the genius of the Conductor, the entertainment offered by Torsington-on-Sea must be further sought for from a donkey-chair, the donkey attached to which has many a long year ago lost what it ever possessed in the shape of "spirit," a cast-off Nigger Minstrel, with a concertina that is somewhat out of order, and a lovely "public-house" tenor, who is heard only after dark, but with a voice so sweet and true in tone, that one wonders how it is that instead of thrilling the High Street of Torsington-on-Sea for possibly the few halfpence he picks up in that rather unappreciative thoroughfare, he is not simultaneously rushed at and eagerly caught up by the leading *impressarios* of all the continental opera-houses in Europe!

Then there is the daily arrival of the "coach," for such is the faded yellow omnibus styled, that meets the London train from Boxminster, which pulls up with a flourish at the "Three Golden Cups." There is seldom anything brought by this noteworthy conveyance, unless it be a package or parcel for Mr. DUNSTABLE, the one highly respectable tradesman in the town. DUNSTABLE'S is the emporium *par excellence* where anything, from a patent drug down to the latest new novel, can be ordered down from Town. There is a tradition that old GEORGE THE THIRD, when passing through Torsington in the year

1793, stopped at DUNSTABLE'S for some boot-laces, and, patting the grandfather of the present proprietor on the head, said, "What! what! none in stock! Then I think we must have some of these pretty curls instead." Anyhow, that is given as the reason for the style and title of "Dunstable's Royal Library and Reading Room," which it has enjoyed without dispute from the commencement of the present century to the present day.

I came here, as I said, by the advice of my medical adviser, to "pick up." How far Torsington-on-Sea has helped me to do this, I must deal with subsequently.

IGNORANT BLISS.

At noon through the open window
Comes the scent of the new-mown hay.
I look out. In the meadow yonder
Are the little lambs at play.
They are all extremely foolish,
Yet I haven't the heart to hint
That over the boundary wall there grows
A beautiful bed of mint.
For a little lamb
Will run to its mam,
And will say "O! dam,"
At a hint, however well intentioned,
When the awful name of mint is mentioned.



At the close of day the burglar comes
For to ply his gentle trade.
I fondly gaze on his jemmy, and
Grow timid and quite afraid.
I wouldn't for kingdoms have him know
That my neighbours of titled rank
Went abroad on a sudden last night and left
Their jewels at Court's Bank.

For a burglar bold
Grows harsh and cold
When he finds he's sold, [ing]
And his burglar's bosom heaves at know-
That the sell of a swag isn't worth the
stowing.

I'm a poet—you may not know it,
But I am and hard up for "tin,"
So I've written these clever verses
And I hope they'll get put in.
Yet Life is an awful lottery
With a gruesome lot of blanks,
And I wish the Editor hadn't slips
That are printed "Declined with Thanks."
For it's rather hard
On a starving bard
When his last trump card
Is played, and he wishes himself bisected
When his Muse's lays come back—re-
jected!

STORICULES.

III.—THE DEAR OLD LADY.

THERE were three of them in the railway-carriage. One was a Stockbroker; one was a Curate; one was an Old Lady. They had been strangers to each other when they started; but it was near the end of the journey, and they were chatting pleasantly together now.

One could see that the little Old Lady was from the country; she was exquisitely neat and simple in appearance; there was an air of primness about her which one rarely sees in a city product. She carried a big bunch of hedgerow flowers. She seemed to be a little nervous about travelling, and still more nervous about encountering the noise and confusion of the great city. She had asked the Stockbroker and Curate a good many questions about the sights that she ought to see, and how much she ought to pay the cabman, and which were the best shops. "Not but what Tom will look after me," she explained; "Tom's a very good son to me, and he'll be waiting on the platform for me. And such a boy as he was too when he was younger! Fruit! There wasn't anything that boy wouldn't do to get it—any kind of mischief." She grew garrulous on the subject of Tom's infancy.

The two men answered her questions, and listened amusedly to her chatter. Occasionally they interchanged smiles. Presently the train got near to the station just before the terminus. The Curate warned the Old Lady that the tickets would be collected there.

"Thank you, Sir," she said, "for telling me. Then I must be getting my ticket ready. I've got it quite safely. Such a lot of money it did seem to pay for a ride to London! But Tom *would* have me come. He never forgets his old Mother." She undid her reticule and took out her purse; she undid the purse and took out a folded paper; she unfolded the paper and took out the ticket. Then she put the paper back in the purse, and the purse back in the reticule. She held the ticket gingerly between two fingers of her cotton-gloved hand, as if it were a delicate fruit, and she was afraid of rubbing the bloom off it.

"What a refreshing contrast to our city ways!" thought the Stockbroker.

"How characteristic!" thought the Curate.

"My word! there's one of my hair-pins coming out," said the Old Lady, suddenly. The hand which held the ticket flew to the back of her head, to put the hair-pin right.

And then, all at once, the look of animation died out of the Old Lady's face. She seemed utterly aghast and horror-stricken. She gasped out an unintelligible interjection.

"What's the matter, Ma'am?" asked the Stockbroker.

"My ticket's gone! I was putting that hair-pin right, and the ticket slipped out of my fingers, and dropped down the back of my neck between my clothes and—and myself. What *shall* I do when that gentleman comes for the tickets?"

The Curate blushed violently. In his boyhood's days he had put halfpennies down the back of his neck and jumped up and down until they percolated out in the region of his boots. He had only just checked himself in the act of advising the Old Lady to get up and jump.

The Stockbroker was more practical, and soon consoled her. He was a season-ticket-holder, and knew the collector. He would explain it to the man. "You'll be able to get the ticket again, you see, when you—I mean, later on." The British love of euphemism had asserted itself. "And then you can send it to the collector by

post. You had better write down your name and address to give him. I'll guarantee to the collector that it will be all right."

The Old Lady overwhelmed him with thanks. Slowly and laboriously she wrote the name and address on the piece of paper in which the ticket was folded. All happened just as the Stockbroker had foretold. The Ticket-collector was very well satisfied and very much amused.

Tom was waiting for her at the terminus, and took charge of her at once.

"Ah!" said the Stockbroker to the Curate, when she had gone, "that's my notion of a dear Old Lady."

"Everything about her was so characteristic," answered the Curate, admiringly.

Neither the Curate nor the Stockbroker had the advantage of hearing what the dear Old Lady said to Tom that afternoon.

"It came off just beautifully, my boy. Not that I blame *them*, mind you,—how were they to know that it was a ticket which I didn't give up last year, and that I hadn't even taken a ticket at all to-day? No, I don't blame them. As for the address, I put the same address that was on the label of the Curate's bag, only I altered The Rev. CHARLES MARLINGHURST to Mrs. MARLINGHURST. And the Stockbroker guaranteed that I should send either the ticket or the money. So he'll have to pay up! Oh, my word! My gracious word, what a treat!"

The dear Old Lady chuckled contentedly.

Tom also chuckled.

The Stockbroker subsequently relinquished to a great extent his habit of remarking upon his own marvellous intuition, enabling him to read character at sight; the Curate preached a capital sermon on the deceptiveness of man, and when he said man he meant woman.

TO A TOO-ENGAGING MAIDEN.

I THINK you should know I've been put out of humour

By something I hear very nearly each day.

In a small town like ours, as you know, every rumour

Gets about in a truly remarkable way.

It is too much to hope for that women won't prattle,

But I candidly tell you, I do feel enraged

When I find that a part of their stork tittle-tattle

Is that we—how I laugh at the thought!—are engaged.

Though you don't even claim to be reckoned
as pretty,

You are not, I admit it, aggressively plain.

You dress pretty well, and your talk, if not

witty, [positive pain.

As a rule doesn't give me much

You will one day be rich, for your

prospects are "healthy."

Yet as Beauty and Riches do not

make up Life,

Why, were you as lovely as Venus,

as wealthy [my wife.

As Cressus I wouldn't have you for

Are you free altogether from blame in the matter—

I'm resolved to be frank, so it's useless to frown—

Have you not had a share in the mischievous chatter

Which makes our "engagement" the talk of the town?

When some eager, impertinent person hereafter

Shall inquire of its truth, and shall ask, "Is it so?"

Instead of implying assent by your laughter,

Would you kindly oblige me by answering, "No"?

I recognise freely your marvellous kindness

In allowing your name to be linked with my own.

Maybe it is only incurable blindness

To your charms that compels me to let them alone.

But if with reports I am still to be harried,

I've thoroughly made up my mind what to do;

Just to settle it all, I shall shortly be married,

I shall shortly be married, but not—not to you.



"WHO BREAKS PAYS."—"In some large restaurants," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "the girls engaged have to pay for the breakages which occur in the course of carrying on a business in which they are not partners." If the maxim at the head of this paragraph were strictly and impartially enforced, such exacting employers would have to pay pretty smartly for certain "breakages" which occur in the carrying on of a business in which they consider *they* have no concern—breakages, to wit, of the girls' health, spirits, and, often, hearts!

MODERN VERSION OF "WISE MEN OF THE EAST."—The Congress of Orientalists.

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OFF DUTY.

The "Daily Graphic" Weather-Young-Woman gets her "Sundays out."

SILENCE AND SLEEP.

(Lines written at Cock-crow.)

NIGHT-TIME and silence! O'er the brooding hill
The last faint whisper of the zephyr dies;
Meadows and trees and lanes are hushed and still,
A shroud of mist on the slow river lies;
And the tall sentry poplars silent keep
Their lonely vigil in a world of sleep.
Yea, all men sleep who toiled throughout the day
At sport or work, and had their fill of sound,
The jest and laughter that we mate with play,
The beat of hoofs, the mill-wheel grinding round,
The anvil's note on summer breezes borne,
The sickle's sweep in fields of yellow corn.
And I too, as the hours go softly by,
Lie and forget, and yield to sleep's behest,
Leave for a space the world without a sigh,
And pass through silence into dreamless rest;
Like a tired swimmer floating tranquilly
Full in the tide upon a peaceful sea.
But hark, that sound! Again and yet again!
Darkness is cleft, the stricken silence breaks,
And sleep's soft veil is rudely rent in twain,
And weary nature all too soon awakes;
Though through the gloom has pierced no ray of light,
To hail the dawn and bid farewell to night.
Still is it night, the world should yet sleep on,
And gather strength to meet the distant morn.
But one there is who, though no ray has shone,
Waits not, nor sleeps, but laughs all rest to scorn,
The demon-bird that crows his hideous jeer,
Restless, remorseless, hateful Chanticleer.
One did I say? Nay, hear them as they cry;
Six more accept the challenge of the foe:
From six stretched necks six more must make reply,
Echo, re-echo and prolong the crow.
First shrieking singly, then their notes they mix
In one combined cacophony of six.
Miscalled of poets "herald of the day,"
Spirit of evil, vain and wanton bird,
Was there then none to beg a moment's stay
Ere for thy being Fate decreed the word?
Could not thy ASCLEPIAS, when he ceased to be,
Take to the realms of death thy tribe and thee?

What boots it thus to question? for thou ART,
And still shalt be; but never canst be still,
Destined at midnight thus to play thy part,
And when all else is silent to be shrill.
Yea, as I lie all sleepless in the dark,
I love not those who housed thee in the Ark.

"AS GOOD AS A BETTER."

DR. ANDREW WILSON (in "Science Jottings," in the *Illustrated London News*) dares disparage Golf "as an ideal game for young men," venturing to advocate the preferential claims of fogeyish Cricket, and even of futile Lawn Tennis—

"O Scots, wha hae wi' BALFOUR teed."

What *will* ye say to this disloyal, slanderous, sacrilegious ANDY? He hints that Golf is a mere modish fashion—even a *fin de siècle* fad!!! How many perfervid and patriotic Scots will

"Condemn his soul to eternal perdition
For his theory of the—National Game?"

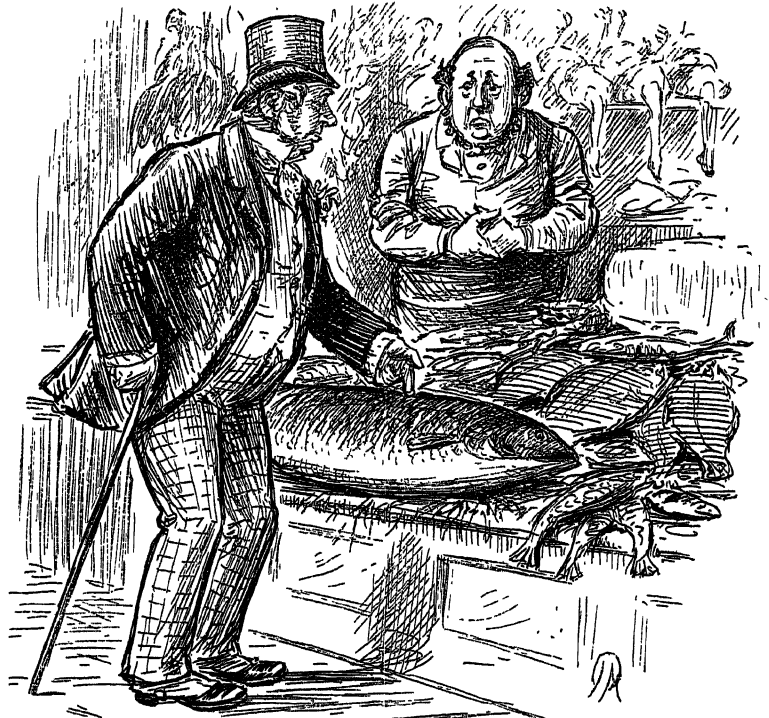
He says "you hit a ball and walk after it, and manœuvre it into a hole." Eugh! Such icy analysis would make Billiards a bore, and resolve "Knuckle-down" into nonsense! "It is not (*Golf* is not!) a proceeding (*proceeding, quotha!*) of which youths and young men should grow enamoured." As though, forsooth, Golf were a sort of elderly Siren luring limp and languorous youths into illegitimate courses; a *passée* Delilah, whose enervating fascinations sapped the virile vigour that might be dedicated to "that noblest of sports," Cricket, or even that "much better game," Lawn Tennis!!!

Surely the devotees of the Golf-cultus, the lovers of the Links, will be down like a "driver" upon Dr. WILSON. Oh, ANDY, ANDY, between you and your "brither Scots" there is henceforth "a great Golf fixed!"

A Cricket Paradox.

THOUGH true without questioning, yet all the same,
It's a trifle perplexing to know what it means—
That the counties that hate most to lose in a game
Would be pleased very much at your giving them Beans!"

WIGS ON THE (SEA) GREEN!—Some Frenchman (we are told by *The Gentlewoman*) has done Ladies a good turn by inventing a Bathing Wig, which keeps the hair dry without making the fair bather look "a fright." Hooray! SABRINA herself might shout for such an invention, which even the Nereids need not despise. DIZZY once sarcastically referred to certain "Bathing W(h)igs," but they were of another sort. Not even the most adventurous Tory could "steal the clothes" of our latter day "Bathing Wigs."



"FINE SALMON YOU'VE GOT THERE, POULTER!"—"SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS, MY LORD! SHALL I SEND IT HOME TO YOUR LORDSHIP?"—"WELL—ER—LOOK HERE! JUST CUT ME HALF A POUND OUT OF THE MIDDLE THERE, AND GIVE IT ME IN A PIECE OF PAPER!"

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. VII.

SCENE—A Second-Class Compartment on the line between Würzburg and Nuremberg. PODBURY has been dull and depressed all day, not having recovered from the parting with Miss TROTTER. CULCHARD, on the contrary, is almost ostentatiously cheerful. PODBURY is intensely anxious to find out how far his spirits are genuine, but—partly from shyness, and partly because some of their fellow travellers have been English—he has hesitated to introduce the subject. At last, however, they are alone, and he is determined to have it out on the very first opportunity.

Culchard. Abominably slow train, this Schnell-zug. I hope we shall get to Nuremberg before it's too dark to see the general effect.

Podbury. We're not likely to be in time for table d'hôte—not that I'm peckish. (He sighs.) Wonder whereabouts the—the TROTTERS have got to by now, eh?

[He feels he is getting red, and hums the Garden Scene from "Faust."

Culch. (indifferently). Oh, let me see—just arriving at St. Moritz, I expect. Wonderful effect of colour, that is.

[He indicates the West, where a bar of crimson is flaming between a belt of firs.

Podb. (absently). Oh, wonderful!—where? (Hums a snatch of a waltz.) Dum-dum-did-dle-um-tum-dum-dum-dum-ty-doodle; dum-dum—I say, you don't seem particularly cut up?

Culch. Cut up? Why should I be cut up, my dear fellow?—about what?

[Before PODBURY can explain, two Talkative British Tourists tumble up into the compartment, and he has to control his curiosity once more.

First T. T. Well, I 'ope we're all right now, SAM, I'm sure—these German jokers have chivied us about enough for one journey! (To CULCHARD.) Not in your way, this 'at-box, Sir? Don't give yer much space in these foreign trains. (They settle down and the train starts.) Pretty bit o' country along 'ere!—puts me in mind o' the best part o' Box 'Ill—and I can't say more for it than that!

Second T. T. (a little man with a sandy fringe and boiled-looking eyes). What I notice about the country abroad is they don't seem to 'ave no landmarks.

First T. T. (with a dash of friendly contempt). What d'yer mean—no landmarks—signposts?

Second T. T. (with dignity). I mean to say, they don't 'ave nothing to indicate which is JACK's property, and which is JOE's.

First T. T. Go on—they've as much as what we 'ave.

Second T. T. 'Ave they? We 'ave fences and 'edges. I don't see none 'ere. P'raps you'll point me out one?

First T. T. There's precious few 'edges or fences in the Isle o' Thanet, as you'd know if you've ever been to Margit.

Second T. T. (loftily). I'm not talkin' about Margit now, I'm talkin' of 'ere, and I'll trouble you to show me a landmark.

First T. T. Depend on it they've their own ways of knowing which is 'oo's.

Second T. T. That's not what I'm sayin'. I'm sayin' there ain't nothing to indicate it.

[They argue the point at length. Podb. (to CULCHARD). Then you really aren't cut up—about Miss T. you know?

Culch. (with the reserve of a man who only wants to be pressed).

There is no reason that I am aware of, why I should be—but (lowering his voice) don't you think we had better wait till we are alone to discuss that subject?

Podb. Oh, all right. I'm not partic—at least. Well, I'm glad you aren't, you know, that's all.

[He becomes silent again—but his face brightens visibly. First T. T. (to Second Do.). See that field there? That's tobacco, that is.

Second T. T. What they make their penny smokes of. (The train enters a station.) What funny engines they do 'ave 'ere! I expect the guard 'll be wanting to see our billyett's again next. It's as bad as it used to be with the passports. I've 'eard—mind yer, I don't know 'ow much likeli'ood there is in the assertion—that they're going to bring 'em in again. Most intricate they were about them. (To CULCHARD.) Why, if you'll believe me, a friend o' mine as 'ad one—well, they got 'is description down to a ioter! He'd a cast in 'is eye,—they put it down, and a pimple you'd 'ardly notice—but down that went!

First T. T. It's no use 'aving such things if they don't do it thoroughly.

Second T. T. (irrelevantly). I wish I 'adn't 'ad that glass o' peach

wine where we changed last. (A Guard appears at the window, and makes some guttural comments on the couple's tickets.) Wechseln? Why, that means wash, don't it? I'm as clean as him, anyway. "Anshtegen"—ah, I ought to know what that means by this time! SAM, my boy, we're bundled out again. I told yer 'ow it would be!

[They tumble out, and the carriage is presently filled by an assortment of Germans, including a lively and sociable little Cripple with a new drinking-mug which he has just had filled with lager, and a Lady with pale hair and sentimental blue eyes.

Podb. We can talk all right now, eh? They won't understand. Look here, old fellow, I don't mind owning I'm rather down in the mouth about—you know what. I shouldn't care so much if there was any chance of our coming across them again.

Culch. (cordially). I am very glad to hear you say so. I was

rather afraid you had taken a dislike—er—in that quarter.

Podb. I?—is it likely! I—I admire her awfully, you know, only she rather seemed to snub me lately.

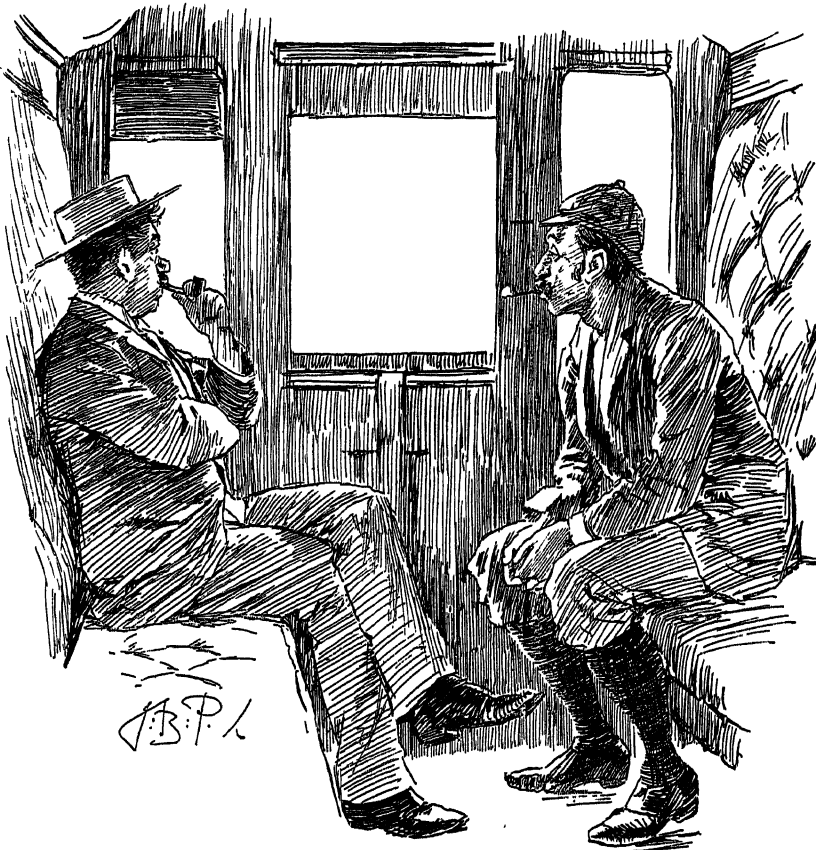
Culch. (with patronising reassurance). Quite a mistake on your part, I assure you, my dear fellow. I am sure she will learn to appreciate you—er—fully when you meet again, which, I may tell you, will be at no very distant date. I happen to know that she will be at the Italian Lakes early next month, and so shall we, if you let me manage this tour my own way.

Podb. (with surprise and gratitude). I say, old boy, I'd no notion you were such a nailing good chap! Nein, danky. (To the little Cripple, who is cheerily inviting him, in pantomime, to drink from his mug.) Cheeky little beggar. But do you really think anything will—er—come of it, if we do meet her again—do you now?

Culch. I—ah—have the best reasons for feeling tolerably certain of it.

[He looks out of window and smiles. Podb. But that cousin of hers—CHARLEY, you know—how about him?

Culch. I put that to her, and there is nothing in it. In fact, she practically admitted—(He glances round and lowers his voice.) I will tell you another time. That lady over there is looking at us, and I'm almost certain—



"Puts me in mind o' the best part o' Box 'Ill."

Podb. What if she is, she don't understand a word we're saying. I want to hear all about Her, you know.

Culch. My dear *PODBURY*, we shall have ample time to talk about her while we are at Nuremberg together - it will be the greatest pleasure to me to do so as long as ever you please.

Podb. Thanks, old chap! I'd no idea you were doing all this, you know. But just tell me this, what did she say about me?

Culch. (*mystified*). About you? I really don't recollect that she mentioned you particularly.

Podb. (*puzzled*). But I thought you said you'd been speaking up for me! What did you talk about then?

Culch. Well, about myself—naturally.

[*He settles his collar with a vague satisfaction.*]

Podb. (*blankly*). Oh! Then you haven't been arranging to meet her again on my account?

Culch. Good Heavens, no—what a very grotesque idea of yours, my dear fellow! [*He laughs gently.*]

Podb. Is it? You always gave out that she wasn't your style at all, and you only regarded her as a "study," and not like that. How could I tell you would go and cut me out?

Culch. I don't deny that she occasionally—er—jarred. She is a little deficient in surface refinement—but that will come, that will come. And as to "cutting you out," why, you must allow you never had the remotest—

Podb. I don't allow anything of the sort. She liked me well enough till—till you came in and set her against me, and you may think it friendly if you like, but I call it shabby—confoundedly shabby.

Culch. Don't talk so loud, I'm sure I saw that woman smile!

Podb. She may smile her head off for all I care. (*The train stops; the Cripple and all but the Pale-haired Lady get out.*) Here we are at Nuremberg. What hotel did you say you are going to?

Culch. The Bayrischer-Hof. Why?

[*He gets his coat and sticks, &c., out of the rack.*]

Podb. Because I shall go to some other, that's all.

Culch. (*in dismay*). My dear *PODBURY*, this is really too childish! There's no sense in travelling together, if we're going to stay at different hotels!

Podb. I'm not sure I shall go any further. Anyway, while I am here, I prefer to keep to myself.

Culch. (*with a displeased laugh*). Just as you please. It's a matter of perfect indifference to me. I'm afraid you'll be terribly bored by yourself, though.

Podb. That's my look out. It can't be worse than going about with you and listening while you crow and drivel about her, that's one comfort! [*The Pale-haired Lady coughs in a suspicious manner.*]

Culch. You don't even know if there is another hotel.

Podb. I don't care. I can find a pot-house somewhere, I daresay.

The Pale-haired Lady (*in excellent English, to PODBURY as he passes out*). Pardon me, you will find close to the Bahnhof a very good hotel—the Wurtemburger.

[*PODBURY thanks her and alights in some confusion; the Lady sinks back, smiling.*]

Culch. (*annoyed*). She must have understood every word we said! Are you in earnest over this? (*PODBURY nods grimly.*) Well, you'll soon get tired of your own society, I warn you.

Podb. Thanks, we shall see.

[*He saunters off with his bag; CULCHARD shrugs his shoulders, and goes in search of the Bayrischer-Hof Porter, to whom he entrusts his luggage tickets, and takes his seat in the omnibus alone.*]

"ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE!"

[*"The London Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian hears that certain ungallant Members of Parliament are threatening at the beginning of next Session to make a formal protest against the wholesale admission of ladies to the precincts of the House."*]

UNGALLANT! Vastly fine! But when they crowd

The terrace seats, elbow us in the lobbies,
Chatter and laugh, and care no more about

(Elderly) senators than boys or bobbies;

Why then, Sir, all M.P.'s of nerve and nous

Will say that, though we love the babbling beauties,
The swarming of these "Angels in the House,"

Will simply play the devil with its duties!



"NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS!"

(*International Feline Amenities.*)

Fair French Republican. "SO YOU 'AVE RETURN FROM PARIS? HOW DID YOU LIKE IT?"

Lady Godiva. "OH, PAS DE TOUT—IT IS SO ALTERED FOR THE WORSE! FOR I CAN REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS IN THE DEAR OLD DAYS OF THE EMPIRE!"

Fair French Republican. "AH, MILADI, IS IT NOT POSSIBLE ZAT PARIS MAY FIND YOU A LITTLE BIT ALTERED TOO!"

STORICULES.

IV.—A REVIEWER'S CONFESSION.

I AM extremely fond of sitting and looking on; but I do not care about taking part in anything. There are some people who cannot even witness a cab accident without wanting to be the horse or the man who is sitting on the horse's head. They walk round the prostrate animal and give advice; and if they are allowed to help in any way, they are quite happy. If such people watch a game of any sort, they always wish they were taking part in it. I once went to a cricket-ground to eat luncheon, and I went with an enthusiast of this kind. We noticed that his attention seemed distracted, that he only replied in monosyllables when we spoke to him, and that there was something on his mind. "I would give," he exclaimed, at last—and it was the only remark that he had volunteered for half-an-hour—"I would give a year of my life for twenty minutes with that bowling." He was evidently deeply affected. "Why don't they take him off?" he moaned. There were tears in his eyes. I do not quite understand that feeling. I can watch absolutely anything, but I never want to do more. I was not made to undertake principal parts—I can witness amateur theatricals without wishing to be the prompter. I review novels, but I do not write them.

The other day I watched a game of tennis. I had placed the lounge-chair in a safe and shady position. I had got a paper-knife and the third volume with me. The cat had followed me out of the library, and sat down in a convenient position so that I could scratch it gently behind the ear if I wanted to. I was smoking a pipe that had just reached the right stage of maturity, and, in some indefinable way, made life seem richer and better. Everything was well arranged for the watching of tennis.

There were two players—BILL, a young son of the house, whom I knew intimately, and TOMMY, a boy of the same age, who had just come up from the Rectory. I had not seen TOMMY before. He was a nice-looking little boy, and wore a black necktie in the collar of his silk tennis-shirt. BILL is not good-looking; he is red and freckled, and grins vastly. He was wearing rather unclean flannels, and did not look quite so refined and delicate as TOMMY. I compared the two boys, and thought that I preferred BILL. In the first game of the set, BILL, who plays wonderfully well, won easily; after that, my attention got fixed on that third volume. I turned down a corner of the page whenever I came across anything that was at all conventional. I was reading the book for

review, and my notice of it was to appear in *The Scalpel* on the following Saturday. It was, on the whole, a capital novel, but it was by an author who had been, I thought, more successful than was good for him. He had been elected freely to the best Clubs. During the season he had gone everywhere. Many editions of his book had been sold. He had acquired a little cult who said extravagant things about him in the literary papers. It is sickening to see a man revered during his lifetime. I could imagine him posing before his cult and being pleased; even before I had read a page of his novel, I had made up my mind to administer to him a wholesome corrective in the pages of *The Scalpel*. I was rather sorry to find that it was really a capital novel; but it had enough faults for my purpose.

I had read for some time before I turned my attention to the game again. When I did so, I was startled, for it was perfectly obvious that BILL was giving the game away. His usual service is a little like invisible lightning with a bend in it; he was now serving in a modified manner, which he generally uses only when he is playing with girls who are not his sisters. It was also obvious that TOMMY, who looked very elated, fully believed that he was winning on



his own merits, and had no idea that BILL was merely allowing him to win.

"My game—and set!" cried TOMMY, joyously.

"You've improved awfully," said BILL.

I could not imagine why BILL had intentionally lost that set, for I knew that he hated losing. When TOMMY had gone home again to the Rectory, BILL came up to me to ask how old I thought a man ought to be before he began smoking. I said that I thought thirty-six was about the right age, and asked BILL why he had let TOMMY win.

"Oh, nothing particular," said BILL, in his matter-of-fact way; "only I'd never seen him wear that kind of tie before, and I asked him what he was doing it for, and he said it was for his aunt; she died a few weeks back; so I thought I might as well give him the set to make up for it."

I was rather amused. "TOMMY looked very pleased with himself," I said.

"Yes, he'll brag about that game all over the place," replied BILL, rather despondently. For a moment or two he was silent, imagining the triumph and pride of TOMMY. "I'd punch his head as soon as look at him," he added.

"What on earth for? He thought he'd won by play."

"He can't play any more than a cow, but that's not it. I hate to see anyone get so glorious about anything. Well, I don't know—it's kind of natural. He'd have had a right to brag, if he had really won, and he thought he did."

"Anyhow," I said, severely, "it's a mean trick to want to damage anyone, just because he's pleased with himself when he's got a right to be."

"Well, yes—I'll give you thirty."

"Can't play. I'm going to finish this novel, BILL."

"Is that one of the books you write about in the papers?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to praise it, or cut it up?"

"I'm going to give it such a—well, no, on second thoughts, I believe I'm going to praise it." And I did.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. III.—TO POMPOSITITY.

MY DEAR POMPOSITITY,

It was only yesterday that I dined with BULMER, the wealthy brewer, in his magnificent mansion in the neighbourhood (I dare not be more precise) of Belgrave Square. You know as well as I do that BULMER's origin, though it may not have been humble, was certainly obscure. Nobody quite knows how he first managed to become a partner in the great concern which he now entirely controls. Fifteen years ago few people ever heard of or drank the "Pellucid Ale" without which no tap-room and few middle-class luncheon tables can now be considered complete. Suddenly, however, column upon column of the daily press overflowed, as it were, with those two magic words; analytical chemists investigated the properties of the beverage, and one and all pronounced it in highly technical language to contain more bone-forming and sinew-developing elements than any other known beer. The poetry-and-beer-loving public was fascinated by a series of memorable stanzas:—

"The hardy Briton loves good cheer,

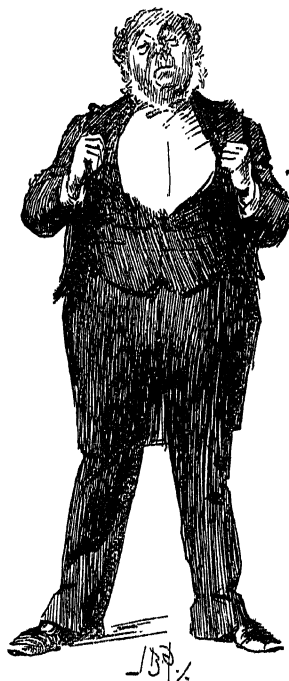
His mighty sinews never fail:

'Pour me,' he cries 'a draught of Beer,
And let it be Pellucid Ale.'"

So the verse began, and it was illustrated by a flaring symbolical picture in two compartments. In the first a throng of gaunt and miserable creatures was represented crawling with difficulty towards an immense barrel, astride which sat a lusty, hop-crowned deity. In the second, every member of the same throng had become stout and hearty. The hollow cheeks were round and shining with health, the bent backs were straight, the dreary faces were wreathed in smiles, and every hand held a foam-topped glass of "Pellucid Ale." Underneath were painted the words, "After one glass." Even without the title, the inference was obvious; the confiding public drew it, and immense quantities of BULMER's ale, almost simultaneously, and the result was that, in a very short time, BULMER might have rolled in money if he had felt disposed—as, to do him justice, he never did—to render himself ridiculous. Now what is there in the fact that BULMER has made a fortune in beer that should inflate him to so insufferable an extent? Can it be that there is some mysterious property in the liquid itself, some property which, having escaped even the careful investigation of the analytical chemists, has pervaded the being of BULMER, and has induced him to patronise the inhabited world? I thought so once. Indeed I have lost myself in conjectures on this point. But I now know that BULMER has fallen under your sway, and that you, my dear POMPOSITITY, direct his every movement, and inspire his every thought. Now, the other night, when, as I say, I was dining at his table, BULMER was in one of his most glorious and vain-glorious moods. Patronage radiated from him upon my humble self and the rest of the tribe of undoubted inferiors whom he permitted to bask in his shining presence.

"My dear boy," said BULMER to me, while he inserted his thumbs in the arm-openings of his waistcoats, and drummed an approving tattoo upon his shining shirt-front, "my dear boy, I have always been your friend, and nobody knows it better than you. Many a time have I proved it to you, and I can honestly assure you that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to welcome you in person to my humble home."

I thanked the great man deferentially, and assured him I was deeply sensible of his many kindnesses. But after he had turned away, some malicious spirit prompted me, in spite of myself, to reflect upon the favours that BULMER has conferred upon me. Were they, after all, so numerous and so great? Was I, on the whole, so poor a worm as he imagined me to be? Had he in fact made me what I am? These ungrateful thoughts chased one another through my perplexed brain, and I was forced to acknowledge to myself that at the various crises of my career the fairy form of BULMER had been absent. Yet BULMER is firmly convinced that I owe any modest success I may have attained and all my annual income to his beneficent efforts on my behalf. And the worst of it is, that he has



a kind of top-heavy and overwhelming good-nature about him. He honestly means to be kind and genial where he only succeeds in irritating his perverse acquaintances. Was BULMER always thus? When he began on his small salary, did he patronise the office-boy? When he had learnt to spell, did he devote his first epistolary efforts to the pompous patronage of his parents? I fancy I can hear him declaring to his tottering father that a man so blessed in his son might well console himself for many a grievous disappointment, and the old man I am sure meekly accepted his son's assurance, and joined with his wife in thanking providence for granting them so great a happiness. But BULMER has different fashions of showing his superiority. I will do him the credit of saying that I do not believe him to be a Snob. He does not prostrate himself before the great, since he believes himself to be greater than they can ever be. But he knows that ordinary human nature is apt to be impressed by the appearance of intimate familiarity with persons of title. And BULMER therefore uses the Peers of his circle as instruments wherewith he may belabour the minds of his humbler friends.

"The Marquis of CHEDDAR," he will say, in a tone of grandeur, "did me the honour to consult me about his furniture to-day, and I told him what I thought. The fact is her Ladyship has no taste, and the Marquis has less, but I arranged it all for them."

And I am certain that BULMER spoke the truth, but I am equally certain that it was unnecessary for him to mention the subject at all. Yet little KINKES, I know, went away persuaded that the aristocracy trembled at BULMER's nod, and that to know him was a privilege. Unfortunately BULMER, with all his good-nature, wearies me, I know I am not worthy to tie his shoe-string, but I am disposed to imitate MONTROND, who, when he was told that he cheated at cards, replied, "*C'est possible, Monsieur, mais je n'aime pas qu'on me le dise*," and flung his wine-glass in his accuser's face. Cease, my dear POMPOSIT, to torment me by means of BULMER. I may address you again, but, in the meantime,

I remain, your humble Servant,

DIogenes ROBINSON.

A ROYAL (OLYMPIC) DIVORCE.

(A Page from French History by Mrs. Markham, after W. G. Wills.)

AND so, when NAPOLEON had won Austerlitz, he thought he would marry MARIE LOUISE, Archduchess of Austria, although, as you know, he was already wedded to JOSEPHINE, his first wife. To effect this purpose, he sent his Minister of State, TALLEYRAND, and two comic Marshals, called MURAT and NEY, to see the EMPRESS and explain to her his wishes; and this they did with so much effect that Her Majesty consented, and fainted on the spot.

Whether the swoon was real, or in another sense a feint, is not known, because she was a mistress of deception. For instance, although she was nearly a negress in complexion, she managed, at the Palace of Fontainebleau, to appear in a flaxen wig, and with all the appearance of a blonde beauty. Shortly after the EMPEROR's marriage with his new wife, that lady called upon her predecessor, and behaved in such a fashion that JOSEPHINE was justified in calling her "vulgar."

A little later, with the assistance of a British Dramatist, called W. G. WILLS (who had already made some alterations in the History of England for the benefit of CHARLES THE FIRST and Mr. HENRY IRVING), she managed to protect the baby King of Rome from a *ballet* mob in the Gardens of the Tuileries, and also to afford considerable assistance to her Austrian successor while that "vulgar" person was crawling up some stone steps. Later still, she contrived to have an affecting interview on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo with NAPOLEON himself, although it has been reported in some quarters that she had become defunct a year before the occurrence of that important victory. It was on this occasion that the Hero of Austerlitz gave a most valuable testimonial to the British Army, to whom he referred as "bull-dogs who never knew

when they were beaten," and soldiers with iron-like tenacity. JOSEPHINE subsequently died of visions at Malmaison to the soothing sound of soft music kindly supplied by a semi-concealed orchestra.

CONVERSATION ON A ROYAL (OLYMPIC) DIVORCE.

Mrs. Markham. And now, dear little FRANK, can you tell me why the Battle of Waterloo was lost?

Frank. Because, dear Mamma, it was removed from its resting-place in the Panorama close to Victoria Street.

Mrs. Markham. That is a most intelligent reply, but I do not think you are quite right. I fancy the Battle must have been lost because, out of the couple of dozen or so of French soldiers who took



Waterloo in Play; or, the Charge of a Charger.

part in the Victory in Wych Street, a considerable number had to be told off to see that NAPOLEON's charger behaved himself.

George. And yet, dear mother, after the performances, I myself saw the noble steed trotting most good-naturedly in rear of a hansom cab.

Mrs. Markham. When you are all older, I will take you myself to examine the Model of the celebrated Battle in the Royal United Service Institution; in the meanwhile, you may rest satisfied with the explanation I have afforded you.

Mary. But mother, dear, do you not think that NAPOLEON and his Army may possibly have trembled at the red fire and the picture of carnage on the painted canvas, that, on the occasion under discussion, confronted them?

Mrs. Markham. It is not improbable; and now, CHARLES, can you tell me anything about NAPOLEON?

Charles. Yes, dearest Mamma. He was strikingly like Mr. BOLTON the excellent Member of Parliament, who represents so ably a portion of St. Pancras, and had a curious and clever way of hugging his elbows when his arms were crossed behind his back.

Mrs. Markham. That was indeed the case, and I am glad to see that you have paid so much attention to historical accuracy. And you, MARY, what do you know about the Ladies-in-waiting upon the Empress JOSEPHINE?

Mary. That even in the direst straits they were fond of practical joking. One of them, for instance, on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, finding a general's uniform, that for some unaccountable reason was hanging up in an inn at Jenappes, assumed the costume, and, thus disguised, had a great deal of fun with her husband, the Marshal AUGEREAU, who was then on his way to the front, with the avowed purpose of engaging the allied armies of England and Prussia in mortal combat.

Mrs. Markham. And you, FRANK—what do you know of TALLEYRAND?

Frank. That there seemed to be some doubt about his proper title. Some called him "Monseigneur," some "Monsieur," and some even "My shoe" and "My sheer."

Mrs. Markham. Well, my dear children, you all seem to have been very observant, and let me hope that if *A Royal Divorce* does not exactly add to the reputation of NAPOLEON, JOSEPHINE, Mr. WILLS, or MARIE LOUISE, it may yet fill the coffers of Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE.

NAVAL NOTE.—The Shibboleth of international courtesy in these days of big Iron-clad Fleets should surely be, "May it please your Warships!"

SONG OF THE SHAMPOOED ONE (AFTER TENNYSON).—"Sweet after showers ambrosial (h)air!"



Wills and Ways; or, a Hand at Nap.

assistance of a British Dramatist, called W. G. WILLS (who had already made some alterations in the History of England for the benefit of CHARLES THE FIRST and Mr. HENRY IRVING), she managed to protect the baby King of Rome from a *ballet* mob in the Gardens of the Tuileries, and also to afford considerable assistance to her Austrian successor while that "vulgar" person was crawling up some stone steps. Later still, she contrived to have an affecting interview on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo with NAPOLEON himself, although it has been reported in some quarters that she had become defunct a year before the occurrence of that important victory. It was on this occasion that the Hero of Austerlitz gave a most valuable testimonial to the British Army, to whom he referred as "bull-dogs who never knew



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"MY LITTLE BOY, SIR, DIED WHEN HE WAS ONLY TWO MONTHS OLD, JUST AFTER HE HAD BEEN VACCINATED." "HOW VERY SAD! HAD HE BEEN BAPTISED?" "YES, SIR; BUT IT WAS THE VACCINATION AS CARRIED HIM OFF, SIR!"

THE MODERN "BED OF PROCRUSTES."

[PROCRUSTES, or "the Stretcher," was the surname of one POLYPEMON, a Greek "gentleman of the road," whose amiable habit was to stretch or shorten the bodies of travellers who fell into his hands, so as to make them of the same length as a certain bed of his upon which it was his wont to tie them.]

To shorten the long, and to lengthen the short, May have made the Greek robber-chief excellent sport; But the Stretcher's strange pallet-rack seems out of date In the land of the free, 'neath a well-ordered State.

MENIPPUS told NIREUS,* that pet of the ladies, Equality perfect prevaileth in—Hades "Where all are alike." Said THERSITES, "for me That's enough," but *beau* NIREUS could hardly agree With such levelling down to the churl who for shape In his strange second life chose the form of an ape. For THERSITES & Co., for the weakly and small, Who in free competition must go to the wall,

* LUCIAN'S *Dialogues of the Dead*.

The plan of PROCRUSTES has obvious charms: "Cut 'em down to *our* standard, chop legs, shorten arms!

Bring us all to one level in power and pay, By the rule of a legalised Eight Hours Day!" So shouts Labour's Lilliput—that is *its* voice, And the modern PROCRUSTES thereat must rejoice.

"No giants, no dwarfs!" So say BROWNING and BURR, But to "raise the whole race" can't be done in a spurt, And while Nature provides us with genius and clown, There is nought to be gained by mere levelling down.

So the plan of PROCRUSTES, my boys, will not work, Or will benefit none save the sluggard or shirk.

Oh yes, the bold bully stands swaggering there With the axe in his hand, and his head in the air, Type of heedless Compulsion, the shallow of pate, Who man's freedom would sell to a fetish of State.

Self-help and joint effort, as BURR wisely said, Are better by far than—that comfortless bed, That new Little-Ease that free Labour would pack, On a sort of plank-pillow combined with a rack.

"Come on, longs and shorts!" shouts PROCRUSTES the New, "Law shall lend us its axe, and its rope, and its screw I must make you all fit to my Bed standard-sized!"

Ah! Labour may well look a little surprised. "Fit us all to *that* cramped prison-pallet! Oh lor!

It may suit a few stumpies, but England holds more.

Might as well fit us out with fixed 'duds' from our birth, Regardless of difference in growth, or in girth.

No! Snap-votes may be caught 'midst a Congress's roar, But tool us all down to one gauge, mate? Oh lor!!!

New Unionist Titan and Stentor in one, To pose as PROCRUSTES may seem rather fun; When it comes to the pinch of experiment, then

[men, You may find that some millions of labouring Of all sorts and sizes, all callings and crafts, The toilers by furnaces, factories, shafts, The thrall of the mine, and the swart stithy slave,

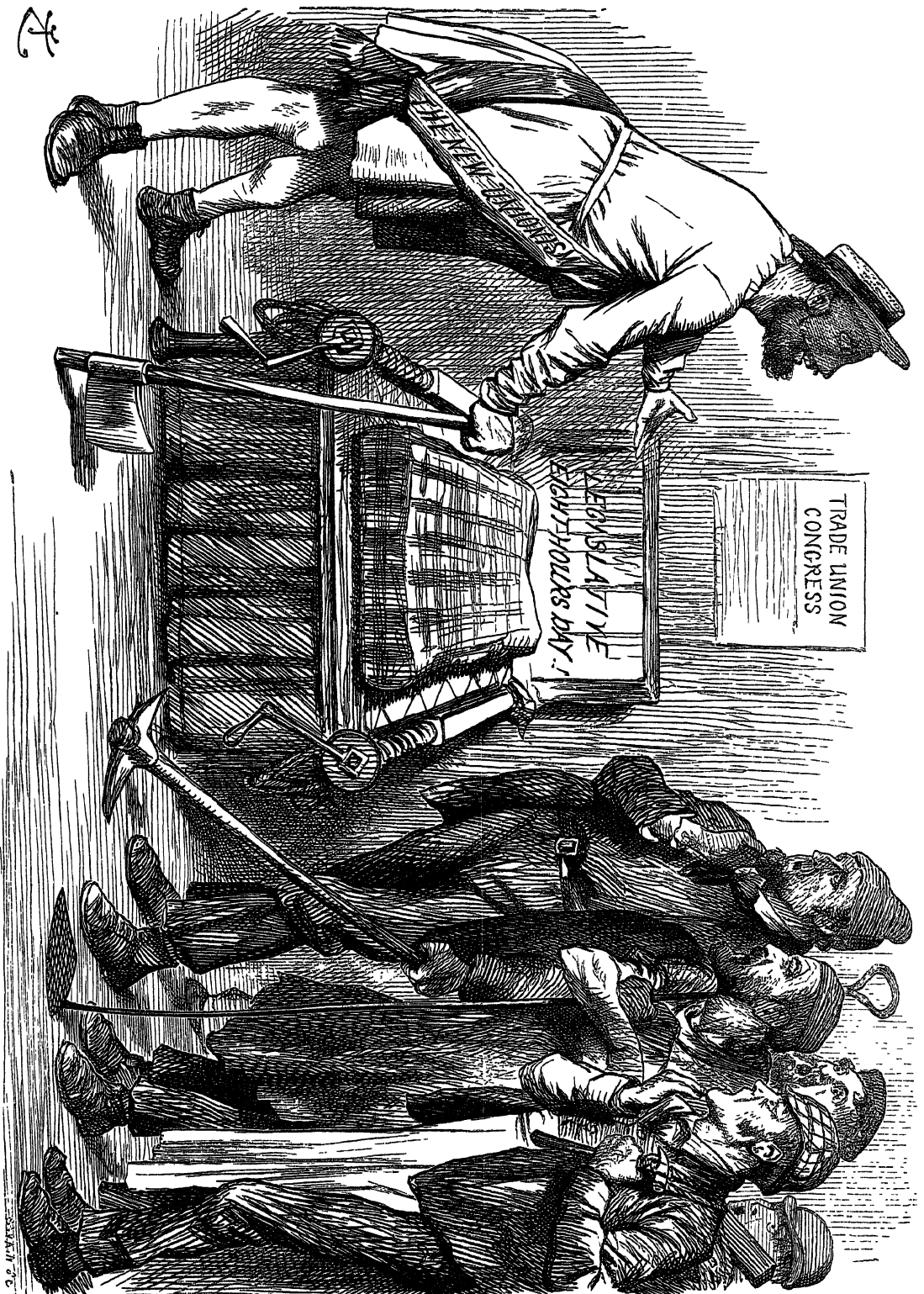
[wave, The boys of the bench, and the sons of the Are not quite so easy to "size up" all round To that comfortless bed where you'd have them all bound,

As the travellers luckless who fell in the way Of the old Attic highwayman THESEUS did slay.

Though your voice may sound loud and your thews look immense,

You may fall to the THESEUS—of Free Common Sense! [beguiles not— As BURR says—and his eloquence moves but On short cuts to Millennium Providence smiles not!

APPROPRIATE LOCATION.—"Yes," said a friend of the person they were discussing, "he is a great traveller, and tells you some of the most marvellous stories." "Where does he live?" was the question. And the very natural answer was, "Oh, in some out-and-out-lying district."



THE MODERN "BED OF PROCRUSTES."

PROCRUSTES. "NOW THEN, YOU FELLOWS; I MEAN TO FIT YOU ALL TO MY LITTLE BED!" CHORUS. "OH LOR-R!!!"
 ["It is impossible to establish universal uniformity of hours without inflicting very serious injury to workers."—*Motion at the recent Trades' Congress.*]

THE BITTER CRY OF THE OUTCAST CHOIR-BOY.

BREAK, break, break,
O voice, on my old top C!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!



O, well for the
fishmonger's
boy
That he
shrieks his
two notes
above A!
O, well for the
tailor's son
That he soars
in the old,
old way!

And the twelve-year chaps go on
Up the gamut steady and shrill;
But, O, for the creak of a larynx cracked,
And a glottis that won't keep still!

Break, break, break,
O voice, on my dear top C.
But the swell solo parts of a boyhood fled
They'll never give more to me!

ANNALS OF A QUIET WATERING-PLACE

THAT HAS "SEEN ITS DAY."

THIS is the nineteenth day that I have had my face glued to the window-pane watching for the promised "break" in the weather that is to enable me to get a little of the benefit of the sea-air of this place that my doctor assures me is "to do such wonders for me in a week that I shall not know myself." What it might do for me if I could only get hold of it, I can only guess, but the result of the persistent rain has been slowly but surely to empty the Grand Esplanade, the drawing and dining-room floors of which announce on colossal cards that the whole twenty-four establishments are "to let," with the result that all the recreation that Torsington-on-Sea affords has formed a sort of conspiracy to drive me mad with amusement.

The trombone of the town band steals a march on the rest, commencing as early as eight o'clock in the morning with a very powerful rendering of "*Il Balen*," who is succeeded in turn by the discarded Christy Minstrel with the damaged concertina. Then comes a Professor in black velvet spangled tights, who insists, spite my shaking my head at him dolefully through the drizzling mist, in going through a drawing-room entertainment for the amusement and edification of a Telegraph-office Boy, who has apparently only one message to deliver, and it is to be presumed finds time hang in consequence a little heavily upon his hands. Spite my menacing and almost fierce refusal to appear at my window, however, he has the hardihood to knock, and ask for a "trifle." This, if I could only ensure that he would devote it to the purchase of a place on the coach to Barminster, I would gladly give him; but knowing that it will only enable him to make an early breakfast of cold gin and bitters at the "Boar's Head and Anchor," I shake my fist at him, as much as to say, "I am feeble I admit, and do not, I dare say, look as if there were much fight in me! But, by Jove! there is such a thing as the law, even, I suppose, at Torsington-on-Sea! You had best not tempt me too far, my fine fellow."

His reply to this is characteristic; at least, I think so. For within twenty minutes the discarded Christy Minstrel, the Silvery-voiced Tenor, some performing dogs, the whole of the Town Band, the Man with the Bath-chair

and general crowd of "loafers," assemble opposite my dining-room windows, braving south-west wind (half a gale of it), and a general downpour, leaden sky, and indications of "being in" for "another day of it."

I feel quite convinced that the Professor in velvet tights has rapidly whipped up the whole place with some such sentence as "No. 27 on the Grand Esplanade. Give the Old Bloke there a taste. He wants waking up a bit!"

I write to my Medical Adviser. One day is much like another here. I cannot say I go forward very fast. I admit the weather has been against me here; still, things might, I think, have been better.

Take this, for instance, as a typical day for an invalid. It is hardly the sort of place to "pick up" in; at least, so it strikes me.

9 A.M.—Am disturbed after a windy night, which has threatened to blow the front of the house (one of the twenty-four commanding a fine sea-view "both ways" off, and in my first and only turn of refreshing sweet sleep, by the Silvery-voiced Tenor, who persists, spite entreaties, requests, and finally threats, to move a little further away, or curtail a singularly florid version of "*Fra Poco*," under eighteen-pence. On, at length, threatening to send for the police if he declines to desist, he meets the announcement with shouts of derisive laughter, a fact which, Mrs. COBBLES, my landlady, is kind enough to explain, indicates that "The Policeman," not retiring till half-past one that morning, he will not be available, even for a murder, before two o'clock in the afternoon. I compromise the matter, therefore, by sending out sumpence to the Silvery-voiced Tenor, begging Mrs. COBBLES to give as heartrending a description as possible of my exhausted condition, which has the effect of wringing from the MARIO of Torsington an expression of sympathy, and an intimation that he will finish "*Fra Poco*" round the corner.

But ill news travels apace, and within ten minutes the discarded Christy Minstrel with the concertina that is somewhat out of order, and the Town Band (reduced to three), as if by common consent, together with the man in black velvet spangled tights, a short walking-stick, wash-hand basin, and small square of carpet, draw up, as if by magic, before Mrs. COBBLES' lodgings, and with the un-earning increment of Torsington-on-Sea as audience, commence a simultaneous *matinée* for my special benefit at twenty-five minutes and a half to ten.

Mrs. COBBLES' assurance that the poor gentleman has "not closed his eyes all night" seems only to stimulate them to further effort. As I feel that even twenty minutes of this recreation will certainly drive me mad, I beg Mrs. COBBLES to send the boy who comes to clean the boots and knives to disturb the One Policeman in his first sweet slumber. If nothing else will stir him, he is to be informed that No. 34 on the Esplanade is on fire, or if that fails, he may throw in 33 and 35 as well. In fact, he need not be particular as to facts, but *return with the Policeman he must!* There is a good-sized crowd assembled on the Esplanade, but as I am attired in a scarlet flannel dressing-gown, white night-cap, and am arguing the Act of Parliament with the deserted Christy Minstrel with some warmth, it may account for it.



THE KING OF THE BEASTS.

A Zoological Elegy.

[CHARLES JAMRACH, the celebrated naturalist and menagerie-keeper, of St. George's-in-the-East, died on September 6, at the age of 76.]

THE news on the town like a thunderbolt burst,

The loss of the Season 'tis reckoned;
We mourned long ago for King JAMRACH THE FIRST,

Now we weep for King JAMRACH THE SECOND.

There's grief at the Zoo, all the Lions bohoo,
And the Elephants dolefully trumpet;
The Tiger's in tears, and the lonely Koodoo
With sorrow's as cold as a crumpe.

He was seventy-six; but to cross o'er the Styx

At that age—for a JAMRACH—was premature;

There are lots of young cubs who feel quite in a fix

At the thought that he will not see *them* mature.

They howl with wide gorges to think that St. George's

Will see him no more—ah! no, never!
He will not preside at their shin-of-beef orgies,

Or nurse them through phthisis or fever.
The travelling menagerie must wait an age 'ere he—

JAMRACH—will find any fellow.
BARNUM, 'tis well you are gone we can tell you!

Bison, old boy, do not bellow
There quite so tremendously! Sad? Oh, stupendously!

So is the Ornithorhynchus.
But don't howl the roof off, your anguish in proof of,

Or Regent's Park swells mad may think us.

Yes, Marsupial Mole, we are "left in the hole,"

But still we must think of our dignity.
Animal sorrow from bardings must borrow
The true elegiac benignity.

That Japanese pug I could willingly hug,
He yaps out his grief so discreetly,
And dear Armadillo knows how to sing "Willow,"

Like poor *Desdemona*, most sweetly.
My dear *Felis Leo*, I do feel that we owe
A debt to the urban proprieties.

Don't shame yourself, Ursa, but quite *vice versa*,

You know how impressive caste's quiet is!
But, JAMRACH! O JAMRACH! Woe's stretched on no sham rack

Of metre that mourns you sincerely;
E'en that hard nut o' natur, the great Alli-gator,

Has eyes that look red, and blink queerly.
Mere "crocodile's tears," some may snigger;
but jeers

Must disgust at a moment so doleful.
For JAMRACH the brave, who has gone to his grave,

All our sorrow's sincere as 'tis soulful!

Telling the Wasps.

(With Acknowledgments to the Greek Anthology and Mr. Andrew Lang.)

CYNICS, and ye critics cold,

When the wasps return with Spring,

Tell them that *THESES* old

Perished in his fault-hunting,

Perished on an Autumn night.

Now no more he'll ban and blight

In the "weeklies," as of yore;

But the valley and the height
Miss a biter and a bore!

SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

CHAPTER V.

*Popperie—Noise—Quiet—Descent—Cerberus—Picture—Catacombs
Sensational—Stalactite—Surmises—Dreads—Poppy—Weird—
Desertion—Lost—Terrors—Candle—Out!*

ARRIVED! These are the works that POPPERIE & Co. built. On a height, commanding fine panoramic view. Approach to the house and stores is through a fresh-looking garden, everything neat and trim. Quite a surprise to find oneself suddenly among hundreds of casks and cases. Distant sound of carts and horses, of pulleys and cranks, of bringing in and sending out; but this sound is only a gentle hum—a murmuring accompaniment as it were; for, considering the amount of work that involves a lot of noise throughout the day, except, perhaps, during the feeding hours, the note of this place is its air of quiet activity. There is, I remark, a curious flavour in the atmosphere, that causes me to smack my lips, quite involuntarily, as if tasting wine. Remember somebody telling me, that the mere wine-laden atmosphere of the London Docks is quite enough to make anyone feel the worse for liquor, even though you do not touch a single drop in the vaults. We have not yet reached the vaults, but somehow there's something peculiarly exhilarating in the



knowledge that we are in the outer court of one of King Champagne's many palaces. *Mem.* Grand idea for a scene in a Drury Lane Pantomime. Visit to Palace of POPPIN THE FIRST, king of the Champagne country. Register copyright and suggest it to Sir DRURY O'LANUS.

DAUBINET has his hat in his hand and his overcoat over his arm. With his handkerchief he is mopping his fevered brow. "Piff!" he exclaims, "qu'il fait chaud! No? You don't find it? I do. *Caramba! O Champagnski! da Karascho! O Maman!* Come on! Here is our leader, le bon VESQUER! *Allons! Marchons!* Long to reign over us!"—then as we move forward, DAUBINET again bursts into song, as usual more or less out of tune. This time he favours us with snatches of "God save the Queen!" and finally, as we enter a huge tunnel, and, as I judge from the steep incline, are commencing our descent into the cave, I hear his voice behind me singing "We're leaving thee in sorrow, ANNIE!"

Darker and darker as we descend through this tunnel. Orpheus going to find Eurydice. No Cerberus about, thank goodness. Wonder if any rats or blackbeetles? By the way, Cerberus would have been a nasty one for rats. Cerberus, with three to one on him ("Heads I win—tails you rats lose"), doing a match against time in killing rats, is a fine subject for a weird classical picture yet to be painted. What R.A. could grapple with so tremendous a composition? On returning to "carp the upper air," must mention the subject to Sir FREDERICK the Great. Cerberus would be a nasty

one for rats to tackle. My ideas of anything alive underground are generally associated with suchlike warmint. At last—out of the tunnel! and now, I presume, in the caves. Here someone, gradually assuming a palpable form, emerges from somewhere out of a dark corner, and hands to each of us a long piece of wood about the length of a harlequin's bat (*note*, pantomime again), only that this is an inch or so thick and quite two inches wide at one end, where presently a candle is fixed by an attendant sprite,—the slave of the fallow candle,—and the wand, so to speak, tapers off towards the handle. *A propos* of "tapers off"—the question occurs to me, later on, as we pass through labyrinths of dark passages, where should I be in the case of "taper off"? Beautiful title for sensational story—"Lost in the Catacombs."

Our trusty guide, M. VESQUER, is well ahead, and DAUBINET follows closely at my heels. Thus we proceed, and if this order is preserved throughout, I feel that the sensational romance above mentioned will not be written, at least not on this occasion. We are in stalactite caverns; I expect a subterranean lake,—of still champagne of course,—and a boat; strange silver foil and gold foil fish ought to be swimming about, and the name of the subterranean lake should be Loch Foil, Loch Gold or Silver Foil, according to the material. No, nothing of the sort. It is all quite dry; uncommonly dry; atmosphere dry; ground dry; and, gradually, throats dry. Probably, champagne also dry. But remembering what I have heard of someone else's experience of Dock-visiting, which I presume is similar to cave-visiting, I do not mention my sudden drought. I feel that, while down here, if I took one glass of champagne, my head first, and then my legs, might become unsteady, whereupon nothing would be more likely than for me to take the wrong turning and lose my companions; if I did, what are the chances against my ever finding them again? Or if my legs failed me and I disappeared between the casks, who would think of looking for me there? Then, years afterwards, in some specially and unaccountably good vintage year, when there would be a run upon these particular casks, my mouldering skeleton would be found, among the sawdust, between the barrels, and some purveyor of ballads would write a song whereof the burden would not be unlike that of the once popular "*Mistletoe Bough*." As I follow my leader through the vaults all this occurs to me, as does also the appropriately melancholy refrain of another old song or "catch," "Down among the dead men let him lie!"

We are under the central dome of this Stalactite Champagne Cathedral dedicated to the worship of Bacchus. [*Happy Thought.*—The Champagne country is the true "Poppy Land." I present this with my compliments to Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, whose pleasant articles in the *Daily Telegraph* on "Poppy Land" are, and will be, for some time to come, so deservedly poppylar on the North coast of Norfolk. When driving round and about Cromer, our flyman pointed out "Poppy Land" to me. *Happy Thought.*—In future let this be known as "Caledonia Up to Date, or the New Scott-land."] A strange light descends from somewhere above, producing a blueish atmospheric effect. Weird, very. We are now in the Wine Demon's Cave. More pantomimic effects: big demons and little demons at work everywhere: champagne demons with strange faces,—I should say "fizzes,"—moving about noiselessly: the only sound is that of the occasional irrepressible effervescence of youth, or a pop from a recalcitrant cork in a distant cell, and, in a mysterious all-pervading way, an accompaniment of hammering. The lights and awful shadows of the scene recall to my mind CRUIKSHANK's grim illustrations to AINSWORTH'S *Tower of London*. If these wild figures under this Central Stalactited Dome, these fearsome Troglydotes, were suddenly to join hands and dance round us, keeping a "Witches' Sabbath," I should not feel surprised. I might be considerably alarmed; but surprised, no. It would be in keeping with the scene. Only where's the music? Surely a Special Champagne Dance ought to be supplied by the orchestra of "The Monday Pops."

Here DAUBINET, being tired, sits. He has seen it all before. "He knows his way," explains M. VESQUER, "and we shall meet him again above." This sounds funereal, but, as an expression of Christian sentiment, hopeful.

DAUBINET, mopping his forehead, mutters something, in Russian I believe, which sounds like "*Preama! Pascarry! da padadidi*," which he is perhaps rendering into English when he says, "Go straight on! Be quick! All r-r-right!"

Suddenly finding myself the only follower of our guide, I begin to realise to its full extent the loss of one who, up to now, has been my companion. I realise this one fact among others, but quite sufficient of itself, namely, that if I once lose sight of M. VESQUER in this maze of caverns down in the depths below, I shall have the utmost difficulty in ever coming up to the surface again. Now we are walking on a line of rails. All at once I lose sight of M. VESQUER. He must have turned off to the right or left—which?—and I shall see his light in the distance when I reach the opening into the right, or left, passage. . . . What's that? A shriek? a howl? a flash!—"Hé! là bas!" and at a rapid pace out of the blackest darkness emerge two wine-demons on a trolley. I have just time

to reduce myself to the smallest possible compass against the barrels, when the wine-demons brandishing a small torch-light have whizzed past,—“Ho! Ho!”—goblin laughter in the distance, as heard in *Rip Van Winkle*, and described in *Gabriel Grub*—“Ho! Ho!”—and before I have recovered myself, they have vanished into outer and blacker darkness, and all around me the gloom is gloomier than ever.

“*Hé! Monsieur VESQUIER!*” I shout. I have taken a wrong turning; that is, I have taken some turning or other to the right, and there is no sign of my guide. My fears have come true. My forebodings are realised. I stumble on—over the tram-way lines—against the casks—“*Hé, là bas! Hé! M. VESQUIER!*”—O dear!—“*Home Sweet Home!*” What was that negro melody that now recurs to me as a sort of singing in my ears—“Home once more! Home once more! Shall I ever see my home once more!”—A shout in the distance—or is it an echo—no! Is it VESQUIER! I shout in return—then in the far distance I descri a light... it grows bigger... a shriek... a wild waving of a blazing garish torch, and again I have to compress myself against the barrels as another trolly whizzes past at full speed, carrying two cheerful-looking, and except for that one shout, silent demons. “Hey trolly lolly!” I cannot stay there—they have gone like a flash—and the obscurity is becoming oppressive... Shall I retrace my steps? It isn’t a question of “shall I,”—it is “*can I?*” Through how many turnings have we come? No—I should never find my way back again. Better push on. I shout again: desperately but nervously. There is not even an echo. And now my candle, which has been guttering and sputtering for the last few moments, is threatening dissolution. It is the beginning of the end—the candle-end. If the candle goes out before I do—Heavens! but I must move very cautiously. What a subject for a Jules-Verne novel! *Ah, how I should enjoy reading about it in a story!* But as a personal experience... Where am I? Is it straight on? or to the left?—I think there is a left passage—or to the right? I peer down in the hopes of seeing some evidence of life, at all events the glimmer of a light, which may probably mean my guide. No; not a sign. Are there rats here? If so... the candle-end is sputtering worse than ever... it is flickering... What’s to be done?... I shout “*Hullo!*” at the top of my voice. Yes, at the top of my voice, but at the bottom of the caves. Then the question occurs to me, of what use is it to shout in English? No one will understand me. The candle-end is making a final struggle for life. So must I.

“*Hé, là bas!*” I shout “with all my might and main,” like the celebrity of the old nursery tale, who jumped into a quickset hedge as an infallible remedy for blindness. No result. I think of the man in the dungeon who was eaten by rats. Well-known case, but quite forget the gentleman’s name. Political prisoner probably whose offence had been “*rattling*”—and so his punishment was made “*to fit the crime*,” as Mr. GILBERT’s *Mikado* used to observe. Why do such grimly comic reminiscences occur to me now, when I am in so really awful a situation? So, once more I shout with desperation in my lungs, “*Hé! là-bas!*”

And—oh, the joy—oh, the rapture!—there comes back to me—“*Hé, là bas! Bless the Prince of WAILES!*”

It is DAUBINET. He advances from somewhere, from an opening, the existence of which I had never suspected.

“Here! This way! *Par ici, mon ami; par ici!*”

And in another minute I am with him—I am out—and so is the candle-end. Ah! I breathe again!

“The first time, I believe, that you have ever seen these caves,” observes M. VESQUIER, quietly, “which, one way and another, represent several miles of walking.” Then looking at his watch, he adds, “It is time for breakfast. You must be hungry.”

I am. Hungry, but oh! so grateful! If it weren’t so expensive, I should give a Champagne-window to the Reims Cathedral, *in piam*

memoriam of my fortunate escape. A real pane (not coloured paper pretence) in a window would be an appropriate memorial. Or, at all events, I might give one small “light,” which, as recalling that little guttering, sputtering, candle, would be still more appropriate.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron’s Assistant Reader reports again:—I have just read *The Book-bills of Narcissus, An Account rendered by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE*. (FRANK MURRAY; Derby, Leicester and Nottingham.) It doesn’t make any difference to me whether this dainty little book



was actually published at Derby or at Leicester or even at Nottingham, noted of old for lambs. It makes right pleasant reading, and that is the chief point. The Narcissus, about whose life (except in the matter of book-bills, by the way) we here learn a good deal, must have been an agreeable companion—for those who allowed the lad to have his own way, and always kept a spare £10 note handy for the humouring of his little caprices. His wayward moods, his innocent love affairs, his wanderings, his reading, his culminating grand passion, Mr. LE GALLIENNE renders his

account of them all, and does it in a fresh and breezy style which suits his pleasant subject admirably. There is a special charm too about the graceful lyrics which sparkle here and there in the pretty little volume. In fact Mr. LE GALLIENNE is an artist. I don’t say a genuine artist, because he justly dislikes the qualification.

OSCAR WILDE has desisted for a space from mere paradox, and gives us (am I late in thus noticing it?) *Lord Arthur Savile’s Crime, and other Stories*. (London, J. R. OSGOOD, McILWAIN & Co.) *Macie virtute*, say I; the tag is old, but ’twill serve. If you want to laugh heartily, read *Lord Arthur Savile’s Crime*, the story of a deeply conscientious man to whom murder very properly presents itself as a duty. Then, if you wish to laugh even more violently, read *The Canterville Ghost*, in which OSCAR goes two or three better than Mr. W. S. GILBERT. I am specially thankful to OSCAR. When he is on humour bent, he doesn’t dig me in the ribs and ask me to notice what a wonderfully funny dog he is going to be. He lets his fun take care of itself, a permission which it uses with great discretion. Please, OSCAR, give us some more of the same sort, and pray introduce me once more later on to the *Duchess of Cheshire*. If she continues to be as delightful as she was in her sweet girlhood, I envy his Grace.

The Baron is taking it easy. He has still by his side as his constant travelling companion, GEORGE MEREDITH’s *One of Our Conquerors*, which has travelled to Switzerland with him, and was only left behind at the inn when the Baron had to go by a new route up a lofty mountain. To make this path known the Baron’s assent was necessary, and he gave it. He had time, however, to read one shilling thrilling story. The Shilling Thrilling is by two authors, WALTER POLLOCK and ALEXANDER GALT, and is called *Between the Lines*. A happy title, as it enables the Baron to recommend everyone to read *between the lines*. A clever sensation story for which the Baron, now far away in his sea-girt home, thanks the two clever boys who wrote it. No more at present from THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co. *Peak Castle, Eagle’s Nest, N.E.W.*

Vox et præterea Nihil!

“Philosophy is essentially the Voice of the Silence.”

A Disciple of the Maha’mis.

VOICE of the Silence? Brotherhood prodigious,

A babble-ridden age might well rejoice
Could you but give instead of talk litigious,
The Silence of the Voice.

“REAL MEAN.”—The English Churchman, who, on returning from abroad, puts all his surplusage of Swiss silver—ten and twenty centime-pieces—into the offertory bag or plate.

SHAKESPEARE (ADAPTED) AT THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.—“We must Vote by the Card, or Equality will be our undoing.”

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE WAITERS' STRIKE.

(At the Naval Exhibition.)

THE German Waiter waxeth fat; he grows exceeding proud;
He is a shade more kicksome than can fairly be allowed.
The British Press goes out to dine—the Teuton, they relate,
Throws down his napkin like a gage, and swears he will not wait.



Now there are many
proverbs—some are
good and some are
not—

But the Teuton was mis-
led who cried, "Strike
while the *entrée's*
hot!"

Like readers with no
book-marks, all the
rebels lost their
place,
And vanished out of
Chelsea in their dress-
suits and disgrace.

And I'm told that there
were murmurings and
curses deep and low
In darksome public-
houses in the road of
Pimlico,

And a general impression that it was not safe to cross
The temper of that caterer, Mr. MACKENZIE ROSS.

O Waiter, German Waiter! there are many other lands
Where you can take your creaking boots and eke your dirty hands;
And we think you'll have discovered, ere you reach your next address,
That in England German Waiters aren't the Censors of the Press.

MARLOWE AT CANTERBURY.

"KEEP up the Christopher!" a recommendation adapted *urbi et orbi* which, quoting Mr. Puff, our HENRY when speaking at Canterbury ought to have given after the unveiling of KIT MARLOWE's statue. We hope that the unveiling address will not prove unavailing, and that the necessary funds may soon be forthcoming for the completion of the work. For the present all that has been effected by the ceremony is to have given the *Times* and *Telegraph* opportunities for interesting leading articles at a very dull season when material is scarce; also it has given the author of *Tom Cobb* and other remarkable plays a chance of writing to the *Times*; and finally it has broken in upon the well-earned holiday of the indefatigable and good-natured HENRY. But there was one question not put by our HENRY. It ought to have arisen out of the record of MARLOWE's interment, but didn't. "The burial register of St. Nicholas, Deptford," said the *Times* of September 16, "contains the entry, 'CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, slain by FRANCIS ARCHER, June 1, 1593.'" The entry may be taken as veracious, although made by "a clerk of St. Nicholas." MARLOWE was a dramatist; was ARCHER a dramatic critic?

TWO WORDS IN SEASON.

(Humbly dedicated to those eminent Controversialists, Lord Grimthorpe and Mr. Tallack.)

No. I.

A LITTLE more grammar, a touch of the file
To smooth the rough edge of his tongue and his style;
And some friends, who could soften his temper or check it,
Might amend Baron GRIMTHORPE, who once was called BECKETT.

No. II.

Some scorn for the faddists who ask us to hug,
Not with ropes but with pity, the pestilent Thug,
And some sense (of which Fate, it would seem, says he shall lack),
Of the value of logic would much improve TALLACK.

ANOTHER STRIKE THREATENED.—The advent of the brother of the reigning King of SIAM threatens to cause embarrassment in some English houses where HIS HIGHNESS might expect to be received. JAMES has positively declined to throw open a door and announce, "Prince DAMRONG!" "Such langwidge," he says, "is unbecoming and beneath Me—leastways unless it is remembered in the wages."

WHY SHOULD MERIT WAIT?

WE have reason to believe that Sir HENRY EDWARDS, whose stone image adorns a thoroughfare in Weymouth, will not long be left in sole possession of the honour of having a monument dedicated to him in his lifetime. In view of an interesting event pending in his family, it is proposed that a statue shall be erected to Sir SAMUEL WILSON, M.P., in the grounds at Hughenden. The project has so far advanced that the inscription has been drafted, and we are pleased to be able to quote it:—

To Perpetuate the Memory
of

Sir SAMUEL WILSON, Kt.,

A good Husband, a kind Father,

A great Sheep-Farmer.

Twice elected to the Legislative Assembly of Victoria,

He once sat for the borough of Portsmouth.

He built Wilson Hall for Melbourne University,

And bought Hughenden Manor for

Himself.

He introduced Salmon into Australian Waters,

And married his Eldest Son

To the Sixth Daughter of the

Duchess of MARLBOROUGH.

Of such is the Colony of Victoria.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"DEAR Miss DOLLIE RADFORD," writes the Assistant-Reader, "I trust I am right in the feminine and unconjugal prefix; but, be that as it may, I wish simply to tell you that, at the instigation of a lettered friend, I have spent a few moments very wisely in reading your thin little book of verse, *A Light Load*. (ELKIN MATHEWS.) I feel now as if I had been gently drifting down a smooth broad river under the moonlight, when all nature is quiet. I don't quite know why I feel like that, but I fancy it must be on account of some serene and peaceful quality in your poems. Here, then, there are sixty-four little pages of restfulness for those whose minds are troubled. You don't plunge into the deep of metaphysics and churn it into a foam, but you perch on your little bough and pipe sweetly of gorse and heather and wide meadows and brightly-flashing insects; you sing softly as when, in your own words—

—gently this evening the ripples break
On the pebbles beneath the trees,
With a music as low as the full leaves make,
When they stir in some soft sea-breeze.

One of my "Co." says he always reads anything that comes in his way bearing the trade-mark BLACKWOOD. His faith has been justified

on carrying off with him on a quiet holiday, *His Cousin Adair*, by GORDON ROY. The book has all the requisites of a good novel, including the perhaps rarest one of literary style. *Cousin Adair* is well worth knowing, and her character is skilfully portrayed. As a foil against this high-minded, pure-souled unselfish girl, there are sketched in two or three of the sort of people, men and women, more frequently met with in this wicked world. But *Cousin Adair* is good enough to leaven the lump. GORDON ROY is evidently a *nom de plume* that might belong to man or woman. My "Co." is inclined to think, from certain subtle touches, that he has been entertained through three volumes by a lady.



A Puff to swell the Sale.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

What's in a Title?

(To the Author of "Violet Moses.")

WITH a title so lucky (though luck's all my eye),
Your book's sure of readers I'll wager my head.
For not even a Critic will dare to reply,
When he's asked to review it, "I'll take it as re(a)d."

FROM THE LATEST COLWELL-HATCHNEY EXAMINATION PAPER IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES FOR THE CAKE SCHOLARSHIP.—Question. What is the feminine of *Beau temps*? Answer (immediately given). Belle-Wether.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. VIII.

SCENE—*A Bridge over the Pegnitz, at Nuremberg. Time, afternoon. The shadows of the old gabled and balconied houses are thrown sharply on the reddish-yellow water. Above the steep speckled roofs, the spires of St. Lorenz glitter against the blue sky. CULCHARD is leaning listlessly upon the parapet of the bridge.*

Culchard (to himself). How mediæval it all is, and how infinitely restful! *(He yawns.)* What a blessed relief to be without that fellow PODBURY! He's very careful to keep out of my way—I've scarcely seen him since I've been here. He must find it dreadfully dull. *(He sighs.)* I ought to find material for a colour-sonnet here, with these subdued grey tones, those dull coppery-greens, and the glowing reds of the conical caps of those towers. I ought—but I don't. I fancy that half-engagement to MAUD TROTTER must have scared away the Muse. I wonder if PODBURY has really gone yet? *(Here a thump on the back disposes of any doubt as to this.)* Er—so you're still at Nuremberg?

Podbury (cheerfully). Rather! Regular ripping old place this—suits me down to the ground. And how are you getting on?

Culch. Perfectly, thanks. My mind is being—er—stimulated here in the direction most congenial to it.

Podb. So's mine. By the way, have you got a book—I don't mean a novel, but a regular improving book—the stodgier the better—to lend a fellow?

Culch. Well, I brought an *Epitome of Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy* away with me to dip into occasionally. It seems a very able summary, and you are welcome to it, if it's of any use to you.

Podb. SPENCER, eh?—he's a stiff kind of old bird, ain't he? He'll do me to-rights, thanks.

Culch. It strikes me, PODBURY, that you must find the time rather long, to want a book of that kind. If you wish to resume our—ah—original relations, I am quite ready to overlook what I am sure was only a phase of not unnatural disappointment.

Podb. (cheerily). Oh, that's all right, old fellow. I've got over all that business. *(He colours slightly.)* How soon did you think of moving on?

Culch. (briskly). As soon as you please. We might start for Constance to-morrow, if you like.

Podb. (hesitating). Well, you see, it's just this: there's a fellow staying at my hotel—PRENDERGAST, his name is—rattling good sort—and I've rather chummed up with him, and—and he's travelling with a relation of his, and—well, the fact is, they rather made a point of my going on to Constance with them, don't you see? But I daresay we could work it so as to go on all together. I'll see what they say about it.

Culch. (stiffly). I'm exceedingly obliged—but so large a party is scarcely—however, I'll let you know whether I can join you or not this evening. Are you—er—going anywhere in particular just now?

Podb. Well, yes. I've got to meet PRENDERGAST at the *Café Noris*. We're going to beat up some stables, and see if we can't hire a couple of gees for an hour or two before dinner. Do you feel inclined for a tittup?

Culch. Thanks, but I am no equestrian. *(To himself, after PODBURY'S departure.)* He seems to manage well enough without me. And yet I do think my society would be more good for him than— Why did he want to borrow that book, though? Can my influence after all— *(He walks on thoughtfully, till he finds himself before an optician's window in which a mechanical monkey is looking through a miniature telescope; the monkey suddenly turns its head*

and gibbers at him. This familiarity depresses him, and he moves away, feeling lonelier than ever.)

On the Terrace of the Burg. Half an hour later.

Culch. (on a seat commanding a panorama of roofs, gables, turrets, and spires). Now this is a thing that can only be properly enjoyed when one is by oneself. The mere presence of PODBURY—well, thank goodness, he's found more congenial company. *(He sighs.)* That looks like an English girl sketching on the next seat. Rather a fine profile, so regular—general air of repose about her. Singular, now I think of it, how little repose there is about MAUD. *(The Young Lady rises and walks to the parapet.)* Dear me, she has left her india-rubber behind her. I really think I ought— *(He rescues the india-rubber, which he restores to the owner.)* Am I mistaken in supposing that this piece of india-rubber is your property?

The Y. L. (in musically precise tones). Your supposition is perfectly correct. I was under the impression that it would be safe where it was for a few moments; but I am obliged to you, nevertheless. I find india-rubber quite indispensable in sketching.

Culch. I can quite understand that. I—I mean that it reduces the—er—paralysing sense of irrevocability.

The Y. L. You express my own meaning exactly.

[CULCHARD, not being quite sure of his own, is proportionately pleased.]

Culch. You have chosen an inspiring scene, rich with historical interest.

The Y. L. (enthusiastically). Yes, indeed. What names rise to one's mind instinctively! MELANCHTHON, JOHN HUSS, KRAFT, and PETER VISCHER, and DÜRER, and WOHLGEMUT, and MAXIMILIAN THE FIRST, and LOUIS OF BAVARIA!

Culch. (who has read up the local history, and does not intend to be beaten at this game). Precisely. And the imperious MARGRAVE OF BRANDENBURG, and WALLENSTEIN, and GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN. One can almost see their—er—picturesque personalities still haunting the narrow streets as we look down.

The Y. L. I find it impossible to distinguish even the streets from here, I confess, but you probably see with the imagination of an artist. Are you one by any chance?

Culch. Only in words; that is, I record my impressions in a poetic form. A perfect sonnet may render a scene, a mood, a passing thought, more

indelibly than the most finished sketch; may it not?

The Y. L. That is quite true; indeed, I occasionally relieve my feelings by the composition of Greek or Latin verses, which I find, on the whole, better adapted to express the subtler emotions. Don't you agree with me there?

Culch. (who has done no Greek or Latin verse since he left school). Doubtless. But I am hindering your sketch?

The Y. L. No, I was merely saturating my mind with the general effect. I shall not really begin my sketch till to-morrow. I am going now. I hope the genius of the place will inspire you.

Culch. Thank you. I trust it will—er—have that effect. *(To himself, after the Young Lady has left the terrace.)* Now, that's a very superior girl—she has intellect, style, culture—everything the ideal woman should have. I wonder, now, whether, if I had met her before—but such speculations are most unprofitable! How clear her eyes looked through her pince-nez! Blue-grey, like Athene's own. If I'd been with PODBURY, I should never have had this talk. The sight of him would have repelled her at once. I shall tell him when I take him that book that he had better go his own way with his new friends. I shall spend most of to-morrow on this terrace.



"Er—I have brought you the philosophical work I mentioned."

SCENE—*The Conversations-Saal at the Wurtemburger-Hof. Evening. PODBURY at the piano; BOB PRENDERGAST and his sister HYPATIA seated near him.*

Podb. (chanting dolefully)—
Now then, this party as what came from
Fla-an-ders,
What had the com-plex-i-on rich and
rare,
He went and took and caught the yellor ja-
aun-ders—
And his complexion isn't what it were!

Mr. and Miss Prendergast (joining sympathetically in chorus). And his complexion isn't what it were!
[*There is a faint knock at the door, and CULCHARD enters with a volume under his arm. None of the three observes him, and he stands and listens stiffly as PODBURY continues,—*

Well, next this party as what came from
Fla-an-ders,
Whose complex-shun was formi-ally rare,
Eloped to Iajia with ELIZA SA-AUN-DERS,
As lived close by in Canonbury Square.

Culch. (advances to piano and touches PODBURY's arm with the air of his better angel). Er—I have brought you the philosophical work I mentioned. I will leave it for an occasion when you are—er—in a fitter frame of mind for its perusal.

Podb. Oh, beg pardon, didn't see you, old fellow. Awfully obliged; jam it down anywhere, and (whispering) I say, I want to introduce you to—

Culch. (in a tone of emphatic disapproval). You must really excuse me, as I fear I should be scarcely a congenial spirit in such a party. So good night—or, rather—er—good-bye.

[*He withdraws.*
Miss Hypatia P. (just as C. is about to close the door). Please don't stop, Mr. PODBURY, that song is quite too deliciously inane!



THE STERNER SEX!

"HULLO, GERTY! YOU'VE GOT FRED'S HAT ON, AND HIS COVER COAT?"

"YES. DON'T YOU LIKE IT?"

"WELL—IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A YOUNG MAN, YOU KNOW, AND THAT'S SO EFFEMINATE!"

[*CULCHARD turns as he hears the voice, and—too late—recognises his Athene of that afternoon. He retires in confusion, and, as he passes under the window, hears PODBURY sing the final verse.*

The moral is—Now *don't* you come from
Fla-an-ders,
If you should have complexions rich and
rare;
And don't you go and catch the yellor
ja-aun-ders,
Nor yet know girls in Canonbury Square!

Miss Hypatia P. (in a clear soprano).
"Nor yet know girls in Canonbury
Square!"

[*CULCHARD passes on, crushed.*

Doggerel by a "Disher."

[On September 1 the Free Education Act came into force throughout England and Wales.]

REMEMBER, remember
The first of September
And Free Education's sly plot;
I know no reasons
Why cancelling fees on
The poor should not silence Rad rot!

A NOTE AND QUERY.—At the enthronement of Dr. MACLAGAN as Archbishop of York "the band of the First Royal Dragoons," says the *Daily Graphic*, "played an appropriate march." That the band of the Royal Dragoons should symbolically and cymbalically represent the Church Militant is right enough; but what is "a march appropriate" to an Archbishop? One of BISHOP'S glees would have been more suitable to the occasion. Henceforth Dr. MACLAGAN can say, if he likes, "I'm Arch-bishop of Canterbury!"

"THE GREAT LOAN LAND."—Russia.

THE GROUSE THAT JACK SHOT.

(A Solemn Tragedy of the Shooting Season.)

THIS is the Grouse that *Jack* shot.
This is the friend who expected the Grouse that *Jack* shot.
This is the label addressed to the friend who expected the Grouse that *Jack* shot.
This is the Babel where lost was the label addressed to the friend, &c.
This is the porter who "found" the "birds" in the Babel where lost was the label, &c.
This is the dame with the crumpled hat, wife of the porter who "found" the "birds," &c.
This is the cooking-wench florid and fat of the dame with the crumpled hat, &c.
This is the table where diners sat, served by the cooking-maid florid and fat of the dame with the crumpled hat, &c.
This is the *gourmand* all forlorn, who dreamed of the table where diners sat, served by the cooking-wench florid and fat, &c.
This is the postman who knocked in the morn awaking the *gourmand* all forlorn from his dream of the table, &c.
And this is *Jack* (with a face of scorn), thinking in wrath of "directions" torn from the parcel by Railway borne, announced by the postman who knocked in the morn, awaking the *gourmand* all forlorn, who dreamed of the table where diners sat, served by the cooking-wench florid and fat of the dame with the crumpled hat, wife of the porter who "found" the "birds", in the Babel where lost was the label addressed to the friend who expected the Grouse that *Jack* shot!

MORAL.

If in the Shooting Season you some brace of birds would send
(As per letter duly posted) to a fond expectant friend,
Pray remember that a railway is the genuine modern Babel,
And be very very careful *how you fasten on the label!*

A MUSICAL SUGGESTION.

(Certainly New and Original.)

WHY doesn't one of our talented composers—Sir ARTHUR, or Mr. MACKENZIE, or Mr. STANFORD, or Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON—write a Cantata, entitled *The Weather*? The subject is thoroughly English, and lends itself so evidently to much variety in treatment. The title should be, *The Weather; a Meteorological Cantata*.

It should commence with a hopeful movement, indicative of the views of various people interested in the weather as to future probabilities. The sportsman, the agriculturist, the holiday-maker, likewise the livery-stable keeper, and the umbrella manufacturer would, *cum multis aliis*, be all represented; Songs without Words; the Sailor's Hope; then wind instruments; solo violin; the Maiden's Prayer for her Sailor-love's Safety, &c. Then "as the arrows" (on the *Times* chart) "fly with the wind," so would the piccolo, followed by the trombone, and thus the approach of the storm would be indicated. Roll on drum, distant thunder; the storm passes off, and we have a beautiful air (the composer's best), which delights and reassures us.

All at once, "disturbances advance from the Atlantic;" grand effect, this!

Sudden Fall of Barometer! (This would be something startling on drum and cymbals, with, on 'cello, a broken chord.) Momentary relief of a "light and fresh breeze" (hornpipe), interrupted by showers from the West and winds from the North; then strong wind from East (something Turkish here); light breeze from Scotland (Highland Fling); Anticyclonic movement; "Depression" on the hautbois; increase of wind; then thunder, lightning, rain—all the elements at it! Grand effect!!! Crash!!! and . . . for *finale*, calm sea, sun shining, joyful chorus, Harvest Home, weddings, &c., &c., &c.

I've nothing more to say. Surely this outline is sufficient. Only if any Composer does make use of this idea, and become famous thereby, let him not be ungrateful to the suggester of this brilliant notion (copyright), whose name and address may be had for the asking at the Fleet Street Office.

SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

CHAPTER VI.

Recovery—Waiter—Vicomte—Château—Reception—Night—Morning—Workers—Headstones—Memories—Stones—Explanations—Breakfast—Off—Back again.

DAUBINET, quite recovered from his fatigue, sings "Bless the Prince of WAILES" enthusiastically, and at intervals ejaculates queer, uncouth words in the Russian tongue. Breakfast with



"Karascho!" exclaims Daubinet.

Russian tongue. He asks the waiter for "*mnuoschlah karosh caviar*." To which the waiter adroitly replies, "*parfaitement M'sieu*," and disappears. Returning ten minutes afterwards, the wily attendant makes no further allusion to the supposed errand that has taken him out of the room.

Then DAUBINET, remembering that we are literally "here to-day and gone to-morrow," says we must visit his friend the Vicomte. I cannot catch the Vicomte's name; I manage to do so for half an hour at a time, and then it escapes me. As we are in this champagne country, I write it down as M. le Vicomte DE CHAMPAGNIAC. We are to dine and sleep there. A Night in a French Château. "But this is another story."

On our arrival at the Château de Quelquechose we are right royally and heartily received. Delightful evening. *Vive la Compagnie!* Magnificent view from my bedroom. In the clear moonlight I can see right away for miles and miles over the Champagne valleys. At 6:30 we are in the break, and within an hour or so are "All among the barley" as the song used to say, which I now apply to "All amongst the Vineyards." Peasants at work everywhere: picking and sorting. How they must dislike grapes! Of course they are all teetotallers, and no more touch a drop of champagne than a grocer eats his own currants, or a confectioner his own sweetmeats. I suppose the butcher lives exclusively on fish, and his friend, the neighbouring fishmonger, is entirely dependent on the butcher for his sustenance, except when game is in, and then both deal with the gamester or poulterer. There are some traders

in necessities who can make a fair deal all round. The only exception to this rule, for which, from personal observation, I can vouch, is the tobacconist, who is always smoking his own cigars.

Wonderful this extensive plain of vineyards! and what stunted little stumps with leaves round them are all these vines! Not in it with our own graceful hops. No hedges or ditches to separate one owner's property from another's. To each little or big patch of land there is a white headstone with initials on it, as if somebody had hurriedly and unostentatiously been buried on the spot where he fell, killed in the Battle of the Vineyards, by a grape-shot. At first, seeing so many of these white headstones with initials on each one, I conclude that it is some peculiar French way of marking distances or laying out plots, and I find my conclusion is utterly erroneous.

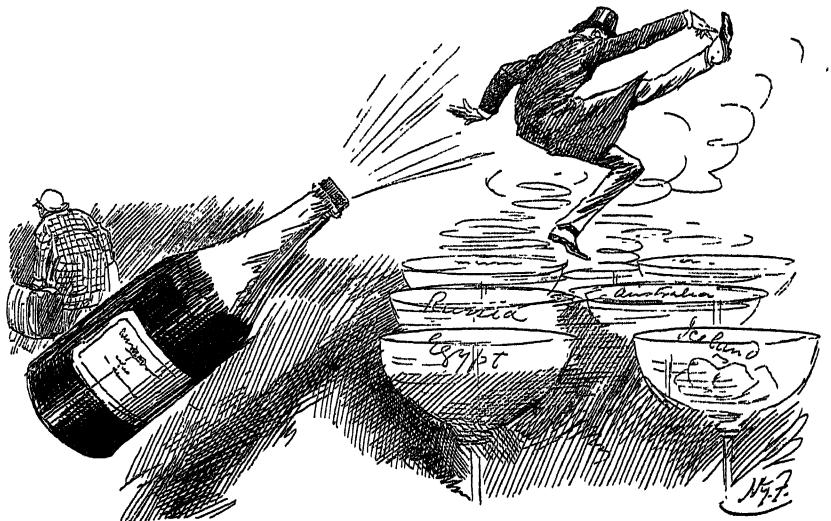
"These white stones," M. VESQUET explains, "mark the boundaries of different properties." Odd! The plain is cut up into little patches, and champagne-growers, like knowing birds, have popped down on "here a bit and there a bit and everywhere a bit" from time to time, so that one headstone records the fact that "here lies the property of J. M.," and within a few feet is another headstone "sacred to the memory of P. and G.," or P. without the G.; then removed but a step or two is a stone with a single "A." on it, and a short distance from the road is "H."—poor letter "H" apparently dropped for ever. Here lie "M.," and "M. and C.," and several other heroes whose names recall many a glorious champagne. And so on, and so on; the initials recurring again quite unexpectedly, the plots of ground held by the same proprietor being far apart. But, as it suddenly occurs to me, if these champagne-growers are all in the same plains for twenty miles or more round about, all in much the same position, and all the grapes apparently the same, why isn't it all the same wine?

"Karascho!" exclaims DAUBINET, who, under the hot rays of the early morning sun, is walking in his shirt-sleeves, his coat over his arm, his hat in one hand, and a big sunshade in the other, "I will tell you." Then he commences, and except for now and then breaking off into Russian expletives, and interspersing his discourse with selections from British national melodies, his explanation is lucid, and the reasons evident. Soil and sun account for everything; the soil being varied, and the sun shifty. "*Pou ni my? comprenez-vous?*" he asks.

I do perfectly, at the moment; but subsequently trying to explain the phenomena scientifically, I find that I have not quite penetrated the mystery *au fond*. We visit the Wine-press, which (*Happy Thought!*) would be an appropriate title for a journal devoted entirely to the wine-growing and wine-vending interests.

"And now," says M. le Vicomte, "we must return to breakfast, or the sun will be too strong for us."

So back we go to our eleven o'clock *déjeuner* in a beautifully cool room, of which repast the sweetest little cray-fish, fresh from the river, are by no means the worst part of the entertainment. Then coffee, cigars, and lounge. Yes, there are some things better managed in France than *chez nous*; and the division of the day between labour and refreshment is, in my humble opinion, one of them. In the contriving of dainty dishes out of the simplest materials, the French seem to hold that everything is good for food in this best of all possible worlds, if it be only treated on a wise system of variation, permutation, and combination. We discuss these subjects of the higher education until arrives the inevitable hour of departure. Let us not linger on the doorstep. Into the



"Da Karascho! All r-r-right!"

trap again. *Bon voyage! Au revoir!* And as passing out of the lodge-gate we get a last glimpse of the party waving adieu to us from the upper terrace, DAUBINET flourishes his hat, and sings out at the top of his voice, "We're leaving thee in sorrow, ANNE," which is more or less appropriate, perhaps; and then, as the last flutter of a pocket-handkerchief is seen, he finishes with "And bless the Prince of WAILES!" After which he subsides, occasionally breaking the silence to sigh aloud, "*O Maman!*" and thenceforth, for the greater part of the journey to Paris, he slumbers in a more or less jumpy manner.

At the *Grand Hotel, Paris*.—"Aha!" cries M. le Baron BLUM, always in full Blum at the *Grand Hotel*,—"At last! arrived!" as if he had expected us for several weeks past,—"How are you? I have your rooms ready for you!" He must have seen us driving into the courtyard, and settled our numbers there and then, not a minute ago. It's a great thing for weary travellers to be welcomed on arrival. No matter if they're forgotten again the next moment, and not thought of again until the hour of their departure. It is the welcome that is everything; it implies so much, and may mean so little. But, at the *Grand, Paris, Avis aux Messieurs les voyageurs*, "When in doubt, consult BLUM!" We enjoy a good but expensive dinner at the *Maison Dorée*. For myself, I prefer the simple fare at half the price to be found *chez Noël*, or at some other quiet and moderate restaurants that I could name. Next morning a brief but welcome breakfast at *Amiens*, a tranquil crossing, and we are bidding each other adieu at the *Victoria Station*. Music to the situation, "*Home once more*." Good-bye to my excellent *ami* DAUBINET, who stays a few hours in London, and then is off to Russia, Egypt, Iceland, Australia.

"*Da Karascho!* All r-r-r-right!"

And so ends a pleasant holiday trip to the Champagne Country, or real "Poppy-Land."

STORICULES.

V.—A BORN ARISTOCRAT.

WHENEVER I forgot to put the matches in my pocket on leaving the chambers, I used to buy a box from a boy who stood at the street corner, where the busses stop. He was a small boy, somewhat ragged and occasionally a good deal splashed with mud. He was

bright and energetic, and he did a very fair trade. There was an air of complete independence about him, which one does not often find in match-boys. His method of recommending his wares was considerably above the average of the peripatetic vendor; it suggested a large emporium, plate glass, mahogany counters, and gorgeous assistants with fair hair parted in the middle:

"Now off 'rin! A unoosshally lawge box of wax vestas for one penny. Shop early and shop often. Fooses, Sir? Yessir. Part o' a bankrupt's stock."

This was smart of him. By differing a little from the usual match-boy manner, he attracted more attention, and grins, and coppers.

One morning I had climbed up to the top of the 'bus and taken my seat, when I saw that the boy had followed me.

"No use," I said; "I don't want any this morning."

"Well, I ain't sellin' none this mornin', Sir. I'm goin' a ride on this 'ere 'buss. My wife's got the carriage hout in the Park; so I'm druv to takin' busses—same as you, Sir." He took the seat next to mine, and added seriously, "I expecks as you ain't likely to be buyin' no more matches from me."

"Why, WILLIAM?"

"My name is REGGERNULD, Sir. Yer see, I'm movin' inter other premises, as yer might say. I've give up my stand at yon corner." He jerked his thumb in the direction of it.

"What's that for?"

"Oh—well—nothin'. Some of 'em think I'm a fool for doin' it. The fao' was—I couldn't quite git on with my comp'ny there?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that other boy what come last Toosday, and started sellin' pipers at my corner. You don't know 'oo 'e is, p'r'aps, nor 'oo I am." I did not know, and I was very willing to get the story out of REGINALD.

"Well, I come o' pretty mod'rately 'spectable folks, I do; and I ain't goin' to chum up with no thieves' sons an' as like as not thieves theirselves. No thankyer. Them Board Schools is a deal too mixed. That's 'ow I come to know about that boy. 'Is father 'ad a barrer, that were what 'is father did for a livelihood, an' 'is mother were up afore the beaks for poppin' shirts what she'd took in to wash. Well, I ain't one to brag, but my father were a 'air-dresser's assistant in Pimlico. Pretty well up, too, 'e was. The way 'e'd shive yer were suttin' to see. Shivin'? Yer couldn't call it shivin'; it were gen'us, that's what it were. Speculation rooined 'im. 'E stawted a small plice of 'is own, and bust. Then 'e took to the turf, and bust agin. Then Mother begun dress-mikin' and there weren't no dress-mikin' to be 'ad; so that bust. We was unfortnit. Heve'rythin' as we touched bust. But we never run no barrers, an' we never was up afore no beaks, and if there weren't such a thund'rin' lot of us, I shouldn't be doin' this now. Anywey, I respecs myself. So I'm goin' to start a new pitch an' chavnce it."

I inquired where the new pitch was to be.

"I'm swoopin' with another boy (EDDUPS 'is nime is) up fur end o' this street. 'E ain't so perticler as I am. Clerks lives there mostly, an' the biz ain't so good as it was in my old plice. Them clerks wears top-'ats, an' conserquently they daren't smoke pipes. They cawn't afford to smoke cigars, and cigarettes is off'rin' eyep'ny oices to a stawvin' man. So they don't smoke at all, an' don't want no matches. An' I don't blime 'em, mind yer. Pussonally, I chews—but if I smoked a pipe I wouldn't do it with one o' them 'ats on. 'Cos why? 'Cos I believes in a bit o' style. Not that I'm stuck-up as yer might say, but I don't see no sense in lettin' myself down. If I'd liked I could 'a made it so 'ot fur thet newspiper boy that 'e'd 'ave 'ad to go. I could 'a mopped up the puddles with 'im if I'd wanted. But I wouldn't. I wouldn't conternminate myself by so much as 'avin' a word with 'im. I'd sooner leave—even if I lose money on it. My father were one for style too, afore 'is shop bust. That's 'ow it is, yer see. Some goes up, and some goes down. We've come down, but I draws the line somewheer fur all thet—sure's my name's REGGERNULD. An' what do you think?"

I told him that I was rather inclined to think that he was an idiot, and tried to show him why he was an idiot. But he would not be convinced. Class prejudice was strong within 'im.

"Look 'ere," he said, "you may think I'm young to be a'visin' o' you, Sir. But jest mark my words—you cawn't be too keeful what comp'ny yer gits famillyer with. I gits off 'ere. All-right, kinducter, yer needn't stop."

MORE EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

"A valuable porcelain vase having been stolen from Versailles Palace, a band of English tourists who were visiting the place have been searched by the police; but nothing was found upon them, and they have been liberated."—*St. James's Gazette*, Sept. 17.]



Portrait of English Tourist searched in Paris on suspicion of having a valuable Porcelain Vase concealed about his person.

The Porcelain Vase in question.

Holiday Fare in Cornwall.

A ROLL on the billow,
A Loaf by the shore,
A Fig for fashion,
And Cream galore!

"What's in a Name?"

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY says, "I have never found, as CHATTERTON did, that SHAKSPEARE spelt Ruin." perhaps he has been more inclined to think that SHAKSPEARE spelt REHAN, eh?



TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

Toyshopman. "BEG PARDON, MISS, BUT HERE'S YOUR CHANGE, WHICH YOU'D FORGOTTEN—ONE-AND-NINEPENCE!"

Little Maid. "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! BUT WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE MONEY FROM ANYBODY BUT GRANDPAPA!"

TURNING THE TABLES;

OR, THE BEAR AS LEADER.

[“The French believed so implicitly in Russian friendship, even when there was nothing whatever to indicate its existence, that they may be excused for rating it more than they are worth expressions of goodwill, which, after all, are as ambiguous as they are tardy . . . The success of a Russian Loan is not dearly purchased by a little effusion, which, after all, commits Russia to nothing. French sentiment is always worth cultivating in that way, because, unlike the British variety, it has a distinct influence upon investments.”—*Daily Paper.*]

“But just fancy the confusion
When a bear has burst his fetters!”
HEINE'S *Atta Troll*.

AIR—“*Blondie Jacke.*”

OH! why does your eye gleam so bright?
Russian Bear?
OH! why does your eye gleam so bright?
You've broken your fetters. Like some of
your betters,
Your freedom moves some with affright.
All right?
Well, *that's* reassuring,—oh! *quite!*
Yes, your optic gleams piggishly bright,
Russian Bear;
It gleams with true ursine delight.
'Tis done—France is won, And 'tis capital
fun
To hold it in shackles, which, slight—
Ho! ho!—
Yet fit so remarkably tight.
The chains may feel light as a thread,
Russian Bear!
As light and as slight as a thread;

But though light be the chain. Will his
might and his main
Again rend it in twain? Fear is fled!
Quite fled!
And old animosity dead.
Haw! haw!
Nay, laugh not I pray you so loud,
Russian Bear!
Oh! laugh not so loud and so clear!
Though sly is your smile The heart to
beguile,
Bruin's chuckle is horrid to hear,
O dear!
And makes quidnuncs quake and feel queer.
You have quite turned the tables, that's true,
Russian Bear,
The dancer did use to be *you*,
Now you thump the tabor, And France,
your “dear neighbour,”
Seems game to dance on till all's blue.
Hurroo!
Alliances are pretty things,
Russian Bear!
Seductive and promising things;
That rat-a-tat-too, Which suggests a
Review—
Makes his legs whirl as swiftly as wings.
How he springs
And leaps to the wild whillaloo!
You pipe and he dances this time,
Russian Bear!
The Bear and his Leader change places.
Quicker and quicker he, Steps; Miss
TERPSICHOIRE
Scarce could show prettier paces.
Houp là!
Atta Troll could not rival his graces.

He who pays for the Pipe calls the tune—
Russian Bear!
Pooh! *that* old saw's quite obsolete.
Just look at that stocking! What matters
men's mocking?
He'll pay, but your tune is so sweet—
Rat-tat-too!—
That it keeps him at work hands and feet!
How long? That remains to be seen,
Russian Bear;
But in spite of political spleen,
And Treaties and Fables, You *have* turned
the tables.
Such sight is not frequently seen.
You've slipped yourself out of your chains,
Russian Bear;
'Till hardly a shackle remains
In Black Sea or Bosphorus. This may
mean loss for us,
Bruin cares not whilst he gains.
Treaties and protocols irk,
Russian Bear;
And therefore are matters to shirk.
Berlin and Paris, No longer must harass
This true friend of France—and the Turk.
Hrumph! hrumph!
Well, well, we shall see how 'twill work!

“HANGING THEOLOGY.”—Readers of the
Times have been for some time in a state of
suspense—most appropriately—as to the result
of the correspondence carried on by Lord
GRIMTHORPE & Co. under the above heading.
At all events the Editor of the *Times* has
been giving his correspondents quite enough
rope to ensure the proverbial termination of
their epistolary existence.



“TURNING THE TABLES.”

[“The success of a Russian Loan is not dearly purchased by a little effusion, which, after all, commits Russia to nothing. French sentiment is always worth cultivating in that way, because, unlike the British variety, it has a distinct influence upon investments.”—*Daily Paper*.]

"REVOLTED MORTIMER."

[DR. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, in a letter to the *Times*, attacks the logic and disputes the dogmas of the fanatical Teetotaler, and carries the war into the enemy's country by boldly asserting that "incalculable harm has been done to the average human organism, with its functions, which we are wont to classify as mental and physical, by the spread of teetotal views and practices."]

OHO! DOCTOR MORTIMER GRANVILLE,
You are scarcely as bland as DR. BANVILLE.
On the Knights of the Pump
Your assertions come thump
Like an old Cyclops' "sledge" on his anvil.

Fanatical logic is "quisby";
Each crank in his bonnet has his bee.
They swagger, dod rot 'em!—
Like loud Bully Bottom
When playing the *Thraso* to "Thisby."

Total abstinence purely pernicious?
Oh, Doctor, that's really delicious!
That's turning the tables
On faddists, whose fables
Do make the judicious suspicious.

Your modest and moderate drinker,
Who's also a fair-minded thinker,
Would look in the face
The fell scourge of our race.
Sense from logic should not be a shrinker.

But drinking and drunkenness, truly,
Should not be confounded unduly.
Fanatics here blunder;
As far they're asunder
As Tempe and Ultima Thule!

We thank you, whose lucid urbanity
Assures us our favourite "vanity"
(To quote cheery SAM),
Need not be a "dram,"
To drive us to death or insanity.

Good wine and sound ale have their uses,
To distinguish 'twixt which and abuses
The clear-headed want;
But illogical cant
Will ne'er solve our worst social cruces.

"Table waters and watery" wines, Sir,
Don't cheer up a man when he dines, Sir.
To gases and slops,
And weak "fizzles," and "pops,"
The weak stomach only inclines, Sir.

Like teetotal cant, they're "depressing,"
And if you can give them a dressing.
With logic compact,
Firmly founded on fact,
Sober sense will bestow its best blessing.

But drunkenness, Doctor is awful,
'Tis that we could wish made unlawful.
'Tis that which will prick
A man's conscience when sick
Of fanatics of flatulent jaw full.

Your sots are sheer abominations,
But they who deserve castigations
Much more than poor "drunks,"
Are those pestilent skunks
Who poison the people's potations!

Good wine and sound ale need apology?
No! But there's something to follow, G.!
Distilling and Brewing
Must work our undoing
When branches of mere *Toxicology*!

Good malt, hop, and grape, though fermented,
May leave a man well and contented,
But poisons infernal
(See any Trade Journal!)

Drive decent souls drunk and demented.
Verb. sap! You'll excuse the suggestion.
They soften brains, ruin digestion;
Sap body and soul,
In the (drugged) Flowing Bowl.
There, Doctor, 's the real Drink Question!

Meanwhile, *Punch* admires your plain speaking.

Enough of evasion and sneaking!
Let fact, logic stout,
And sound pluck fight it out.
Truth's "at home" to right valorous seeking.

Of course, my dear Doctor, you'll catch it.
The Pump is aggressive; you match it.
Whoever proves right,
Your pluck starts a good fight,
And *Punch* is delighted to watch it!

THE CONQUERED "WORTH."

(Some way after Poe's "Conqueror Worm.")

"When women no longer interest themselves in silks and satins, ribbons and furbelows, it will be an infallible sign that the great drama of humanity is at length played out, and that the lights are to be turned down, and the house left to silence and the dark."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

I.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the "Rational" latter years!
A female throng, dowdy, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sits in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
Whilst the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

II.

Mimes, dressed in fashion now gone by,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly:
Mere puppets they who come and go
At the bidding of a huge
Formless thing
That shifts the scenery to
And fro,
Ruling the World from flat
and wing—
Paris and Pimlico!

III.

That motley drama—oh, be
sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased
for evermore
By a crowd that seize it
not,
Through a circle that ever
returneth in
To the self-same spot;
With much of Folly, and waste of Tin,
And Vanity soul of the plot.

IV.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A mystic shape intrude!
A formless thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes! it squirms!—with mortal pangs,
Mocked at by laughter rude;
There's no more snap in its sharp fangs,
Which once that crowd subdued.

V.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And over each pallid form,
The curtain, Mode's funeral pall,
Comes down amidst hisses in storm;
And the audience, dowdy, but human,
Uprising proclaim, with wild mirth,
That the play is the Comedy "Woman,"
And the hero the conquered "WORTH."

Extremes Meet.

It is a noticeable thing
That when Kent bines produce their crop.
Swell'dom is always "on the wing,"
And Slumdom "on the Hop!"

THE LATEST WEATHER-WISE DOGGEREL.

By a Scientific Rain-maker.

[It is stated that rain may be brought down by the explosion of dynamite and blasting-powder attached to oxyhydrogen balloons and kite-tails.]

EVENING red and morning grey
Will send the traveller on his way;
But—blasting-powder on kites' tails spread,
Will bring down rain upon his head.

Retort by a Washed-out Wayfarer.

If dynamite would bring fine weather,
Scientists might be in fine feather,
As 'tis, I sing, to the schoolboy tune,
"Yah-bah! (oxyhydrogen) balloon!"

FATHER AND SON.

(A Possible Dialogue after a Recent Decision at Marylebone.)

Father. And now, my dear Son, I must ask you for your rent.

Son. But surely, Father, I am entitled to a room in your house?

Father. Out of my love and affection; but this is a matter of business; and, if you desire to be a Voter, you must behave as such.

Son. But I have had some difficulty in scraping up enough to pay you.

Father. Surely, eighteen shillings a week is a reasonable sum for an apartment, however small, in Mayfair?

Son. I do not deny it; still it seems hard that I should be mulcted to that extent some fifty times a year.

Father. I cannot see the hardship, nor the money!

Son. If you really want it, it is here. [Produces a pocket-book, from which he takes sufficient change to satisfy the claim.]

Father (pocketing coin). Thank you; and now we may say, adieu!

Son. But how about dinner—am I not to dine with you?

Father. Dine with me! What an idea! Why should you?

Son. Because I am your Son.

Father. You mean someone infinitely more important—my Lodger.

Son. And you absolutely refuse me food?

Father. Not I, my boy; not I! It is the law! If I was to give you what you ask, you and I would be had up for bribery.

Son. Then you prefer patriotism to paternal affection?

Father. Well, to be candid with you, I do! It is distinctly cheaper!

Muscovite Version of a Music-hall Chorus.

HIRSCH! HIRSCH! HIRSCH!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
He wants to help the Hebrews; he'll catch them if he can.
HIRSCH! HIRSCH! HIRSCH!
He's hit upon a plan,
And all the persecutors cry, "Here comes the Bogie Man!"

LINES ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

DOWNEY has photographed "the FIFES" at home.
Aha! Domestic music! FIFE and "drum"!





MR. PUNCH ON TOUR. A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN WALES.

OUR REAL DESIDERATUM.

(By a "Well-informed" Fool.)

AN! I was fogged by the Materialistic,
 By HUXLEY and by ZOLA, KOCH and
 MOORE; [Mystic,
 And now there comes a Maelstrom of the
 To whirl me further yet from sense's shore.
 Microbes were much too much for me, bacilli
 Bewildered me, and phagocytes did daze,
 But now the author 'cute of "Piccadilly,"
 HARRIS the Prophet, the BLAVATSKY craze,
 Thibet, Theosophy, and Bounding Brothers—
 No, Mystic Ones—Mahatmas I should say,
 But really they seem so much like the others
 In slippery agility!—day by day
 Mystify me yet more. Those germs were bad
 enough, [Bodies?
 But what are they compared with Astral
 Of Useless Knowledge I have almost had
 I really envy uninquiring noddies. [enough,
 I would not be a Chela if I could.
 I have a horror of the Esoteric.
 BESANT and OLCOTT may be wise and good,
 They seem to me pursuing the chimerical.
 Maddened by mysteries of "Precipitation,"
 The Occult Dream and the Bacillus-Dance;
 We need Societies for the propagation
 Of Useful—Ignorance!

Dwarfs in and about London.

SIR,—We need not go so far afield as Messrs.
 HALBURTON & Co. in search of dwarfs. In
 the suburbs of London, and even in the more
 densely-populated districts of this vast Metro-
 polis, there are numbers of people who are un-
 commonly short. About quarter-day these
 extraordinary individuals may be heard of,
 but are rarely seen; which fact, however,
 affords no proof of their non-existence.

Yours, TAXOS GATHEROS.

LATEST PUBLICATION (OF THE POLITICAL
 NATURAL HISTORY SERIES).—*Curious De-
 velopment of French Froggies into Toadies
 of Russia.*



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 1.

WHEN HE MAGNANIMOUSLY CONSENTS TO GO ON THE PLATFORM AT A CONJURING PER-
 FORMANCE, AND UNWONTED OBJECTS ARE PRODUCED FROM HIS INSIDE POCKETS.

TO THE GRAND OLD CRICKETER.

DEAR DR. GRACE, the season through
 You've struggled on, and striven gamely;
 Your leg, for all you've tried to do,
 Has made your record come out lamely;
 Your county suffers, too, with you;
 Your failures very dear have cost her.
 But better luck in 'ninety-two
 To you, old friend, and good old Gloucester!

THE MODERN CACLIOSTRO; OR, THE POWER OF THE SPIRITS.

(A Page from a Romance up to Date.)

AND SO PETER, learning that the veteran Alchemist was to be seen
 on the presentation of a small coin of the realm, approached the old
 man's residence. He had heard that the Sage had discovered the
 secret of immortality—barring accidents, he would live for ever.

"Now that JOSEPHINE is true to me," he murmured, "I have no
 objection to a further century of existence, or even two."

And he continued his walk. He had never seen so many taverns in
 his life. On every side of him were distilleries, public-houses, and
 beer-shops. He marvelled that a man of so many summers should
 have chosen such a bibulous spot for his home.

"He must be exceedingly eccentric," he thought to himself;
 "however, that is nothing to me. If he can teach me how to live
 continuously, this bag of gold, now mine, shall change masters."

The small coin of the realm was presented, and PETER stood face
 to face with the Sage of the Ages.

"What do you want?" asked the ancient Alchemist, with a
 glistening eye. "What d'ye want with an old man—a very old
 man?" And the Sage wept.

"I meant not this," remonstrated PETER, greatly distressed at the
 incident. "I came here merely to crave your aid. I wish to live
 now, for JOSEPHINE is true to me."

"Who's JOSEPHINE?" asked the Sage, in the same thick voice.

"Never heard of JOSEPHINE. JOSEPHINE's bore—swindle! Old
 JOSEPHINE's jolly humbug!"

"Well, let that pass," said PETER, "I am here to ask you why
 you have lived so long. You are one hundred and twenty-seven
 years old, I think, and yet you are still alive."

"Why, certainly. But you know all about it. Secret no longer.
 Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE has told the *Times* how it's done. Con-
 sider it great shame. Takes the bread, so t' speak, out of one's
 mouth." Here the Sage gave a lurch and seated himself acciden-
 tally on a stuffed alligator. Seeing that his host was about to indulge
 in an untimely nap, PETER thought the moment had arrived to urge
 him to reveal his wonderful secret. "I implore you to tell me how
 you have managed to live for so many years when all your contem-
 poraries are gone."

"Well, sure I don't mind," was the reply. "Won't hurt me—
 may do you good. Want to know how it's managed?"

"That I do, indeed," was the earnest answer.

"Why reason I've lived for more than century and quarter is
 this! I've never been—mind, never been during all that time—see
 during all that time—never been sober!"

PETER was astounded.

"Why, Sir WILFRID LAWSON says—" he began.

"Never mind what Sir WILF-LAWSON says. I say if you want,
 keep your health you must—hic—always—be—in—intoxicated!
 Now go to public-house. My patients in public-houses yonder."

And, urged by a sense of duty, PETER withdrew; and, joining the
 Sage's cures, found them in various stages of renewed health and
 increased intoxication.

The Bitter Cry of the British Bookmaker.

(After a famous Original.)

'Tis a very good land that we live in
 To lend, or to lose, or to give in;
 But to sell—at a profit—or keep a man's own,
 'Tis the very worst country that ever was known.
 Men give cash for their wines, wives, weeds, churches and cooks,
 But your genuine Briton won't pay for his—Books!

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

EIGHTH ENTRY.

SINCE my call to the Bar, have been treating myself to rather a long roll abroad. Now, however, the time has come to devote myself to the work of the profession, which seems to mean studying practical law with some discreet and learned Barrister.

Met a few nights ago, at dinner, a very entertaining fellow. Full of legal anecdotes. Told that it was DICK FIBBINS, a Barrister,



Dick Fibbins.

"and rather a rising one." DICK (why not RICHARD?) talked about County Courts with condescending tolerance; even the High Court Judges seemed (according to his own account) to habitually quail before his forensic acumen.

Mentioned to FIBBINS that I had just been "called," and was "thinking of reading in a Barrister's chambers;" and he seemed to take the most friendly and generous interest in me at once—asked me, indeed, to call on him any day I liked at his chambers in Waste Paper Buildings, which I thought extremely kind, as I was a complete stranger.

Go next day. Clerk, with impressive manner, receives me with due regard to his principal's legal standing. (Query—has a rising Barrister any standing?) Ushered into large room, surrounded with shelves containing, I imagine, the Law Reports from the Flood downwards. Just thinking what an excellent "oldest inhabitant" METHUSELAH would have made in a "Right of Way" case, when DICK FIBBINS rises from the wooden arm-chair on which he has been sitting at a table crowded with papers, and bundles tied up in dirty red tape, and shakes hands heartily.

"What's your line of country?" he asks—"Equity or Common Law?"

I admit that it's Common Law. Have momentary feeling that Equity sounds better. Why Common Law?

"Quite right," he says, encouragingly; "much the best branch. I am a Common-Law man too." Refers to it as if it were a moral virtue on his—and my—part to have avoided Equity. Wonder if Equity men talk in this way about "Common" Lawyers? If so, oughtn't there to be more *esprit de corps* in the Profession?

"Been before old PROSER, Queen's Bench Division, to-day," he proceeds. "Do you ever sit in Court?"

I reluctantly confess that I have not made an habitual point of doing so.

"Ah," he says, finding that I can't contradict him as to what did really happen in old PROSER's Court to-day; "you *should* have been there just now. Had BLOWHARD, the great Q.C., opposed to me. But, bless you, he couldn't do anything to speak of against my arguments. PROSER really hardly would listen to him once or twice. Made BLOWHARD quite lose his temper, I assure you."

"So he lost his case, too, I suppose?" I remark, humorously.

"Um," replies FIBBINS, sinking into despondency, "not exactly. PROSER didn't quite like to decide *against* BLOWHARD, you know; so he—so he—er—decided *for* him, in fact. Of course we appeal. It won't," goes on FIBBINS, more cheerfully, "do BLOWHARD's clients a bit of good. Only run their bill up. I'm safe to win before the Court of Appeal. Lord Justice GRILL a first-rate lawyer—sure to reverse old PROSER. I can," he ends with conscious pride, "twist GRILL round my finger, so to speak."

The idea of twisting a Lord Justice round one's finger impresses me still more with DICK FIBBINS's legal genius. How lucky I am to have made his acquaintance! Feel impelled to ask, as I do rather nervously, not knowing if a bitter disappointment does not await me.

"Do you—er—take legal pupils ever?"

I feel that I've put it in a way that sounds like asking him if he indulges in drink. But FIBBINS evidently not offended. He answers briskly, with engaging candour.

"Well, to tell you the truth, though I've often been asked to—quite pestered about it, in fact—I've never done so hitherto. The Solicitors don't like it quite—makes 'em think one is wasting the time which ought to be given to their briefs on one's own pups—I mean pupils."

Perhaps, after all, FIBBINS will dash my hopes (of becoming his

"pup!" Query, isn't the word *infra dig.*—or merely pleasantly colloquial?" to the ground.

"I was," I say boldly, "going to ask you if you would let me read with you."

"Were you?" replies DICK, apparently intensely astonished at the idea; "By Jove! I should be really sorry to disappoint you. Yes," he goes on in a burst of generosity, "I will make room for you—there!"

This is really kind of DICK FIBBINS. We finally arrange that I am to come in two days' time—at the usual, and rather pretentious, fee of one hundred guineas for a year's "coaching"—and begin work.

"You'll see some good cases with me—good fighting cases," FIBBINS remarks, as I take my leave. "When there are no briefs, why, you can read up the Law Reports, you know. My books are quite at your disposal."

"But," I remark, a little surprised at that hint about no briefs—I thought DICK FIBBINS had more than he knew what to do with—"I suppose—er—there's plenty of business going on here?"

"Oh, heaps," replies FIBBINS, hastily. Then, as if to do away with any bad impression which his thoughtless observation about no briefs might have occasioned in my mind, he says, heartily,—

"And, when I take old PROSER up to the Court of Appeal, *you shall come too, and hear me argue!*"

I express suitable gratitude—but isn't it rather "contempt of Court" on FIBBINS's part to talk about "taking up" a Judge?—and feel, as I depart, that I shall soon see something of the real inner life of the Profession.

ON THE MARLOWE MEMORIAL.

(Unveiled by Mr. Henry Irving at Canterbury, September 16, 1891.)

MARLOWE, your "mighty line"

Though worthy of a darling of the Nine,

Has—in quotation—many a reader riled.

Like SHAKESPEARE'S "wood-notes wild,"

And POPE'S "lisp'd numbers," it becomes a bore

When hackneyed o'er and o'er

By every petty scribe and criticaster.

Yet we must own you master

Of the magnificent and magniloquent,

And modern playwrights might be well content

Were they but dowered with passion, fancy, wit,

Like great ill-fated "KIT."

THE LAST OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

BEFORE THE UNVEILING.

She. What do you know about MARLOWE?

He. Isn't it somewhere near Taplow?

She. I think not, because Mr. IRVING went to unveil MARLOWE, and I don't think he is a rowing-man.

He. But he may be doing it for Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, who has a place at Wargrave.

She. Yes, but then the papers would have said something about it—wouldn't they?

He. Very likely; they would say anything in the silly season.

AFTER THE UNVEILING.

She. Well, I know all about MARLOWE now. He was a great poet—greater than SHAKESPEARE, or thereabouts.

He. Always thought that they would find some fellow greater than SHAKESPEARE. SHAKESPEARE always bores me awfully. But what did *this* fellow write?

She. Oh, lots of things! *Faust*, amongst the rest.

He. Come, that must be wrong, for *Faust* was written by GOUNOD. Wasn't it?

She. Now I come to think of it, I suppose it was—or BERLIOZ.

He. Yes, they did it together. But where does MARLOWE come in?

She. Well, I am not quite sure.

He. You had better write to Mr. IRVING about it; he will tell you. He's a really well up in the subject. As for me, I'm still under the impression that Marlow is somewhere on the river.

Honours Divided.

WRITERS can't speak in public. So says WALTER.

They mumble, stumble, hammer, stammer, falter!

BESANT, why grumble at fate's distribution?

To writers, sense; to speakers, elocution!

Some books are bosh, but all experience teaches

"Rot's" native realm is—After-dinner Speeches!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. IX.

SCENE—*The Burg Terrace at Nuremberg. PODBURY on a bench, grappling with the Epitome of SPENCER.*

Podbury (reading aloud, with comments). "For really to conceive the infinite divisibility of matter is mentally to follow out the divisions to infinity, and to do this would require infinite time." You're right *there*, old cock, and, as I haven't got it to spare, I won't trouble you!—um—um... "opposite absurdities"—"subjective modifications"... "ultimate scientific ideas, then, are all representative of ideas that cannot be comprehended." I could have told *him* that. What bally rot this Philosophy is—but I suppose I must peg away at it. Didn't she say she was sorry I didn't go in more for cultivating my mind? (*He looks up.*) Jove, here she comes! and yes, there's that beggar CULCHARD with her! I thought he'd—how the dickens did he manage to—? I see what *he's* after—thinks he'll out me out—twice over—but he shan't this time, if I can help it!

Culchard (to Miss HYPATIA PRENDERGAST). No, the Modern Spirit is too earnestly intent upon solving the problems of existence to tolerate humour in its literature. Humour has served a certain purpose in its day, but that day is done, and I for one cannot pretend to regret its decay.

Miss H. P. Nor I. In fact, the only humour I ever really appreciated is that of the ancient classics. There has been no true fun since ARISTOPHANES died. At least, I think not.

Podb. (catching the last sentence). Oh, I say, come, Miss PRENDERGAST. Have you ever read "The Jumping Frog"?

Miss P. I was under the impression that all frogs jumped. But I never read—I—ah—study.

Podb. (declining to be crushed). Well, I call MARK TWAIN funny anyhow. But I'm going in for study now. I am—honour bright! I'm swotting up SPENCER—look!

[He exhibits the volume proudly.]

Miss P. And are you not enchanted by the logical lucidity of that great thinker?

Podb. Um—I should be more enchanted if I ever had the faintest notion what the great thinker was driving at. Look here—here's a simple little sentence for you! (*Reads.*) "Let us therefore bear in mind the following:—That of the whole incident force affecting an aggregate, the effective force is that which remains after deducting the non-effective, that the temporarily effective and the permanently effective vary inversely, and that the molar and molecular changes wrought by the permanently effective force also vary inversely." (*With pathos.*) And that's only in an *Epitome*, mind you!

Miss P. Really, Mr. PODBURY, I see nothing particularly incomprehensible in that.

Culch. (with his superior smile). My dear PODBURY, you can hardly expect to master the Spencerian phraseology and habit of thought without at least some preliminary mental discipline!

Podb. (nettled). Oh—but you find him plain-sailing enough, I suppose?

Culch. I have certainly not encountered any insuperable difficulties in his works as yet.

Podb. Well, I'll just trouble you to explain *this*—wait a bit. (*Opens volume again.*) Ah, here we are—"And these illusive and primordial cognitions, or pseud-ideas, are homogeneous entities which may be differentiated objectively or subjectively, according as they are presented as Noumenon or Phenomenon. Or, in other words, they are only cognosible as a colligation of incongruous coalescences." Now then—are you going to tell me you can make head or tail of all that?

Culch. (perceiving that Miss P. is awaiting his reply in manifest suspense). It's simple enough, my dear fellow, only I can't expect you to grasp it. It is merely a profound truth stated with masterly precision.

Podb. Oh, is that all, my dear fellow? (*He flings up his heels in an ecstasy.*) I knew I'd have you! Why, I made that up myself as I went along, and if you understand it, it's a jolly sight more than I do!

Miss P. (behind her handkerchief). Mr. CULCHARD has evidently gone through the—the "preliminary mental discipline."

Culch. (scarlet and sulky). Of course, if Mr. PODBURY descends to childishness of that sort, I can't pretend to—

Podb. (wiping his eyes). But you *did* pretend, old chap. You said

it was "profound truth" and "masterly precision"! I've got more profound truth where *that* came from. I say, I shall set up as an intellectual Johnny after this, and get you to write an Epitome of me. I think I pulled your leg *that* time, eh?

Culch. (biting his lip). When you have extracted sufficient entertainment from that very small joke, you will perhaps allow Miss PRENDERGAST to sit down and begin her sketch. You may not be aware that you've taken her place.

[He withdraws majestically to the parapet, while PODBURY makes way for Miss P. with apologies.]

Podb. (as he leans over seat while she sketches). I wish your brother BOB had been here—he would have enjoyed that!

Miss P. It was really too bad of you, though. Poor Mr. CULCHARD!

Podb. He shouldn't try to make me out a bigger duffer than I am, then. But I say, you don't really think it was too bad? Ah, you're laughing—you don't!

Miss P. Never mind what I really think. But you have got us both into sad disgrace. Mr. CULCHARD is dreadfully annoyed with us—look at his shoulders!

Culch. (leaning over parapet with his back to them). That ass PODBURY! To think of his taking me in with an idiotic trick like that! And before Her too! And when I had made it all right about the other evening, and was producing an excellent impression on the way up here. I wish I could hear what they were whispering about—more silly jokes at my expense, no doubt. Bah! as if it affected me!

Podb. (to Miss P.). I say, how awfully well you draw!

Miss P. There you betray your ignorance in Art matters. Sketching with me is a pastime, not a serious pursuit. (*They go on conversing in a lower tone.*) No, please, Mr. PODBURY. I'm quite sure he would never—

Podb. (rises; comes up to CULCHARD, and touches his shoulder). I say, old chappie—

Culch. (jerking away with temper). Now, look here, PODBURY. I'm not in the mood for any more of your foolery—

Podb. (humbly). All right, old boy. I wouldn't bother you, only Miss PRENDERGAST wants a figure for her foreground, and I said I'd ask you if you'd keep just as you are for a few minutes. Do you mind?

Culch. (to himself). Afraid she's gone too far—thinks she'll smooth me down! Upon my word, it would serve her right to—but no, I won't be petty. (*Aloud.*) Pray tell Miss PRENDERGAST that I have no immediate intention of altering my position.

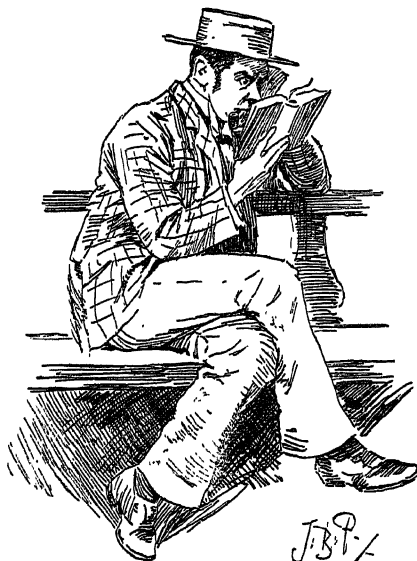
Podb. Thanks awfully, old chap. I knew you'd oblige.

Culch. (incisively). I am obliging Miss PRENDERGAST, and her only. (*Raising his voice, without turning his head.*) Would you prefer me to face you, Miss PRENDERGAST?

Miss P. (in tremulous tones). N—no, thank you. It—it's so much more n—natural, don't you know, for you to be—looking at the view.

Culch. As you please. (*To himself.*) Can't meet my eye. Good! I shall go on treating her distantly for a little. I wonder if I look indifferent enough from behind? Shall I cross one foot? Better not—she may have begun sketching me. If she imagines I'm susceptible to feminine flattery of this palpable kind, she'll—how her voice shook, though, when she spoke. Poor girl, she's afraid she offended me by laughing—and I *did* think she had more sense than to—but I mustn't be too hard on her. I'm afraid she's already beginning to think too much of—and with my peculiar position with Miss TROTTER—(*MAUD*, that is)—not that there's anything definite at present, still—(*Aloud.*) Ahem, Miss PRENDERGAST—am I standing as you wish? (*To herself.*) She doesn't answer—too absorbed, and I can't hear that idiot—found he hasn't scored so much after all, and gone off in a huff, I expect. So much the better! What a time she is over this, and how quiet she keeps! I wish I knew whether it was coquetry or—shall I turn round and see? No, I must be perfectly indifferent. And she *did* laugh at me. I distinctly saw her. Still, if she's sorry, this would be an excellent opportunity for—(*Aloud.*) Miss PRENDERGAST! (*No reply—louder.*) May I take it that you regret having been betrayed into momentary approbation of a miserable piece of flippancy? If so, let me assure you—(*Turns round—to discover that he is addressing two little flazen-haired girls in speckled pinafores, who are regarding him open-mouthed.*) Miss PRENDERGAST and PODBURY have disappeared. PODBURY again! He must have planned this—with her! It is too much. I have done—yes—done with the pair of them! [*Strides off in bitter indignation.*]

SCHOOL-BOY'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF SMOKING.—One sickarette, —and he never could do another. *O si sic omnes!*



Podbury grappling with the Epitome of Spencer.



"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE!"

"HOTEL ME, GENTLE STRANGER!"

[Mrs. WHEELER and Mrs. CUSTER, two literary ladies of New York, are starting a hotel for women only.]

SAYS Mrs. CUSTER to Mrs. WHEELER:
 "I propose we put out a 'promoting' feeler!"
 Says Mrs. WHEELER to Mrs. CUSTER,
 "Monopolist Males we shall greatly fluster;"
 'Hotel it not in Gath!'—at present
 Till we have made things nice and pleasant.
 First rule—'No Rules!' O, of course male noddies
 Will snigger at once, the superior bodies!
 But OSCAR WILDE must 'pull up his socks,'
 Ere he'll equal women at paradox.
 What I mean is this, in our 'Women's Hotel,'
 We'll have no such thing as the 'Curfew Bell,'
 And no fixed hour for the cry, 'Out lights!'
 We will give free way to true 'Woman's Rights,'
 Which are to thump, strum, tap, twirl, trill,
 From morn till night at her own sweet will.
 That's why we cherish, despite male spleen,
 Typewriter, Piano, and Sewing-Machine!
 The 'woodpecker tapping' is, indeed, not in it
 With Emancipate Woman—no, not for a minute!
 Our Hotel will be, when we've won the battle,
 'The Paradise of unlimited Rattle,'
 'The Realm of the Spindle,' 'the Home of the Duster!'"

SAYS Mrs. WHEELER to Mrs. CUSTER.
 "Nought tabooed save Man! So comes Peace the Healer!"

SAYS Mrs. CUSTER to Mrs. WHEELER.
Punch hopes their Hotel may flourish—only,
 Spots "Reserved for Ladies" are often—lonely!

THE GERMAN EMPEROR GOING NAP.—It now appears that the words descriptive of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE used by the German Emperor, and to which the French took so strong an exception, were not "*Le parvenu Corse*," but "*Le conquérant Corse*," which, of course, makes all the difference. At this banquet it would have been better had each course been omitted from the menu.

A Vain Vaunt.

La belle France boasts of being Art's true henchman!
 That cosmopolitan claim she should be mute on.
 "Art for Art's sake!" shouts the thrasonic Frenchman,
 "Save when that Art is Teuton,"
 Though Art's not marred for him by subtle sin
 A German twang poisons e'en *Lohengrin*.



INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.

Benevolent Old Lady. "No, MR. SMITH; I SHALL NOT CONTINUE MY SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUR CRICKET-GROUND ANY LONGER—FOR I FIND YOU ALLOW IT TO BE USED IN THE WINTER FOR PIGEON-SHOOTING!"

Secretary to the Local Cricket Club. "BUT, MADAM, YOU CAN'T BE AWARE THAT WE SHOOT AT NOTHING BUT CLAY PIGEONS!"

B. O. L. "I DON'T CARE WHAT THE BREED MAY BE—IT'S EQUALLY CRUEL!"

THE ARMADA FROM THE SPANISH.

(Commenced by Mr. J. A. Froude and concluded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia.)

It may be remembered that the English writer in *Longman's Magazine*, had got to the point when after trying to get out of the expedition by pleading poverty, incompetency, and anything else I could think of, I was forced to go on my way to England with apparent satisfaction. We had putrid pork and mouldy biscuit, but still I informed the King that we were "content and cheerful." Had I given him any other intelligence, the chances are that he would have had my head—not a good one, but sufficient to meet my modest requirements.

Well, we sailed towards England, and as Mr. J. A. FROUDE has already explained (quoting from my own letter to King PHILIP), "knowing nothing of navigation," I soon made a bad shot. Instead of going to Tilbury, I drifted towards Cronstadt, even then a fortress of some consideration. I could tell you a great deal more, were it not that I succumbed to sea-sickness and gave up my command. The expedition was now, of course, commanded by the steward, but the duties of his unpleasant office left him but little time for directing an invasion. Well, we got within reach of England when the wind began to blow, and before I could hitch myself up with a marling-spike, every man Jack of us was ready for Davy Jones's locker!

But why should I dwell upon the events of the next few days? We were out-maneuvred and beaten. I myself took refuge in a wood of mahogany trees, and it was my delight and my privilege to supply the requirements of the British colony in all that they desired. The result of this was that I and a few personal friends took refuge in a forest in which mahogany trees flourished. It was in this leafy prison that I supplied the genuine old Armada mahogany "as advertised." I would be afraid to say how many places I supplied with wood from the Armada. I may hint that I know something of the tables at Westminster and the benches of Gray's Inn. But there, that is many years ago, and all I can say now is, "Heave away, boys," and "Three cheers for the Don, the Keys, and the Donkey." I was the Don, the keys were supplied to those who paid for them, and the donkeys could defend themselves. The Armada was not a success, and after this frank avowal, it seems to me that Mr. FROUDE need render no further explanation. Surely the story of the Spanish Invasion is copyright. And if it is, Mr. FROUDE has no right to tamper with my work, the more especially as it is immediately appropriated by that model of modern journalism the *Review of Reviews*.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTION.—We have five senses. That's quite enough. If we had a sixth sense, what a new sense it would be!

"IN CELLAR DEEP."

(Latest Up-to-Date Version of a celebrated Bacchanalian ditty, as it might be revised by Dr. Mortimer Granville and Mr. James Payn.)

["No one drinks alcoholic liquor (unless it be beer) to quench thirst."—JAMES PAYN.]

In Cellar deep I sit and steep
 My soul in GRANVILLE's logic.
 Companions mine, sound ale, good wine—
 That foils Teetotal dodge—hie!
 With solemn pate our sages prate,
 The Pump-slaves neatly pinking.
 He's proved an ass, whose days don't pass
 In drinking, drinking, drinking!

In water pure there's danger sure,
 All fizzle-pop's deceiving;
 And ginger-beer must make you queer
 (If GRANVILLE you're believing).
 Safe, on the whole, is Alcohol;
 It saves man's strength from sinking.
 I injure none, and have good f—fun,
 Whilst drinking, drinking, drinking!

Hic! Hic!! Hooray!! New reasons gay
 For drink from doctors borrow!
 The last (not first) is simple thirst.
 That's true—to LAWSON's sorrow!
 Good Templarsh fain would "physic PAYN,"
 And GRANVILLE squelch like winking;
 But all the same, true Wisdom's—hic—
 game

Is drinking, drinking, drinking!
 [Left playing it.

MR. PUNCH'S NAVAL NOVEL.

[Mr. Punch has observed with much gratification the success of various brochures professing to give, under the disguise of retrospect, a prophetic but accurate account of the naval battle of the immediate future. Mr. Punch has read them carefully over and over again. For some time he has been living, so to speak, in the midst of magnificent iron-clad fleets. In vain have torpedoes been launched on their occasionally death-dealing mission against him, in vain have immense shells exploded in his immediate neighbourhood. Nothing, not even the ramming of one whole squadron by another, has succeeded in daunting him. He has remained immovable in the midst of an appalling explosion which reduced a ship's company to a heap of toe-nails. And now, his mind fired by the crash of conflict and the intoxication of almost universal slaughter, he proposes to show the world how a naval novel that means to be accurate as well as vivid, to be bought by the public in thousands as well as to teach useful lessons to politicians and sailors, ought really to be written. Mr. Punch may as well state that he has not submitted this story to any naval experts. His facts speak for themselves, and require no merely professional approval to enhance their value.]

WHO'D BE A SAILOR?

(A Story of Blood and Battle.)

CHAPTER I.

LISTEN, my Grandchildren! for you are mine, not indeed by the ridiculous accident of birth (since to speak the truth I am an unmarried old sea-dog), but by the far higher and more honourable title of having been selected by me to hear this yarn. You know well enough that such a tale must be told to grandchildren, and since you undoubtedly possessed grandparents, and have been hired at a shilling an hour to listen to me, I have every right to address you as I did. Therefore I say, my grandchildren, attend to what I am about to relate. You who live under the beneficent sway of the mighty Australo-Canado-Africo-Celto-Americo-Anglian Federation of Commonwealths, can have no notion of the degraded conditions under which I, your grandfather, and the rest of my miserable fellow-countrymen lived fifty years ago in the year 1892. Naturally you have read no books of history referring to any date anterior to 1902. The wretched records of ignorance, slavery and decrepitude have been justly expunged from your curriculum. Let me tell you then that a little country calling itself the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at that time arrogated to itself the leadership of the mighty countries which you now call your home. You smile and refer me to a large-sized map on which, as you justly observe, this country occupies a space of not more than two square inches. Your surprise is intelligible, but the melancholy fact remains. All this has now been happily changed, and changed too in consequence of a war in which England (for so the country was often inaccurately called, except upon Scotch political platforms, where people naturally objected to the name) in which, as I say, England bore the chief part and obtained the decisive victory. The story of this war I am now about to relate to you.

CHAPTER II.

War had been declared. We had known for a long time that it was coming. For months past the bellicose bench of Bishops had been preaching war in all the Cathedrals of the land. Field Marshal the Duke of WOLSELEY, who was then a simple lord, had written articles in all the prominent American reviews, and had proved to demonstration that with 50,000 boys and the new patent revolving ammunition belt, Britain (for that too was the name of my late country) was ready to defy and conquer the world. Rear-Admiral and Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM T. STEAD, G.C.B., C.S.I., K.G., V.C.—the great journalist in the shade of whose colossal mounted statue we are now sitting—had suddenly become a convert to the doctrine that war is the great purifier, and had offered in a spirit of extraordinary self-abnegation to command both the Army and the Fleet in action. Volunteer corps armed with soythes, paper-knives, walking-sticks and umbrellas had sprung up all over the country, and had provided their own uniforms and equipment.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, father of the present Earl of South Africa, had been recalled to office by an alarmed country, and had united in his own person the offices of Secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty, Premier, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Privy Seal. As a first step towards restoring confidence, he had, with his own hands, beheaded the former Prime Minister, the Marquis of SALISBURY, and had published a cheap and popular edition of his epoch-making Letters from Mashonaland. His Lordship's official residence had been established at the Amphitryon Club where they still preserve on constant relays of ice the *Bécassine bardée aux truffes* which Lord RANDOLPH was about to eat when he snubbed the united ambassadors of Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Italy and the Republic of Andorra. The immediate consequence was a declaration of war against us.

CHAPTER III.

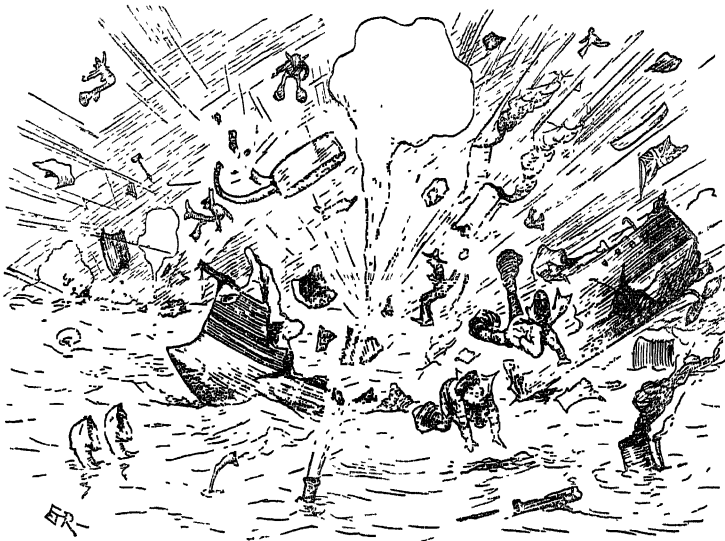
I was at that time in command of H.M.S. *Bandersnatch*, a vessel of nine hundred thousand horse-power, and a mean average displacement of four hundred thousand tons. Ah, the dear old *Bandersnatch*! Never can I forget the thrill of exquisite emotion which pervaded my inmost being as I stepped on board in mid-ocean. Everything was in apple-pie order. Bulkheads, girders, and beams shone like glass in the noonday sun. The agile torpedo-catchers had been practising their sports, and I could not resist a feeling of intense pride when I learnt that only fifty of these heroic fellows had that morning perished owing to the accidental explosion of one of their charming playthings at the very crisis of the game. The racers of the after-guns had been out for their morning's exercise. Indeed the saddles had only just been removed, and the noble animals were now enjoying a good square meal of corn in their bomb-proof stable. Keep your animals in good fettle, and they'll never shirk their work: that was always my motto, and right well has it answered. The roaring furnaces, the cylindrical boilers, the prisoned steam, the twin screws, the steel shot that crashes like thunder, the fearful impact of the ram, the blanching terror of the supreme moment, the shattered limbs and scattered heads,—all these were ready, waiting but for the pressure of my finger on the middle button of the boatswain's mess-waistcoat to speed forth upon their deadly work between the illustrated covers of a shilling pamphlet.

CHAPTER IV.

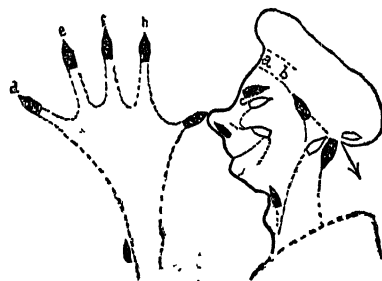
In another moment the enemy's fleet had hove in sight. Our movements in the ten minutes preceding the fatal conflict will be best understood by consulting the annexed diagram:—

We advanced in this imposing order for five minutes. Then came a puff of smoke, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, two thousand men had been literally blown into thin air, their sole remnant being the left shoe of my trusty second in command, Captain GLIMP-POWSE. I trained the two turret-guns until I had got them into perfect condition, and gave the word.

The crash that followed was terrific. One of the massive missiles went home, and stayed there, no amount of inducement availing to bring it out again to face the battle. The other, however, behaved as a British missile should, and exploded in the heart of the hostile fleet. The result was terrific. French, German and Russian Admirals by the thousand were destroyed, their scattered fragments literally darkening the face of the sun, and a mixed shower of iron, steel, stanchions, bollards, monster guns, Admirals, sailors, stewards, cocked-hats, and Post Captains fell for ten minutes without intermission from the clouds into which they had been driven by the awful



The Explosion.



force of the explosion. I turned to my Lieutenant, who was standing beside me, to give a necessary order. As I was about to address him, the machine-guns in the enemy's tops belched forth a myriad projectiles, and the unfortunate Lieutenant was swept into eternity. All that was left of him was his right hand, which, curiously enough, remained for a minute suspended in the air in its proper relative position to what had been the Lieutenant's body. I mastered my emotion with an effort, as I reverently grasped and shook the melancholy relic. Then, shedding a silent tear, I dropped it over the side, and with an aching heart, watched it disappear beneath the wave on which many of its former owner's happiest hours had been spent.

CHAPTER V.

This catastrophe ended the battle. The allied fleets had been swept off the face of the ocean. I packed what remained of H.M.S. *Bandersnatch* in my tobacco-pouch, attached myself to a hen-coop, and thus floated triumphantly into Portsmouth Harbour.

CHARLEMAGNE AND I.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Monday.—I have always had a strange longing to know CHARLEMAGNE. To shake him by the hand, to have opportunity of inquiring after his health and that of his family, to hear his whispered reply—that indeed were bliss. But CHARLEMAGNE is dead, and desire must be curbed. The only thing open to an admirer is to visit the place of his last repose, and brood in spots his shade may yet haunt. CHARLEMAGNE was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle (German Aachen), but since my arrival in the town, I find great difficulty in discovering his tomb. The great soldier Emperor resembled an unfortunate and unskilful pickpocket in one respect. He was always being taken up. He died in the year 814, and was left undisturbed till the year 1000, when the Emperor OTTO THE THIRD opened his tomb, and, finding his great predecessor sitting on a marble chair, helped him down. The marble chair is on view in the Cathedral to this day (verger, 1 mark) to witness to the truth of this narrative. One hundred and sixty-five years later, FREDERICK BARBAROSSA opened the second tomb where OTTO had placed C., and transferred to a marble sarcophagus what, at this date, was left of him. In the following century C. was canonised. Whereupon nothing would satisfy FREDERICK THE SECOND but to go for the bones again. They were now growing scarce, and only a few fragments fill the reliquary in which at length all that is left of my revered friend (if after this lapse of time I may call him so) reposes.

I have been fortunate in securing a relic, not exactly of CAROLO, but of the time at or about which he lived. It is a piece of tapestry, on which fingers long since dust have worked a sketch of the Emperor going to his bath. Considering its age, the tapestry is in remarkably fresh condition. The old Hebrew trader, whom for a consideration I induced to part with it, said he would not charge any more on that account; which I thought very considerate. He also said he might be able to get me some more pieces. But this, I think, will do to go on with.

But if there be nothing left of CAROLO MAGNO, there still is the city he loved, in which he lived and died. Here is the Kaiserquelle, bubbling out of Büchel in which, centuries ago, he laved his lordly limbs. Going down into my bath this morning I observed in the dim light the imprint of a footstep on the marble stair.

"That might have been CHARLEMAGNE's," I said to YANKOV, my bath attendant.

"*Ja wohl*," said YANCOB, nodding in his friendly way, and, going out, he presently returned with a hot towel.

That did not seem to follow naturally upon my observation, which was, indeed, born of idle fancy. (I know very well C.'s death eventuated long prior to the building of the stately colonnade that fronts the present baths, and that therefore the footprint is illusory.) I am growing used to a certain irrelevancy in YAKHOB'S conversation. My German is of the date of CHARLEMAGNE, and is no more understood here than is the Greek of SOCRATES in the streets of Athens. YAKHOB was especially told off for my service because he thoroughly understood and talked English. He says, "Ye-es" and "Ver well." But when I offer a chance remark he, three times out of five, nods intelligently, bolts off and brings me something back—a comb and brush, a newspaper, but oftenest, a hot towel. Once, when I asked him whether there were two posts a day to London, he lugged in an arm-chair.

I get on better with WILLIAM. WILLIAM is a rubber—not of whist, *bien entendu*, but of men. In build WILLIAM is pear-shaped, the upper part of him, where you would expect to find the stalk, broadening out into a perpetual smile. He has lived in the Baths twenty-three years, and yet his gaiety is not eclipsed. If he has a foible it is his belief that he thoroughly understands London and its ways.

"A ver big place," he remarked this morning, "where dey kills de ladees."

This reference not being immediately clear, WILLIAM assisted dull comprehension by drawing his finger across his throat, and uttering

a jovial "click!" But it was only when, his eyes brimming over with fun, he said, "Yak de Reeper," that I followed the drift of his remark.

It is gratifying to the citizen of London travelling abroad, to learn that in the mind of the foreigner the great Metropolis is primarily and chiefly associated with "JACK the Ripper" and his exploits.

"I rob you not hard," WILLIAM incidentally remarks, pounding at your chest as if it were a parquet flooring he was polishing; "but I strong so I can break a shentleman's ribs."

I make due acknowledgment of the prowess, being particularly careful to refrain from expressing doubt, or even surprise. WILLIAM, always smiling, repeats the assertion just as if I had contradicted him. Try to change subject.

"I wonder if CHARLEMAGNE had a massage man in his suite?" I say, "and who

was his Doctor? Now if he had had Dr. BRANDIS, I believe he would have been alive at this day. But we cannot have everything. CHARLEMAGNE had the Iron Crown of Lombardy; we have Dr. BRANDIS."

BRANDIS.
 "Y e e s,"
 said WILLIAM,
 still gloating
 over his own
 train of
 thought; "eef
 I like I break
 a shentle-
 man's ribs."

Sometimes WILLIAM'S smile, contracting, breaks into a whistle, horribly out of tune. He rather fancies his musical powers, and is proud of his

"I would break hees ribs!"

intimate acquaintance with the fashionable *chansons* current in London to-day, or as he puts it, "Vat dey shings at de Carrelton Clob." Then he warbles a line of the happily long-forgotten "Cham-pagne CHARLIE," with intervals of "Oh what a surprise!" He sings both to the same tune, and fortunately knows only two lines of one and a single line of the other.

"Wouldn't you," I ask "give all you are worth to have lived in the time of CHARLEMAGNE? Suppose some day you walked into this room and discovered him sitting on his marble throne as ORHO found him with the Iron Crown on his head and his right hand grasping the imperial sceptre, what would you do?"

"I would break his ribs," said WILLIAM, his face illumined by a sudden flash of delighted anticipation.

Alack! we are thinking of two personages sundered by centuries. My mind dwells on CHARLEMAGNE, whilst WILLIAM is evidently thinking of Champagne CHARLIE.

"ANNALS OF A VERY QUIET FAMILY."

THERE were eight of us, each within a year or so of one another. Father was a very quiet man, engaged all day in his study.

Father would never allow a trumpet, drum, or any instrument of torture, except the piano, to be brought into the house.

In due course we all left home one after the other, and having been so quiet for so long, each one of us has contrived to make a considerable noise in the world since, and are all doing well. "Doing" may be used in the widest possible sense. Among other accomplishments we blow our own trumpets, as you see. As father and mother object to noise, we have not encouraged their visits.



"I would break hees ribs!"



DEA EX MACHINÀ!

(A Reminiscence.)

"AS HE'D LIKE IT."

(Shakespeare once more freely adapted to the situation.)

"We wanted, and we want, to do for the villages, what the first reformed Parliament did in conferring municipal government upon the towns. We knew that the Tory Party did not really mean to give us village or parish Councils. . . . 'The Radical agitators,' says Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, 'want to see a complete change in the social condition of rural society.' What if we do? . . . Why, it was for this that many of us, seven or eight years ago, and many more years ago, fought for getting the labourer a vote."—*Mr. John Morley at Cambridge.*

SCENE—The Forest of Ha(w)arden.

Touchstone (Mr. J-HN M-RL-X); Audrey, (The Agricultural Vote); Jaques (Mr. P-NCH),

behind. Afterwards William (Sir M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH.)

Touch. Come apace, good AUDREY: I will fetch up your votes, AUDREY. And how, AUDREY?—am I the man yet? Doth my simple programme content you?

Audrey. Your programme! Lord warrant us, what programme?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy Votes as the glittering post-god Apollo was among the herds of Admetus.

Jaq. (aside). Oh, knowledge oddly applied! Fancy Olympian Oracles in a thatched cottage!

Touch. When a man's speeches cannot be understood, nor a man's good platform wit seconded by the froward child popular understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a

small minority on a big Bill. Truly, I would the gods had made thee political.

Aud. I do not know what political is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. (with sardonic frankness). No, truly; for the truest politics show the most feigning; and Tories are given to politics; and what they swear, in politics, may be said, as Tories, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me political?

Touch. I do, truly; for they swear to me thou art true Tory, parson-and-squire-ridden Tory. Now, if thou wert political, I might have some hope thou didst feign—to them!

Aud. Would you not have me Tory?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert fortune-favoured; for Toryism coupled to poverty is to have folly a sauce to misery.

Jaq. (aside). A shrewd fool!

Aud. Well, I am not rich; and therefore I pray the gods to make me Liberal.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away Liberalism upon a willingly "unemancipated" Voter, were to deck a porker with pearls.

Aud. I may not be "emancipated," but I thank the gods I am "enfranchised."

Touch. Well, praised be the Liberals for thine enfranchisement! Emancipation—from "squarsonry"—may come hereafter. But, be it as it may, I will marry thee.

Jaq. (aside). I would fain see this wedding. Methinks there will be sport forward ere it be fully achieved.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. . . . But, AUDREY, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a—Tory: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, AUDREY.

Aud. Give ye good even, WILLIAM.

Will. And good even to you, Sir!

Touch. Good even, gentle friend . . . Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. You do desire this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; to have is to have; for it is a great figure in Gladstonian rhetoric, that votes being deducted from one Party and added to another, by putting the one Out do put the other In; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

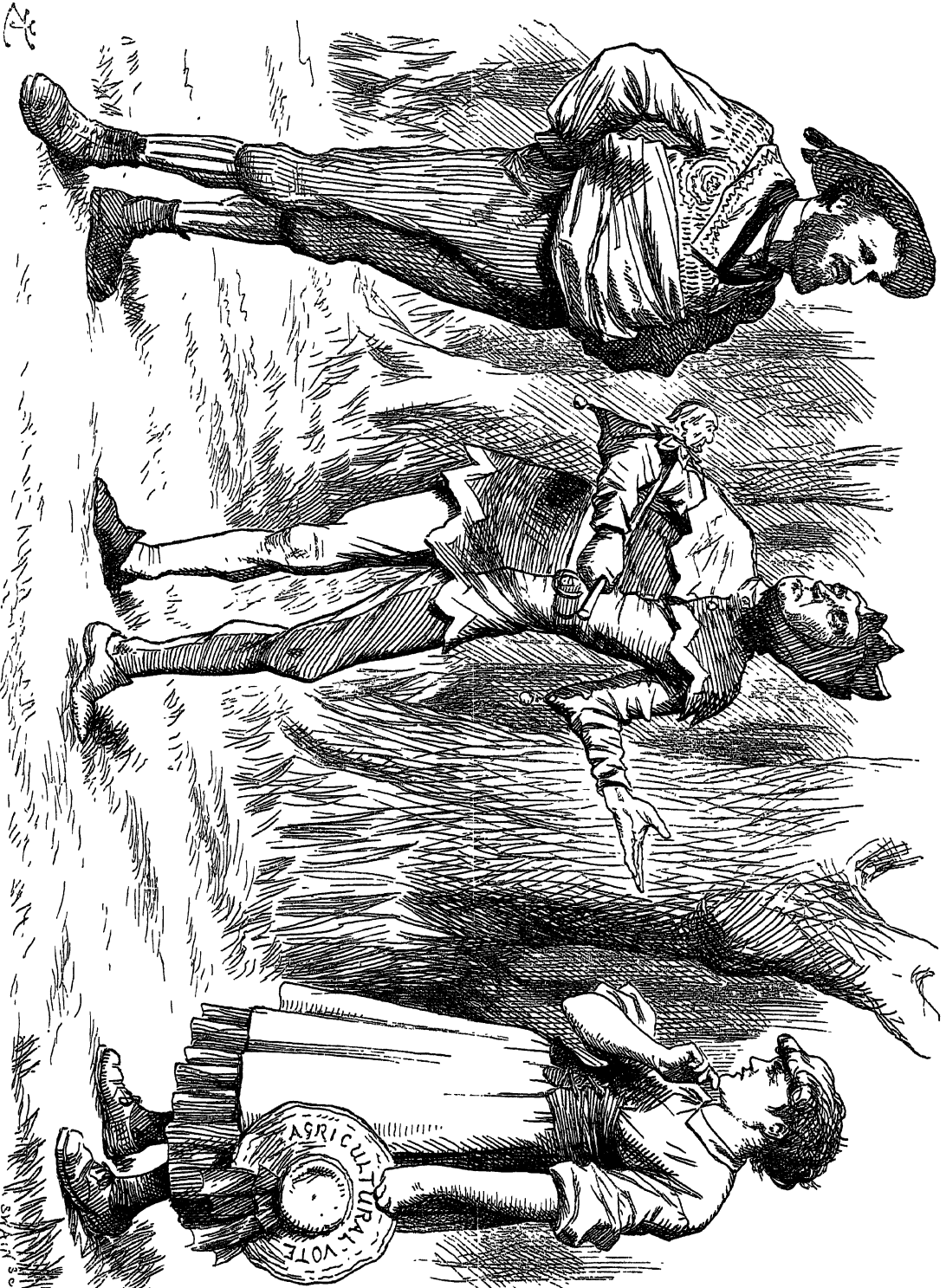
Will. Which he, Sir?

Touch. He, Sir, that must marry the woman. Therefore, you Tory, abandon—which is, in the vulgar, leave—the society, which in the boorish is, company—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or Tory, thou vanishest; or, to thy better understanding, skedaddlest; or, to wit, I defeat thee, make thee away, translate thy majority into minority, thine Office into Opposition; I will deal in programmes with thee, or in eloquence, or in epigram; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will "mend thee or end thee" a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart!

SONG (behind).

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,



William Sir M-ch-l. H-ces-B-ch.

Touchstone J-hn M-rl-x.

Audrey The Agricultural Vote.

“AS HE’D LIKE IT.”

SCENE—*The Forest of Hal(w)arden.*

TOUCHSTONE. “I AM HE THAT MUST MARRY THIS WOMAN! THEREFORE, YOU CLOWN, ABANDON THE SOCIETY OF THIS FEMALE; . . . I WILL BANDY WITH THEE IN FACTION; I WILL O’ERRUN THEE WITH POLICY; THEREFORE, TREMBLE, AND DEPART!”—*As You Like It, Act V., Scene 1.*

That o'er the stubble fields did pass
(Together WILL caught 'em).
In the time of autumn, [about;
When M.P.'s spout, and "manœuvre"
M.P.'s (who are "out") love autumn.

About three acres and a cow,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
The artful country folks know now.
In the time of autumn, &c.

Since that the franchise was their dower,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
The Country Voters are a power.
In the time of autumn, &c.

And, therefore, at the present time, [ho!—
With "an Agricultural Policy"—funny,
Both Parties simple HODGE would lime,
In the time of autumn, &c.

Will. (aside). Truly, though there is no
great matter in the ditty, yet the note is very
untuneable. [Exit.

Touch. Trip, AUDREY, trip, AUDREY,—I
attend,—I attend! [Exit.

Jag. (appearing). There is surely another
political deluge forward, and these motley
would-be couples are seeking the official ark!
[Exit.

THE TRUE TENNYSON.

WE have all been startled to find from the
researches of Mr. WOODALL in *Notes and
Queries*, that "Between the story sung by
the Poet Laureate in his romantic poem *The
Lord of Burleigh*, and the actual fact, there
seems to be little in common." HENRY CECIL,
Earl and afterwards Marquis of EXETER,
married Miss SARAH HOGGINS under the name
of JOHN JONES, having a wife alive at the
time, and she did not die as the poem relates.
It is obvious then that TENNYSON must be
re-written, and we offer his Lordship the
following humble suggestions. *The Lord of
Burleigh* should henceforward run somewhat
as follows:—

Quoth he, "Gentle SARAH HOGGINS,"
Speaking in seductive tones,
"You must wed no HODGE or SCROGGINS,
But espouse your own J. JONES."
Oh! he was an artful party,
And that marriage was a crime.
He'd a wife alive and hearty,
Though she'd left him for a time.

The above discovery has, of course, led to
doubts regarding other Tennysonian heroines.
Was Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE, for example,
as black as the poet has painted her? Perish
the thought! Here are a couple of specimen
stanzas for an amended version:—

Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE,
I vow that you were not a flirt,
The daughter of a hundred Earls
Would not a single creature hurt.
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"
What abject twaddle, on my word;
And then the joke is in the end,—
We know they made the bard a Lord.

The tale of how young LAURENCE died,
In some audacious print began;
The fact is that he took to drink,
He always was that sort of man.
And as for ALFRED, why, of course
You snubbed him; but was that a crime,
That he should go and call you names,
And print his strabillous rhyme?

Then, again, was the *Amy* of *Locksley
Hall* quite as shallow-hearted and so forth
as the angry rhymester declares? It will
probably turn out that she was not. Hence
the verses should run in this fashion:—

And I said, "My Cousin AMY, speak the truth, my
heart to ease.
Shall it be by banns or license?" And she whis-
pered, "Which you please."



George (about to enjoy the first new-laid Egg from the recently set-up Fowl-house). "WHY—
CONF—THEY'VE BOILED THE PORCELAIN NEST-EGG!"

Love took up the glass of Time and waved it gaily
in the air, [Camden Square.
Married life was sweet at Number Twenty-Six in
AMY faithless! Bless your heart, Sir, that was
not the case at all: [Hall.

It was pure imagination that I wrote in *Locksley*
This process will doubtless have to be
applied to many of the poems, but we must
leave the congenial task to the Laureate.

A SONNET OF VAIN DESIRE.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

As when th' industrious windmill vainly
yearns [head,
To pause, and scratch its swallow-haunted
Yet at the wind's relentless urging turns
Its flying arms in wild appeal outspread;
So am I vex'd by vain desire, that burns [fled,
These barren places whence the hair hath
To wander far amid the woodland ferns,
Where dewdrops shine along the gossamer
thread;
Where its own sunlight on the reddening leaf
Sleeps, when soft mists have swathed the
sunless tree, [dance;
Or where the innumerable billows merrily
Yet must I busily dissemble grief
Whirl'd in the pitiless round of circumstance,
Rigid with trained respectability.

New Way out of a Wager.

DESMOND, Theosophist Colonel, now thinks
better
Of his rash vow his gift to "demonstrate,"
Receiving a "precipitated letter"
Warning him not to be—precipitate.
Many a Betting Man who'd hedge or tack
Must wish he had Mahatmas at his back.

The Beggar's Petition.

(New Version.)

LIFE must not be lost, Sir, with lightness,
To labour for life gives me pain;
My exchequer's affected with tightness,
But begging's the pink of politeness,
Like Scribes, Sir, "I beg—to remain!"*

* And didn't CHARLES LAMB, in his most de-
lightful essay *On the Decay of Beggars*, deplore
their gradual disappearance?

DOCTOR LAURIE.

Song by a Scotch Student. AIR—"Annie Laurie."

["According to Dr. LAURIE, of Edinburgh
University, the "teaching of Greek, so far as it
is attempted in our secondary schools, is positively
harmful."—*Daily News*.]

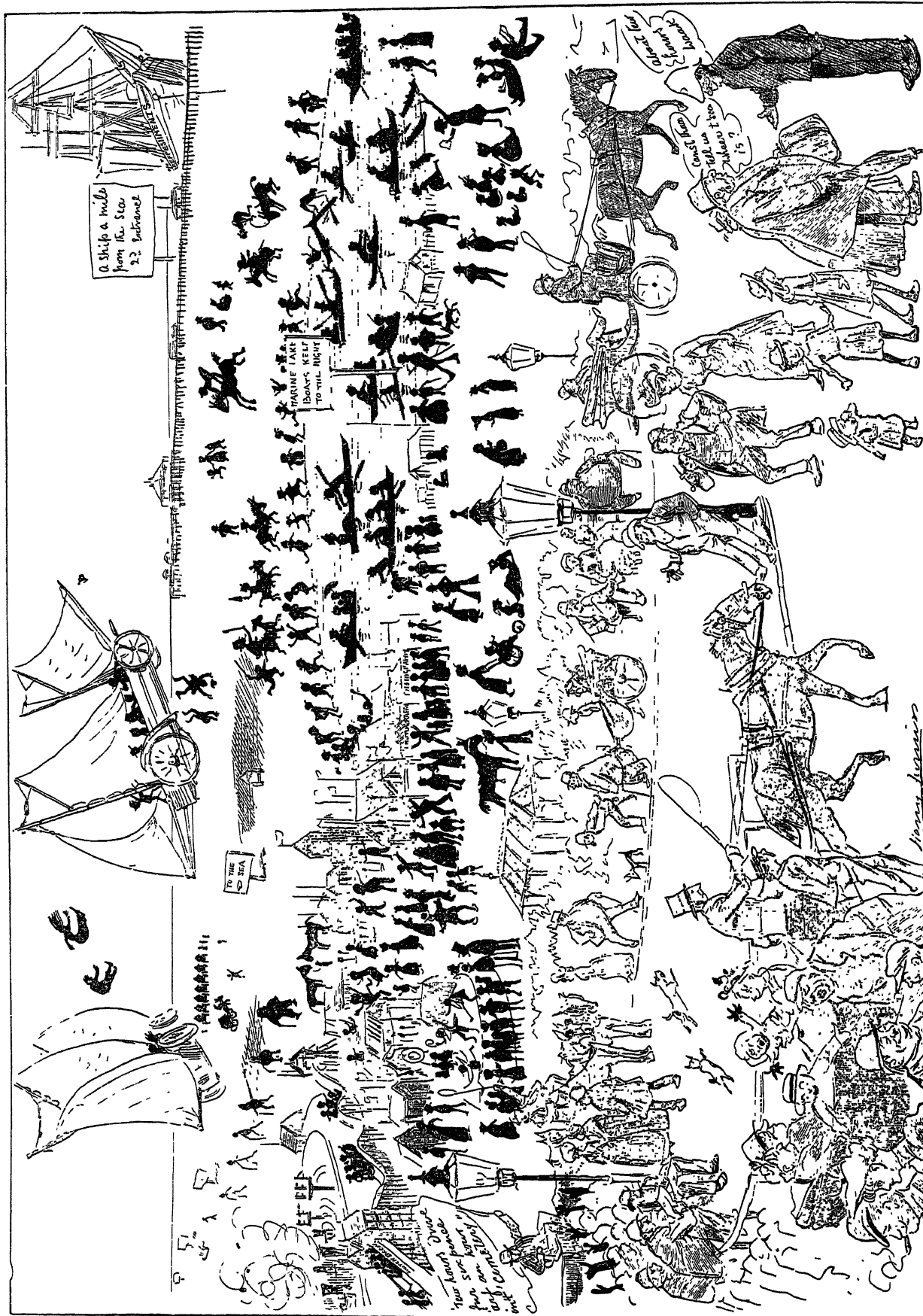
PEDAGOGUE brays are bonnie,
When Greek they'd fain taboo;
And 'tis here that Doctor LAURIE
Gi'es utterance strictly true,
Gi'es utterance strictly true,
Which ne'er forgot should be,
And for bonnie Doctor LAURIE,
A Scottish boy would dee.

Auld HOMER is a humbug,
ANACREON is an ass;
Sumphs scrape enoo o' baith o' them,
The "Little-go" to pass,
The Little-go to pass—
It affects them "harmfuller."
Ah! but bonnie Doctor LAURIE,
He kens Greek's a' my ee!

Like diplomas fause and lying,
Are "passes" such as this.
Why should Scotch lads sit sighing
O'er the *Anabasis*?—
O'er the *Anabasis*?
XENOPHON's fiddle-de-dee?
Oh, for bonnie Doctor LAURIE,
I'd shout with three times three!

UNDER-LYNE'D.—Said Sir W. VERNON
HARCOURT, at Ashton-under-Lyne, "I am
very glad to be enabled to come here from
the hospitable roof of Mr. RUPERT MASON."
... And again, "I have come here also
from the roof of Mr. MATHER." Quite a Sir
WILLIAM ROOFUS! But what was he doing
on the roof? Was there a tile off in each
case? Something wrong with the first house
that a Mason couldn't set right? And with
the second, did Sir ROOFUS sing, "Oh dear,
what can the Mather be?" And why the
invidious distinction between the two roofs?
The first being hospitable, and the second
having no pleasant epithet to recommend it.

PROPOSED NEW TITLE FOR LORD GR-M-
TH-RPE.—Baron (H)ALTER Ego.



A LANCASHIRE WATERING-PLACE.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG;
OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.
INTRODUCTORY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN these progressive days earnest reformers, especially those of the London County Council type, yearn to chasten and æstheticise the Muse of the Music Hall, who is perhaps the only really popular Muse of the period. My name gives me a sort of hereditary right to take exceptional interest in such matters, though indeed my respected, and respectable, ancestor is not in all things the model of his more catholic and cosmopolitan descendant. The McDougall regiment would doubtless be a little *too* drastic. To improve the Music-hall Song off the face of the earth, is an attempt which could only suggest itself to puritan fanaticism in its most arbitrary administrative form. The proletariat will not "willingly let die" the only Muse whose ministrations really "come home to its business and its bosom." No, Sir, the People's Pegasus cannot, must not be ruthlessly consigned to the knackers. But may it not be gently bitted, discreetly bridled, and taught to trot or amble with park-hack paces in the harness of Respectability?

It is in this hope and faith that the following drawing-room versions of some of "the most popular Comic (and Sentimental) Songs of the Day" have been attempted by

Your respectful admirer,

VIRGINIA BOWDLER.

To the Respectable Citizen, the Moral Matron, and the Young Person, with a love of larkiness and lilt, but a distrust of politics, pugilism, and deep potatoes, the following eclectic adaptation of this prodigiously popular ballad may perhaps be not altogether unwelcome.

NO. I.—TWO LOVELY BROWN EYES.

AIR—"Two Lovely Black Eyes."

Strolling one Sunday near Bethnal Green,
This "æsthete" you might have seen,
Surveying "the People" with scornful spleen,
When, oh, what a surprise!
An Art Exhibition I chanced to see,
Therein I entered right speed-i-lee,
When—on a canvas—there shone on me
Two lovely brown eyes!

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!
Oh, what a surprise!

Smiling right down on a dingy throng,
Two lovely brown eyes!

From a canvas of "High Art" sort they shone,
Their owner was o'ntured with classic zone,
She was spare of flesh, she was big in lon',
Oh, what a surprise!
A parson, whom everyone owned "a good sort,"
Had hung them there for the pleasure and sport
Of the dreary dwellers in slum and court,
Those lovely brown eyes!

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!
Oh, what a surprise!

Drawing the gaze of an East-End crowd,
Two lovely brown eyes!

My own regard, as I loitered there,
Fastened on one proletariat pair,
With finery frowsy, and oily hair;
Oh, what a surprise!

"SALLIE" and "BILL" were the names they
Frankly abroad with unreticent tongue, [flung
Lounging and staring where graciously hung
Those lovely brown eyes.

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise! [thrill;
SALLIE and BILL your calm beauty could
Two lovely brown eyes!

Art (so I argue) for all is best,
Here, in the East, on the Day of Rest,
Lo! my pet theory put to the test!
Oh, what a surprise!
The chap staring there is a Coster true,
Trowsered in corduroy, belchered in blue;
What does he think of your heavenly hue,
Two lovely brown eyes?

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!
"SALLIE," he whispered, "she's got, like you,
Two lovely brown eyes!"



The picture was one of BURNE-JONES's best;
"SALLIE" was snub-nosed and showily
drest;
I sought her visage in querulous quest,
When oh, what a surprise!
Plump in the midst of a "pudding" face,
Coarse-cut in feature, devoid of grace,
Nature capricious had chosen to place
Two lovely brown eyes!

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!
Oh, what a surprise!

There on each side of a salient "snub,"
Two lovely brown eyes:

Brown? Ah, yes! But, alack! alack!
The brown was fringed with a halo of black,
Fruit, it was plain of some marital thwack,
Oh, what a surprise!
"She," sighed the girl, "has a beautiful
chump,
Though she do seem to 'ave got the 'ump.
Them pair o' lamps never felt a thump,
Them lovely brown eyes!"

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!
Something seemed telling that man he was
wrong,
Two lovely brown eyes!

Say, was it fancy? I saw a flush
O'er the coarse cheeks of that Coster rush,
"Stash it!" he murmured. A Coster blush?
Oh, what a surprise!
SALLIE,—she clung to his muscular arm—
With a look half lovingness, half alarm,
He stooped and—kissed her! Now, was it
your charm,
Two lovely brown eyes?

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!
Was it your influence, gentle yet strong,
Two lovely brown eyes?

"BILL," whispered she, "you may bet two d
She never nagged at 'er bloke—like me—
He never wheeled a wheel-barror, d'yer
Oh, what a surprise! [see?
Parties with cultcher and piles o' cash
Ain't no temptation to row or bash,
But—who's to tell but she's jilted 'er
mash—
Miss Lovely Brown Heyes?"

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise! [frown,
Twinkled like stars 'twixt a tear and a
Two lovely brown eyes.

The moral you've caught I can hardly
doubt;
On Art *versus* Morals men sneer or shout,
Leave it to OSCAR to fight that out,
If you would be wise.
Better, far better, it is to let [bet!
Beautiful things work their way—you
Then the Coster's wife may less frequently
Her lovely brown eyes. [wet

Chorus.

Two lovely brown eyes!

Oh, what a surprise!
Art-loving Man is less likely to black
Two lovely brown eyes!

MEN OF THE PAST.

(COMPILED BY THE MAN OF THE PRESENT.)

CROMWELL.—An English Brewer. Uncertain about his aspirates. Distinctly vulgar. Face disfigured by warts.

PETER THE GREAT.—Quite a common sort of Russian. Man with coarse tastes. Came to England to learn ship-building. Fond of low society; in fact, the type of an enterprising cad.

WASHINGTON.—Entirely provincial English rebel, who caused considerable trouble in America. Family fair, but not to be traced beyond three generations. Used to eat peas with his knife.

HANNIBAL.—Brutal barbarian. Feeblest ideas of strategy. Went the wrong way over the Alps. Given to oaths from childhood up. Quite a classical nobody.

BUNAPARTE.—A Corsican *Parvenu*.

The Garrick School.

SCHOOL for young actors is the Garrick Playhouse.

Upon the road to fame a quarter-way house
For IRVING fils. And likewise note we there
The heir apparent of a parent HARE.

"Dic, age!" of which the classic American translation is, "Do tell!"

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

NINTH ENTRY.

CURIOUS thing, now that I am installed as a pupil in FIBBINS'S Chambers in Waste Paper Buildings, Temple, how few new briefs I am given to read. Usual routine is for DICK FIBBINS to hand me a brief on which the dust of ages has collected, and to leave me to "get up the law about it"; but when he (FIBBINS) comes back from his day's business in Court, about 4.30 P.M., he doesn't seem to care a bit to know what the law is. Seems tired, and prefers to gossip and smoke; so I do the same, or "follow on the same side," as he expresses it.

"It strikes me forcibly," I begin, "that the Plaintiff, SMITHERS, in that running-down case you asked me to read to-day, hasn't got the ghost of a chance. Why, in *Blatherson v. Snipe*, the Court ruled—"

"Tried the lawn-tennis in the gardens yet?" FIBBINS interrupts, in the rudest possible manner.

"No," I reply, "I was speaking of the Court, not lawn-tennis courts." (One for FIBBINS, I think.) "All the Judges held in *Blatherson v. Snipe*, that—"

"Oh, did they?" he interrupts again: "doosid interesting. Was I for plaintiff or defendant?"

"Plaintiff, SMITHERS. A running-down case."

"Wish it had been a running-up case—a case of running-up the fees," he laughs. Then, resuming a more professional style, "You see, I've had such multitudes of cases since then, that I've forgotten the precise details. But you write out your own Opinion—not to-day; to-morrow will do. Then I'll see what it's like. Now let's go a trot down the Strand."

Another circumstance that strikes me as remarkable, is the frequency with which I hear the Impressive Clerk (in the little room next to mine) requesting persons who have called to "settle up that other little matter." Then the strange voice laughs, and says—"Oh, your Governor can wait." "No, he can't,"—it's the Clerk who says this—"it's been going on for three years, now." "Well," chimes in the unknown, "let it go a bit longer. When'll your Governor have settled those pleadings?" "When your people settle about the five guineas, and not before," replies the Impressive Clerk in his best Parliamentary debating style. Then follows a long wrangle, not on law, but on finance, which never—as far as I can judge—ends in the Clerk getting his way, and his money.

Astonishing event happens. A real live new brief comes in! Impressive Clerk—who looks like a Prime Minister in reduced circumstances—brings it to FIBBINS when I am in the room. More impressive than ever. "From ROGERS, in Chancery Lane—an excellent firm, Sir," he says. Poor FIBBINS tries, ineffectually, to conceal his delight, and his eye turns instinctively to the place where the fee is marked.

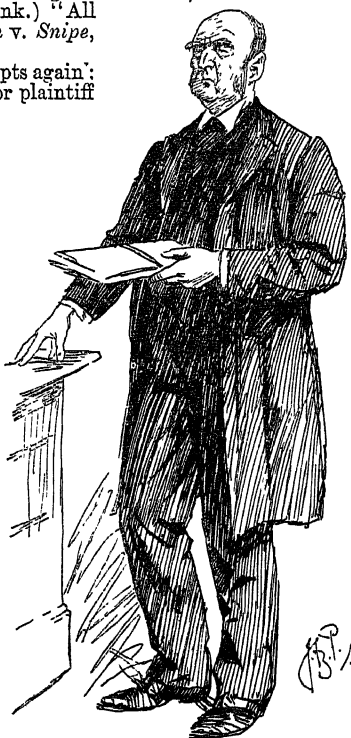
"Six guas" (legal slang for guineas) "for an Opinion, not bad," he comments, rubbing his hands. FIBBINS dusts a corner of his desk, and lays it down there.

I am given this precious brief, and am asked to write a "draft Opinion" about it! "Just to try your hand," says FIBBINS, who does not wish me to be conceited. "Then I'll write my own afterwards," he adds.

I make a very elaborate commentary, quoting from innumerable parallel cases in English, American, and Roman law, and, after giving it to DICK FIBBINS to read, I don't see it again.

But, a few afternoons later, when Impressive Clerk happens to be out, a knock comes. Nobody in. At last, go myself (*Query*—*infra* dig?) and open door.

"Here!" says a juvenile, who apparently mistakes me for the Clerk, and rudely chucks some papers to me, which hit me in the chest, "give these to your Governor. What a time you take



"Looks like a Prime Minister in reduced circumstances."

answering a knock! Having a nap, hay? Take care old FIBBINS don't catch you at it, that's all!" Juvenile disappears downstairs, whistling, before I can think of a suitable rejoinder.

Open the papers. The same brief returned with request to "draw up a Statement of Claim,"—and my "Opinion" inside! It looks as if DICK sent these clients of his my valuable advice, pretending that it was his own!

My learned "leader," when he comes in, treats affair very coolly.

"Oh, did I send *your* 'Opinion' to them as well as mine? What an ass I am! I wonder what they thought of it?"

I also wonder. In looking over the returned brief just now, however, I certainly did not come across the "Opinion," manufactured by FIBBINS himself, of which that learned Counsel spoke. And I have no second chance of examining it, as he is careful to take "all the documents in the case" (a phrase of the Impressive Clerk's) home with him, for what he calls re-perusal.

The conviction that it *was* my Opinion, and mine alone, which FIBBINS dispatched, probably out of sheer laziness, to ROGERS & Co., Solicitors, Chancery Lane, is one that I still retain. But it is FIBBINS who retains the fee!

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SUMMER.

(By one who idled. To his Lady-help.)

I AM back at my work, which is far from exciting

After nothing to do for a month at a time,

So I am not astonished to find myself writing

To you, dear MELEND, and writing in rhyme.

In my rooms very often the scent of the heather

Brings back with it sweet recollections, and so

I think of the days when we idled together,

Far away in the country a fortnight ago.

Yes, the two afternoons when, although we were sorry

That it rained, we went out as to do we had vowed,

And the wonderful echo we found in a quarry

That took what we whispered and said it aloud.

Whilst we wandered through fern-laden hedges and talked, it

So happened a dragon-fly flew by your side.

You remember, I'm sure, how you laughed as I stalked it,

And how it seemed hurt, as it finally died.

Then I think of our pic-nic. The sunshine came glinting,

And we thought that the summer had come—come to stay.

We did not walk too fast, you were constantly hinting

You were really afraid we were losing our way.

I seemed to be catching two glimpses of heaven,

As I gazed at the sky and kept looking at you;

For the party that started by being just seven

Had a curious habit of shrinking to two.

Why, that's quite sentimental. It isn't the fashion

To write of such things in so high flown a style.

Yet maybe I'm entitled to so much of passion

As to say that you won me outright with your smile.

Though a merciless fate may not let it befall so,

For we know not at all what there may be in store,

Yet next year, if you're down there—and I am there also,

Shall we do what we did in the summer before?

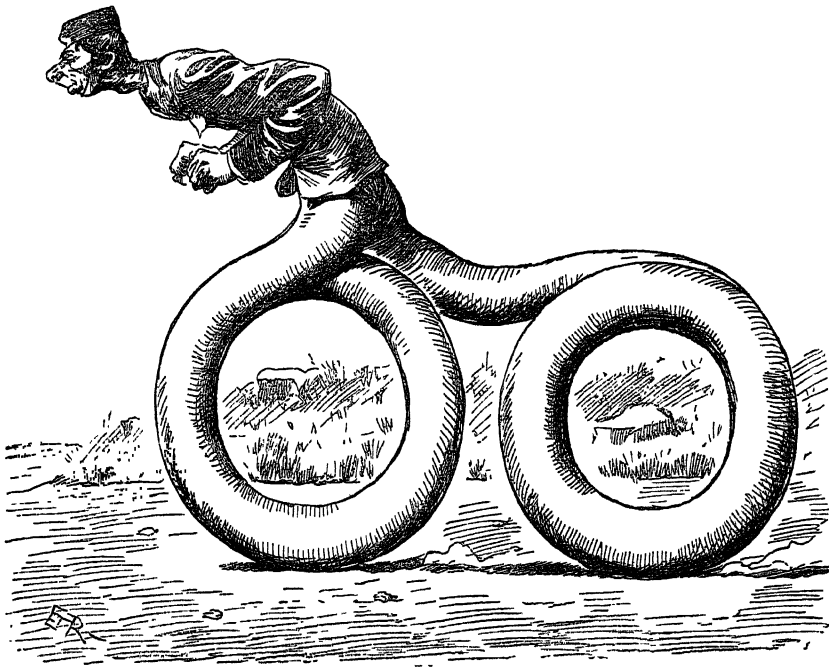
"TO ERR IS HUMAN."—"Even I am not always infallible," observed Mr. P., on noticing that, in the dialogue under a picture, last week, the spelling of "cover-coat" for "covert-coat" had escaped his eagle eye. Just as he was wondering to himself how such things could be, his other and eagler eye caught this line in the correspondence, *per* "Dalziel," from Chicago, in the *Times* for Sept. 23:—"Great Britain has chosen a sight for her buildings at the World's Fair." If "taken" had been substituted for "chosen," the mistake might have borne a satirical meaning. No doubt Great Britain has not made any error as to the site she has selected, from any point of view.

MEM. IN COLOURS.

MAN'S life is in two colours, simply told:

Green while you're young, and grey when you are old.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.—(For a future New Edition of "Mrs. Glasse-with-care.")—It will contain suggestions for new dishes, to be arranged according to grammatical divisions of gender and number, as "case" already exists. A specimen of the first will be *Une Femme-lette*, a female companion dish to *Un 'Ommelet*. Another example proposed is *La Petite Marmite* and *Le Petit Pa'mite*, two dishes most suitable for a very small family party; say of dwarf Troglodytes. "Number" of dishes must always be "a party question"; though at the same time politics will be rigidly excluded from the new publication.



THE CYCLIST CENTAUR OF THE FUTURE.

THE DREAM OF A (PNEUMATIC) TYRO.

OYSTERS (NOT) FOR EVER!

HE was a gentle Fishmonger, and WILLIAMSON his name,
No doubt you may have heard before his philanthropic game.
The lack of oysters pained him much, for how could people royster
And happy be in r-less months without the luscious oyster?

A look of pain was in his face, a pucker on his brow,
Long time he pondered very hard to try and find out how.
At last he cried, "Eureka! from France I'll go and bring them,
And into beds I've got at home without a murmur fling them."

Then they came across the Channel, and he very sweetly said,
"So glad to see you looking well, would you like to see your bed?
For there, my little dears, you stay; you'll one day
know the reason.
I'll rouse you when the month of May makes natives
out of season."

The Fishmongers, the Worshipful, sent down a man
to see,
He wrung his hands and shook his head, and said,
"Oh, misereee!
It pains me very deeply, and it drives me to distraction,
You've done what's wrong, and I shall have to institute
an action."

Then WILLIAMSON, he sobbed aloud, and shed a bitter
tear,
"Oh, hang it all," he cried, "why *must* you come
and interfere?"

I quite admit, however, that I see your point precisely,
So don't let's quarrel, let's be friends, and bring the
action nicely."

They brought that friendly action, and the clever
counsel tried

To prove to FAUDELL PHILLIPS that the law was on
his side,

But the oyster-dealer found the law for him was one too many,
So he had to pay the piper—to be quite exact, a penny.

And you who love your oyster in the latter end of May,
In June, July, and August, too, will sadly rue the day,
For philanthropic folk will find it unremunerative
To introduce in summer-time this Franco-English native.*

* Oysters are to be six shillings a dozen this winter!! How many of
the ordinarily careless will now be compelled to go by RULES without
going in for Oysters. N.B.—"Action" in these verses is poetic license for
"summons."



A Native Hoister.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

SCENE—A Place of Meeting. Enter Parliamentary Leader and his
Subordinate. They greet one another effusively.

Leader (cordially). And now, my dear fellow, how are my interests?

Sub. (with much heartiness). Getting on capitally! Just been
writing to all the papers to say that it is stupid to call you "Old
Dot-and-go-one," because it is inapplicable to either your age or
your mode of controversy.

Lead. (with a feeble smile). That was kind of you! But who had
said it?

Sub. (airily). Oh, someone of about fourth-rate importance! and
it had been quite forgotten you know. So I dragged
it up again, and put it all right for you.

Lead. (shaking hands). Thanks, so very much.
But if persons had forgotten it, why revert to it?

Sub. Oh, don't you see? Why, the point is, you
are not a bit like it—not a scrap like it! Next week
I shall write and say that it's rubbish to call you a
turncoat, because you have always been consistent.

Lead. (anxiously). But is anybody calling me a
turncoat?

Sub. Not that I know of, but they might, don't you
see. So it's as well to be on the safe side. I shall
say that, if any one *did* call you a turncoat, that the
speaker would prove himself a liar! That ought to
give you a leg up, oughtn't it?

Lead. (with some hesitation). My dear friend, you
are most kind; but if you don't mind, I would be so
immensely obliged if you would leave my interests
alone.

Sub. (with great cordiality). What, leave your
interests alone! Never! You may be always sure of
my hearty support!

Lead. (earnestly). But as a personal matter, I must
beg of you kindly to leave me alone.

Sub. (reluctantly). Well, of course, if you make it a personal
matter, I must consent. But the Party will suffer.

Lead. (dryly). Possibly—from your point of view. [Exeunt.]

JAWFUL NEWS!—The Diminution of the Jaw in the Civilised
Races is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. F. HOWARD COLLINS. We
haven't read it; but if it be in favour of the diminution of "jaw,"
we heartily recommend its study to all Members of Parlia-
ment, actual or intending, and to all post-prandial speechmakers
generally.

BUMBLEDOM'S BIG OPENING.



Bumble. "DON'T BOTHER ME ABOUT YOUR DRAINAGE AND SIGH! WHY, NOW THE SWELLS IS 'OOKIN' IT, I'M A-GOING TO BE CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL!"

Bumble (after reading Dr. T. Orme Duffield's Report to the Vestry of Kensington on the health and sanitary condition of the district), loquaciter:—
 OH bother this sanit'ry bosh! Always piping
 the same dull old strains,
 One would think there was nothink in life to
 be done but go sniffing the Drains!

Wich my nose is a dalcot one, and I don't
 like the job, not by lumps;
 And I won't be perpetual poked up by those
 peeping and prying old pumps.

"Bumbledom and Disease!" I like that,—
 like the *Times*' dashed himperence, I think.
 We porochial pots is to pass all our time a-
 prospecting for Stink!

Doctor DUDFIELD thinks We should
inspect, periodical, all privit
dwellings,

Discover and show up defecks, sech as
fumings and leakings, and smell-
ings,

As "lurk unsuspected about," which
the tenants theirselves do not
twig,

And the landlords, in course, don't
remove. Well, your tenant is
mostly a pig,

And your landlord is sometimes a
'og; still between 'em we jest
slip along,

But do dooty for both of 'em? Snakes!
that is coming it slightly *too*
strong.

The tenants 'old on jest as long as
they can, and the landlords 'old
orf.

A sort of a ketchy sore-throat, or a
bit of a qualm or a korf,

Make some idjots go fair orf their
chumpson diphtheria, and typhod
and such;

But then others, who don't like a
hupset, put up with the lot, pooty
much,

Jest to save topsy-turvey and 'oles
in the garden, and mud on the
stairs;

Landlords, likeways, is dabs at post-
poning, and patching, and 'ush-
ing up scares.

But if we are to spot wot goes quisky,
and be the responsible chaps,

Wheugh! we *should* 'ave a regular
beanfeast with sockets and air-
pipes and traps!

No, no, westry worrying sneaks, it
won't work. As for "W.B.E."

He may frighten the Kensington lot,
he won't 'ave no effect upon
Me!

Diphtheria be jolly well dashed! It
is often, as DUDFIELD explains,
Mere "follicular (—hem!—) tonsilli-
tis."

Me bother my 'ed about Drains?
Go to! I 'ave got other fish, in a manner of
speaking, to fry,

That L. C. C. gave itself airs and declared
it would wipe my old heyre

With its bloomin' Big Pots and "Pro-
gressives." Aha! where the doose are
they now?

Mister ROSEBERRY resigned, regular sick of
bad manners and endless bow-wow;

Now LUBBOCK and FARRER are orf. FARRER
gave the *Times* one in the eye,

'Cos it seemed for to 'int even he of them
precious Progressives was shy.

Swears their manners is quite up to dick,
most consid'rit, and all that there stuff.

Well they may 'ave been Brummels of course,
but he seems to 'ave 'ad quite enough!

'Owsomever, wotever the cause, now they 're
quit of the Great Toffy Three,

They must 'ave a new Chairman, in course,
and—ha! ha!—wot a hopening for
Me!!!

Porochial Bumble *must* rule, spite of fads, in
a steady and sane age,

And 'aving a heyre on High Office I can't
waste my time on mere Drainage!

[Kicks Report, and strikes an attitude.

Hide and Seek.

AN! Pirate KM's Treasure *has* done good we
know,

It suggested a rattling good story to POE.

But the "Syndicate" started to seek where
'tis hid,

Will probably find that same Treasure—"all
KM!"



TRUE LITERARY EXCLUSIVENESS.

"DON'T YOU ADMIRE ROBERT BROWNING AS A POET, MR. FITZSNOOK?"

"I USED TO, ONCE; BUT EVERYBODY ADMIRES HIM NOW, DON'TCHERKNOW—SO I'VE HAD TO
GIVE HIM UP!"

TEA IN TEN MINUTES.

(A SONG AT A RAILWAY STATION.)

AIR—"Thee, Thee, only Thee."

TEN minutes here! The sun is sinking
And longingly we've long been thinking,
Of Tea, Tea, fragrant Tea!



The marble slabs we gather round,
They're long in bringing what is wanted.
The china cup with draught embrown'd
Our thirsty souls are wholly haunted
By Tea, Tea, fragrant Tea!

Now then, you waiter, stir, awaken!
Time's up. I'll hardly save my bacon.
Tea, Tea, bring that Tea!

At last! The infusion's rayther dark.
But hurry up! Can't stay for ever!
One swig! Br-r-r-r! Hang the cunning
shark!
Will't never cool? Nay, never, never!
Tea, Tea, scalding Tea!

More milk; don't be an hour in bring-
ing!
Heavens! That horrid bell is ringing!
"Take your seats, please!" Can't touch
the Tea!

Cup to the carriage must not take;
Crookery may be lost, or broken;
Refreshment sharks are wide awake.
But—many a naughty word is spoken
O'er Tea, Tea, scalding Tea!

NOTHING NEW.—The Editor of the *Gentle-
woman* announces a forthcoming novel to be
written by about a dozen or more novelists.
Mr. *Punch* highly commends this spirited
enterprise. The scheme is not absolutely a
novelty, as in Mr. *Punch's* pages some time
ago, was there not a "Limited Novel Co." of
Authors and Artists to produce "Chikken
Hazard?" They combined, but did not
collaborate. But any way, success to the
Gentlewoman!

"WHERE IS DAT BARTY NOW?"—After
the recent suicide of *le pauvre Général*,
the Boulangist party cannot be said to
have been left without leaders, at all
events, in England, as they have had leaders
in all the papers, and actually two in the
Times.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. X.

SCENE—A flight of steps by the lake in the grounds of the Insel Hotel, Constance. Time, late afternoon. A small boat, containing three persons, is just visible far out on the glassy grey-green water. BOB PRENDERGAST and PODBURY are perched side by side on a parapet, smoking disconsolately.

PODBURY. Do they look at all as if they meant to come in? I tell you what, BOB, I vote we row out to them and tell them they'll be late for table d'hôte. Eh? [He knocks out his pipe.

PRENDERGAST (phlegmatically). Only be late for it ourselves if we do. They'll come in when they want to.

PODB. It's not safe for your sister, I'm hanged if it is—going out in a boat with a duffer like CULCHARD! He'll upset her as sure as eggs.

PREND. (with fraternal serenity). With pin-oars? Couldn't if he tried! And they've a man with them, too. The less I see of that chap CULCHARD the better. I did hope we'd choked him off at Nuremberg. I hate the sight of his supercilious old mug!

PODB. You can't hate it more than I do—but what can I do? (Pathetically.) I've tried rotting him, but somehow he always manages to get the best of it in the end. I never saw such a beggar to hang on!

PREND. What on earth made you ask him to come on here, after he declared he wouldn't?

PODB. I! I ask him? He settled it all with your sister. How could I help it?

PREND. I'd do something. Why can't you tell him right out he ain't wanted? I would—like a shot!

PODB. It's not so easy to tell him as you think. We haven't been on speaking terms these three days. And, after all (feebly) we're supposed to be travelling together, don't you know! You might drop him a hint now.

PREND. Don't see how I can very well—not on my own hook. Might lead to ructions with HYPATIA, too.

PODB. (anxiously). BOB, you—you don't think your sister really—eh?

PREND. HYPATIA's a rum girl—always was. She certainly don't seem to object to your friend CULCHARD. What the dickens she can see in him, I don't know!—but it's no use my putting my oar in. She'd only jump on me, y'know!

PODB. (rising). Then I must. If that's what he's really after, I think I can stop his little game. I'll try, at any rate. It's a long worm that has no turning, and I've had about enough of it. The first chance I get, I'll go for him.

PREND. Good luck to you, old chap. There, they're coming in now. We'd better go in and change, eh? We've none too much time.

[They go in.

In the Lese-zimmer, a small gaslit room, with glazed doors opening upon the Musik-saal. Around a table piled with German and English periodicals, a mild Curate, the Wife of the English Chaplain, and two Old Maids are seated, reading and conversing. CULCHARD is on a central ottoman, conscientiously deciphering the jokes in "Fliegende Blätter." PODBURY is at the bookcase, turning over odd TAUCHNITZ volumes.

The Chaplain's Wife (to the Curate, a new arrival). Oh, you will very soon get into all our little ways. The hours here are most convenient—breakfast (table d'hôte) with choice of eggs or fish and coffee—really admirable coffee—from eight to nine; midday dinner at one. Supper at nine. Then, if you want to write a letter, the post for England goes out at—(&c., &c.) And on Sundays, eleven o'clock service (Evangelical, of course!) at the—(&c., &c.) My husband—(&c., &c.)

First Old Maid (looking up from a four days old "Telegraph"). I see they are still continuing that very interesting correspondence on "Our Children's Mouths—and are they widening?" One letter attributes it to the habit of thumb-sucking in infancy—which certainly ought to be checked. Now I never would allow any—

The Chaplain's Wife. Nor I. But corals are quite as bad. Only this afternoon I was telling a Lady in this hotel that her little boy would be much happier with a rubber ring. You get them at a shop in the Hoch-strasse—I can take you to it at any time, or if you like to mention my name—(&c., &c.)

Second O. M. One correspondent thought the practice of eating soup with table-spoons tended to enlarge the mouth. I really believe there may be something in it.

[A pause.

The Curate. The weather we have been having seems to have

materially affected the harvest prospects at home; they say there will be little or no fodder for the cattle this year. I saw somewhere—I forget where it was exactly—a suggestion to feed cows on chickweed.

PODB. (at the bookcase). Capital thing for them too, Sir. Know a man who never gives his cattle anything else.

The Curate. Oh, really? And does he find the experiment answer?

PODB. They take to it like birds. And—curious thing—after he'd tried it a month, all the cows turned yellow and went about chirping and twittering and hopping. Fact, I assure you!

The Curate. Dear me—I should scarcely have—

[He gradually comes to the conclusion that he is being trifled with, and after a few moments of uncomfortable silence, gets up and quits the room with dignity.

PODB. (to himself). One of 'em gone! Now if I can only clear these old tabbies out, I can tackle CULCHARD. (Aloud, to Chaplain's Wife.) You don't happen to know if there's a good doctor here, I suppose? A lady was saying in the Musik-saal—the lady with the three daughters who came this afternoon—that she was afraid they were in for bad feverish colds or something, and asking who there was to call in.

The C.'s W. Oh, I've no belief in foreign doctors. I always find a few drops of aconite or pulsatilla,—I have my homeopathic case with me now. Perhaps, if I went and had a talk with her I could— [She goes out energetically.

PODB. Another gone! (To the Old Maids.) So you ain't going down to the Cloisters to-night? I'm told there's to be some fun there—Hide-and-seek, or something—first-rate place for it, especially now the moon's up!

First Old Maid. Nobody told us a word about it. Hide-and-seek—and in those quaint old Cloisters too—It sounds delightful! What do you say, TABITHA. Shall we just—? Only to look on, you know. We needn't play, unless—

[The Two Old Maids withdraw in a pleased flutter. PODBURY crosses to CULCHARD.

PODB. (with determination). Look here, CULCHARD, I'd just like to know what you mean by the way you're going on.

Culch. I thought we were both agreed that discussions of this kind—

PODB. It's all bosh our travelling together if we're not to have any discussions. You've been on the sulk long enough. And I'll thank you to inform me what you're after here, going about alone with Miss PRENDERGAST like this, in the Museum with her all the morning, and on the lake again this afternoon,—it won't do, you know!

Culch. If she happens to prefer my society to yours and her brother's, I presume you have no claim to interfere.

PODB. I don't know about that. How about Miss TROTTER?

Culch. If I remember rightly, you yourself were not insensible to Miss TROTTER's—er—attractions?

PODB. Perhaps not; but I am not engaged to her—you are. You told me so in the train.

Culch. You entirely misunderstood me. There was no definite understanding between us—nothing of the sort or kind. In fact, it was merely a passing caprice. Since I have had the privilege of knowing Miss PRENDERGAST, I see clearly—

PODB. Then you mean to propose to her, eh?

Culch. That is certainly my intention; have you any objection to offer?

PODB. Only that I mean to propose too. I daresay my chances are as good as yours—even now.

Culch. I doubt it, my dear fellow; however, don't let me discourage you.

PODB. I don't intend to. (The figure of Miss PRENDERGAST is seen to pass the glazed doors, and move slowly across the Musik-saal; both rush to the door, and look after her.) She's gone out into the balcony. 'Jove, I'll go, too, and get it over!

Culch. I should not advise you to do so. It is possible she may have gone there with the—er—expectation of being joined by—by somebody else. [He smiles complacently.

PODB. You mean she gave you a rendezvous there? I don't believe it!

Culch. I did not say so. But I am not prepared to deny that I have been waiting here with some such expectation.

PODB. (holding the door). If you go, I go too—that's all.

Culch. Don't be absurd. You will only be de trop, I assure you.

PODB. De trop or not, I mean going—she shall choose between us.

Culch. (turning pale). I suppose you intend to enlighten her as to my—er—little flirtation (before I knew her) with Miss TROTTER? Do it, PODBURY, do it—if you think you'll gain any good by it!



"Gets up and quits the room with dignity."

Podb. Telling tales is not exactly in my line. But you don't go on that balcony without me—that's all.

Culch. Well, listen to reason, my dear fellow. What you propose is ridiculous. I—I don't mind conceding this: we'll each go, and—er—tit up, as you call it, which goes first.

Podb. Done with you! (*Produces a mark.*) Sudden death. You're Eagle—I'm the other Johnny. (*Tosses.*) Eagle! Confound you! But I mean to have my innings all the same.

Culch. You're perfectly welcome—when I've had mine. I'll—er—wish you good evening.

[*He stalks out triumphantly. PODBURY places himself in a position from which he can command a view of the Musiksaal, over the top of "über Land und Meer," and awaits results.*]

STORICULES.

VI.—BUDWELL'S REVENGE.

MY friend, THOMAS GIDLING, is something indefinite and authoritative in the Post Office. He is a practical man. He can do fret-work, cook a steak, clean boots, find out what's wrong with the gas, and understand Waterloo Station; in an emergency he is invaluable. This is just as well, because destiny has decided that the life of THOMAS GIDLING shall be a series of emergencies. He has comfortable bachelor quarters at the very top of Parkington Chambers, which are situated in Bloomsbury.

One night last winter I had been dining with GIDLING at his Club; after dinner he proposed that we should go round to his flat for a talk and a smoke. GIDLING, being practical, can make coffee, which is a thing that they cannot do at GIDLING's Club, nor, indeed, at many others. So I consented.

We had climbed painfully to the top of Parkington Chambers, and had just got inside GIDLING's outer door, when we noticed a very



marked and curious smell. "There's something wrong about this," remarked GIDLING, severely. I agreed with him, adding, out of a nervous politeness, from which I suffer sometimes, that I rather liked the smell. "Then you're an idiot," said GIDLING, who never suffers from politeness at all. He opened the door of his sitting-room, and then we saw at once what was the matter. The lower part of the chimney was on fire; the fire-place was covered with glowing masses of soot which had fallen. "HANKIN's had another nasty touch of that in-

fluenza," remarked GIDLING. HANKIN is GIDLING's servant, and at regular intervals becomes incapacitated for work. HANKIN himself says that it is influenza, and speaks of "another of them relapses;" GIDLING thinks that it is as a rule intoxication. As a matter of fact HANKIN would not be a bad servant if his zeal was distributed over him rather more evenly. It is always either excessive or defective. It comes out in lumps. In neglecting to have the chimney swept HANKIN had shown defect; in the way that he had piled up the fire he had shown excess. In subsequently absenting himself from the flat he had shown a certain amount of wisdom, for GIDLING was rather angry.

"Not but what I can put it all right," said GIDLING. "I'm a practical man. Fire Brigade? I thought you'd suggest a few fire brigades. No, not exactly. I'll show you how to stop a thing of this kind." He went into his bed-room, and returned with the water-jug. An iron ladder from the main staircase led through a trap-door in the roof. GIDLING went up this ladder with the water-jug, while I waited to see the result in the sitting-room. I could hear him walking about on the roof, and I looked out for a deluge of water to descend down the chimney into the fire-place. But no deluge came. Presently GIDLING descended and entered the room with the empty water-jug.

"Did it splash much?" he asked.

"No, there was no water came down at all."

"Oh? Then I've emptied this water-jug down the wrong chimney. We'd better clear out of this."

At this juncture HANKIN returned, and GIDLING said a good deal to him. HANKIN was left to put out the fire, and we went back again to the Club. GIDLING seemed rather annoyed with me for laughing about his mistake.

"It's a deuced awkward thing," he said. "That water went down somebody's chimney, and it's put somebody's fire out. That means unpleasantness, you know, if he or she finds out who did it."

"Who live in the flats below yours?" I asked.

"An Art-student and her mother in the flat below mine—they are really most charming people, and I hope to goodness it wasn't their chimney that I poured the water down. I'm on rather friendly terms with them. Then on the first floor there's BUDWELL. He's a conceited affected ape. I only hope it was he who got the benefit of that water-jug. It's rather amusing, you know. BUDWELL's very much in love with Miss VANE (that's the Art-student), and she loathes him—at least I believe so. Poor beggar!" GIDLING laughed, sarcastically. "Yes, I hope that was BUDWELL's chimney, not the other."

It turned out afterwards that it *was* BUDWELL's chimney, and he found out that it was GIDLING who had done the deed. So BUDWELL determined on revenge. He climbed up on to the roof with a large bath-can of water, intending to empty it down GIDLING's chimney. Chimneys ought to be labelled. The whole of the contents of that can descended into Mrs. VANE's fireplace. BUDWELL called and apologised, but it was of no use. They considered it mean of BUDWELL to take revenge for what was only a mistake on GIDLING's part; and they were not very well pleased at having their own fire put out. "A chimney's not the place for a cataract, you know, Mr. BUDWELL," said Miss VANE.

BUDWELL went back to his own flat and brooded over his misfortunes. He had now grown still more angry with GIDLING, which was irrational of him; and he determined to take a still fiercer revenge. Late at night he conveyed the bath-can and several jugs, all full of water, on to the roof. There was no fear of his selecting Mrs. VANE's chimney by mistake this time. One by one he emptied the jugs and the water-can, and then descended to his own flat, fiendishly triumphant, as he thought of the havoc he must have made in GIDLING's fire-place.

But when he got to his own flat, he found that he had emptied all that water down his own chimney.

After that he gave up his revenges, together with his affections and his apartments. But GIDLING tells the story with considerable unctious; the facts of it were partly derived from BUDWELL's servant and partly from Miss VANE—with whom GIDLING is beginning to be on more than friendly terms.

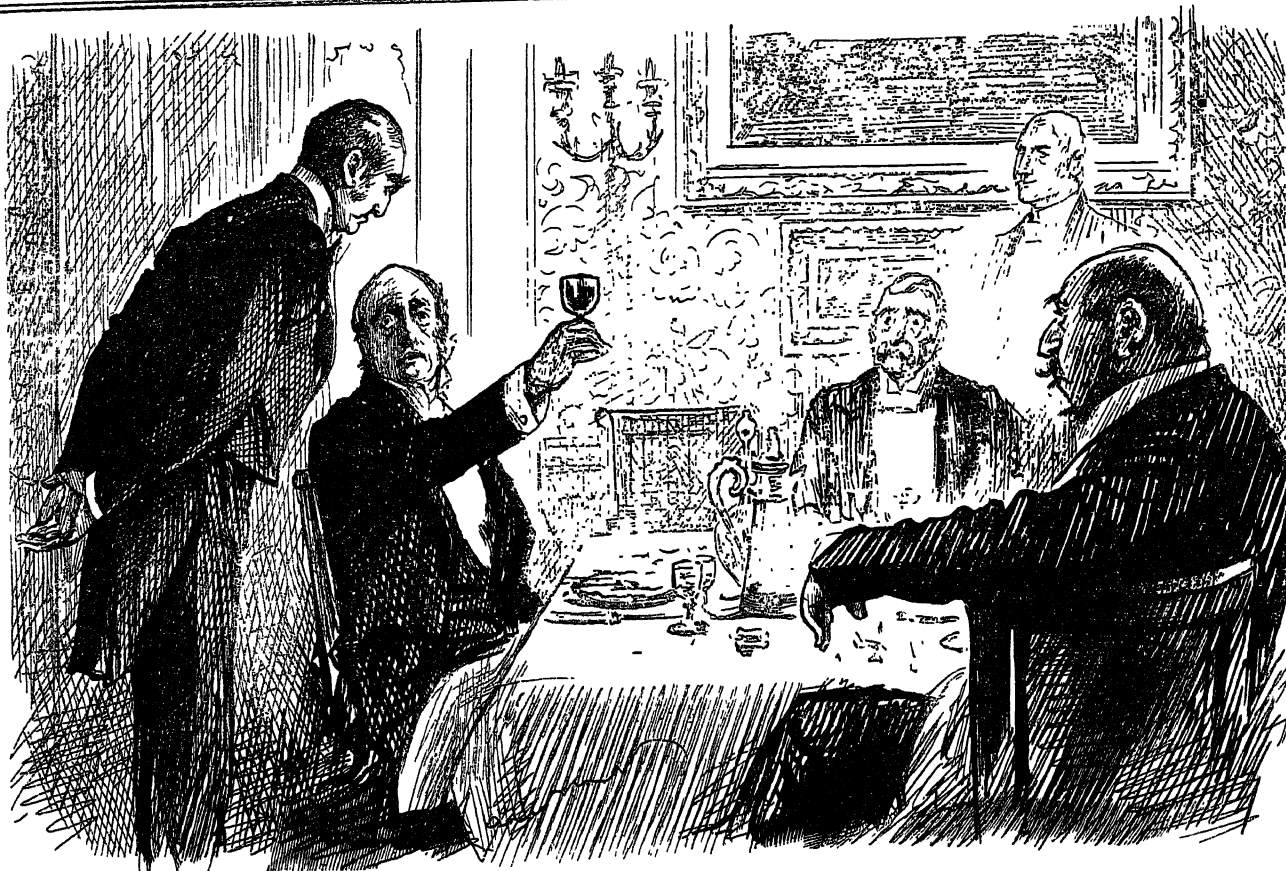
INTERNATIONAL NURSERY-TALE CONGRESS.

THE Chair was taken by Mr. JOHN HORNER, P.R.I.N.T.C., lineal descendant of the celebrated "Jack" of that ilk.

The President said he had no desire to waste the meeting's valuable time. He would at once address himself (and the company present) to the myth, if myth it could be called, which had immortalised his own name. Need he say he alluded to the legend of "Little Jack Horner"? (*Cheers.*) Some commentators are of opinion that "HORNER" was a typographical error for "HOMER." But the prefix and the epithet combined to militate against this ingenious and plausible, but specious, theory. "HOMER" was not in any sense "Little," nor was his Pagan name "JACK." Again, "Corner," in the second line, could not in any language have ever rhymed with "HOMER." He knew that "Cromer" furnished them

with a rhyme for "HOMER;" but if this were accepted, what became of the ancient Greek, of the Syriac, of the Phœnician, of the Nimrod legends, nay, of the very *Iliad* itself, if "HOMER" were a native of "Cromer"? (*Loud and prolonged cheers.*) No! "Jack Horner," or, as it was originally written, "Jakorna," was of Scandinavian origin, and it was, in all probability, a mythic rhyme—No, beg pardon, he should say a rhythmic myth (*Cheers*) sung by a wandering Sam Oar Troupe on their visiting Egypt and the Provinces before the time of the Celtic-Phœnician O'SRIS, or at least before the reign of RAMSES THE FIRST, ancestor of the great Scotch RAMSEY family—(*Cheers*)—at one of the social entertainments given on a non-hunting day by that eminent sportsman NIMRON. Then came the question of where was "the corner" in which Jakorna secluded himself? Of course, Christmas, as differentiating this pie from all others, was a modern substitution. The original word was probably "Kosmik." (*The lecture was still proceeding when our Reporter left, the dryness of the subject having unfortunately affected his throat.*)





A CONNOISSEUR.

Sir Pompey Bedell "THIS BOTTLE OF ROMANÉE-CONTI SEEMS RATHER CLOUDY, BROWN! IT OUGHT TO BE ALL RIGHT. I KNOW IT STANDS ME IN TWELVE GUINEAS A DOZEN!"

The New Butler. "THERE CERTAINLY IS SOME SEDIMENT, SIR POMPEY; BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE WHATEVER! I TRIED A BOTTLE OF IT MYSELF THE OTHER DAY, AND FOUND IT FIRST-RATE!"

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

[“The ‘tohorni narod’—the inconceivably ill-used, patient, long-suffering ‘black people,’ as the moujiks of White Russia are grimly denominated by their rulers—are dying by thousands, of sheer starvation, without a hand being stretched out by the ‘Tchin’ to rescue them from the greedy jaws of Death.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

The moujiks are remonstrating and even rebelling in consequence.]

“LITTLE FATHER,” we have suffered long, and sorrowed,
We the “children” of the wonderful White Tsar,
Steadfast patience from staunch loyalty have borrowed,
Slaved for Slavdom still in Peace, and died in War;
We have borne the yoke of power, and its abuses,
We have trusted cells and shackles served their turn;
Nay, that e’en the ruthless knout had noble uses;
Now we starve—and think—and burn.

“Little Father,” is your power then so paternal
As in pious proclamation is set forth?
If the round earth bears a brand of the infernal, [North?
Does the trail of it not taint our native Ay, we love it as in truth we’ve ever loved it,
Our devotion, poorly paid, is firm and strong;
Have our little pitied miseries not proved it,
And our weary tale of wrong?

“Little Father,” we are hungering now,
neglected,
While the foreigner shouts praises in our ports;
We are honoured, say your scribes, loved,
feared, respected,
The proud Frank, we fought for you, your friendship courts.
The golden price of it you hug most gladly.
Well, that price, what is its destined end and aim?
The indulgence of ambitions cherished madly?
The pursuit of warrior fame?

Your realm is ever widening, Tsar, and lengthening,
Though its peoples—your dear children—prosper not;
Railways stretching, boundaries creeping, legions strengthening!
And the end, O Tsar, is—where?—the purpose—what?
The Afghan, Tartar, Turk feel your advancing, [tread,
The Persian and the Mongol hear your And an eager watchful eye is eastward glancing
Where the Lion lifts his head.

And your children, “Little Father”? They are lying
In their thousands at your threshold, waiting death.
Gold you gather whilst your foodless thralls are dying!
Is appeal, oh Great White Tsar, but wasted breath?

On armaments aggressive are you spending
What might solace the “black people” midst their dead?
Of the millions the effusive Frank is lending
Is there *nothing* left for bread?

BOUILLABAISSE.

[There has been some correspondence lately about Bouillabaisse, and a writer in the *Evening News* (who misquotes THACKERAY) actually gives a recipe without oil!]

OUR THACKERAY in ancient days,
Wrote of a very famous dish,
And said in stanzas in its praise,
’Twas made of several kinds of fish.
A savoury stew it is indeed,
And he’s “in comfortable case”
Who finds before him at his need
A smoking dish of Bouillabaisse.
And now folks laud that dish again,
And o’er it raise a pretty coil,
While one rash man we see with pain,
Would dare to make it minus oil.
Oh! shade of TERRÉ, you no doubt
Would make once more the “droll grimace,”
At such a savage, who left out
The olive oil, in Bouillabaisse.

“THOUGHT-WAVES.” (*By an Un-Esoteric.*)
—The Theosophists talk mistily about “the concentration of mind-force on a thought-wave”—which seems only another way of saying that such minds are, at the time, “quite at sea.”



"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

STARVING RUSSIAN PEASANT. "IS NONE OF THAT FOR *ME*, 'LITTLE FATHER'?"

MONEY MAKES THE MAN.

(A Fragment from a Romance dedicated by Mr. Punch to Mr. Diggle.)

"It is entirely your own fault," said the intruder, as he put another silver tea-pot in his bag.

"I don't see that at all," replied the master of the house, moving uneasily in his chair.

"Well, I have not time to argue with you," returned the other, as he held up an enamelled ship of beautiful workmanship.

"Dear me, this is really very fine. I have never seen anything like it before! What is it?"

"I got it at a sale in Derbyshire. I fancy it must be something like the old Battersea enamel."

"Very fine! And solid silver, too! Well, in all my experience, and I have been in the profession some twenty years, I have seen nothing like it. Beautiful! Lovely!"

"If you had not tied my hands behind my back," explained the master of the house, "I could show you, by lifting that lid, you would see prettier subjects in the interior of the vessel."

"You certainly tempt me," answered the intruder, "to give you an increased facility in moving. But it is against my rules. I always work in a methodical manner, and one of my regulations is, before I open the safe, I must bind the master of the house hand and foot in an arm-chair. But what were we talking about?"

"You were saying," returned the other, with a sigh, "that it was my own fault that I find myself in this painful, this ruinous position. As a man of education I cannot see how you can advance such a proposition."

"But that's the point. I am *not* a man of education. I don't know how to play the piano, and can scarcely manage a free-hand sketch of a cathedral. My Greek is shaky, and I speak French and German with an accent enough to drive a linguist mad. No, no, you take my word for it—this little incident would never have happened had you behaved wisely, and like a public-spirited citizen."

"What do you mean?" asked the householder.

"Why, this, that if you had paid more to the School Board, I would have received a better education, and have never been a housebreaker. As it is, I am only making up the difference between the sum you have paid, and the sum you should have expended."

And the burglar, helping himself to another silver tea-pot, continued his lucrative work.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

THE "true sphere of woman"—so HARRISON says—in effect—is the family circle. Some praise; But to geometers it strange may appear, For a "circle" is only a *part* of a "sphere." Since woman appeared at the wickets, some think (Though male cricketers from the conclusion may shrink), That the true "sphere" of woman must be, after all, A leathern one—typed by a new cricket-ball. Young girls think a "Ball" of another guess sort Is the sphere in which woman may find truest sport. To harmonise all these opinions, 'tis clear, Is hard; but, whatever be woman's true sphere, Whether found in the dictum of "Positive" HARRISON, And what ladies call his "degrading comparison," Or otherwhere,—this will be certainly found, If you'll let angry women alone they'll "come round."

"THE MAN FOR THE POST."—SIR JAMES FERGUSON.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



SIR W. V. HARCOURT,
THE "ODD FELLOW" OUT.

TALK FOR TRAVELLERS.

["The German officials at the frontier, since the relaxation of the passport regulations, have been ordered to treat foreign passengers with every politeness."—*Daily Papers*.]

MEIN HERR, will you do us the honour to descend from the railway-carriage? It will be merely a matter of form. We need not disturb those gracious ladies, your wife and daughters.

This is the best way to the Customs. You will notice that we have swept the path that leads to the door.

Certainly, these arm-chairs are for the use of passengers. We have placed them there ourselves, and can recommend them.

Is it asking too great a favour to beg you to lend me the keys of your boxes? A hundred thousand thanks.

Your explanation is absolutely satisfactory. You are bringing these sixteen unopened boxes of cigars home for your grandmother. It is a most proper thing to do, and, under the circumstances, the duty will be remitted.

And these three hundred yards of lace of various makes and ages? An heir-loom! Indeed! Then, of course, the packet must pass duty-free.

As we have found nothing of consequence in this portmanteau of yours, it will be unnecessary to search the nineteen boxes of that gracious lady, your wife. No doubt she has obeyed your instruction not to smuggle. We are absolutely satisfied with your explanations, and are greatly

obliged to you for your kindness and condescension.

This is the way to the carriage. We have placed steps before the door, as without a platform it is difficult to ascend.

No, Mein Herr, it is utterly impossible! We are forbidden by the EMPEROR himself to accept a gratuity.

Yes, Madam, it is indeed without charge. Do not tempt us. Instant dismissal is the penalty.

Certainly, Mein Herr, you could get the same politeness before the EMPEROR issued his Imperial instructions.

But then the charge was a thaler!

THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN.

["I do not wish to call Mr. GLADSTONE by a name which would be both tasteless and pointless."—*Mr. A. V. Dicey's Letter to the Times*.]

TASTELESS and pointless, DICEY? Well, the time is out of joint, And you were born to set it right, though not with "taste" and "point."

We cannot all do all things, Sir, and if you save the State (As the great Twin Brethren mean to in despite of HARCOURT's hate), What *does* it matter, DICEY, if your letters are not quite In that style epistolary, which our fathers called "polite"?

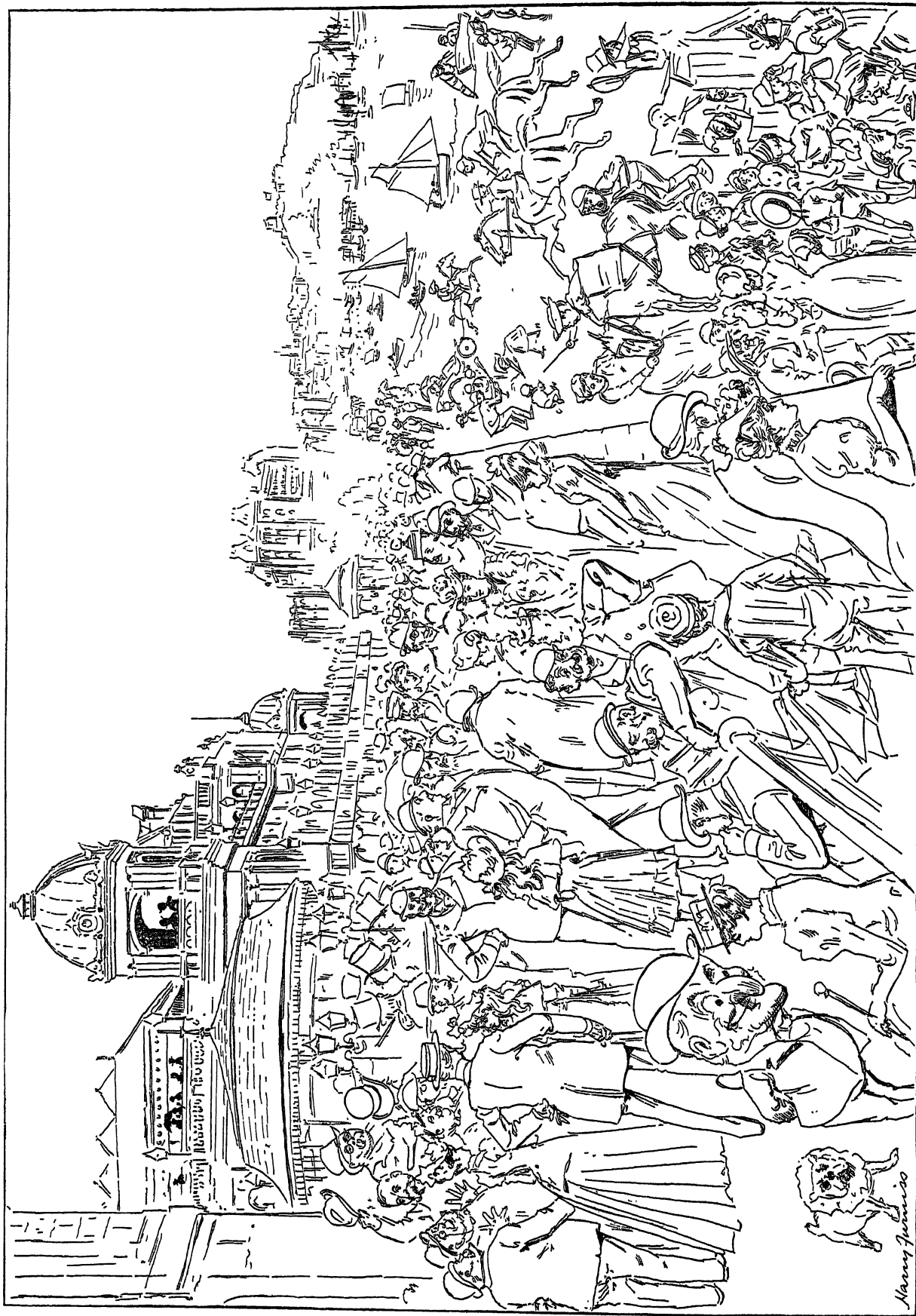
'Tis a little too meticulous—in you—and rather late, After giving Mr. GLADSTONE such a wholesome slashing "slate." Take heart of grace, dear DICEY, and don't let Sir WILLIAM's "point" In your tough (if tasteless) armour find a vulnerable joint.

"Old Timber toes" won't trouble, Sir, to wish that *you* were dead, And his taste (*not* point) forbids him to call you "Old Wooden-head!"

Keep Watch!

[A Visitor fishing off Deal Pier brought up a gold watch and chain on his hook. It is supposed to be one lost by a resident, but the lucky angler has not been seen since.]

PARADOXICAL portent! Most worthy of rhyme Is this fortunate angler who tried to kill time. Fate made him the offer, and, wisely, he book'd it; He not only killed time, but he caught it,—and, "hook'd it."



MR. PUNCH VISITS SCARBOROUGH SPA.

Harry Furniss

BOULANGER.

So high he floated, that he seemed to climb;
The bladder blown by chance was burst by time.

Falsely-earned fame fools bolstered at the urns;

The mob which reared the god the idol burns.
To cling one moment nigh to power's crest,
Then, earthward flung, sink to oblivion's rest

Self-sought, 'midst careless acquiescence,
seems

Strange fate, e'en for a thing of schemes and dreams;

But CÆSAR'S simulacrum, seen by day,
Scarce envious CASCIA'S self would stoop to slay,

And mounting mediocrity, once o'erthrown,
Need fear—or hope—no dagger save its own.

FROM BRIGHT TO DULL.—In an interesting article on artificial reproductions of Nature's treasures, the *Standard* remarked that "Real diamonds have been turned out of the chemist's retorts." What a brilliant chemist he must have been! Probably of Hibernian origin, as among conversational sparklers there are few on record more brilliant than "Irish Diamonds." Stay, though! If the real diamonds were "turned out of the chemist's retorts," then his retorts, without these flashes of brilliancy, must have been a trifle dull, and he is no longer the chemist we took him for. "But," to quote our KIPLING, "that is another story."

The New Evangel.

[M. ZOLA, in his new Novel, glorifies War, and the regenerative mission of human bloodshed.]

"ZOLA on War," intensifies the "Holla!"
Of purists who are all for "war on ZOLA!"
Well, he whose pen is touched with tints
from Tophet,
Is the right man to pose as Red War's Prophet!

A TRIFLE FOR THE BUILDER.—"When are houses like difficulties?" And the practical man replies, "When they have to be 'faced.'"



THE RULING PASSION STRONG AT DINNER.

Laconic Waiter (thoroughly familiar with Sporting Major's taste in Champagne). "SEVENTY-FOUR, SIR!"

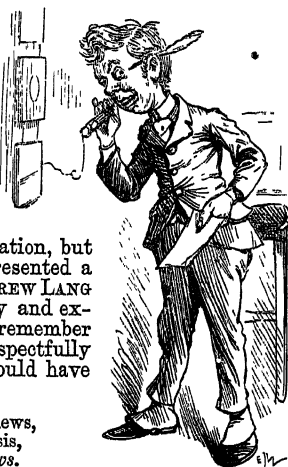
Sporting Major (down on his luck, after a bad week at Newmarket). "SEVEN-TO-FOUR, SIR!" DASH IT! WOULDN'T TAKE TEN TO ONE ABOUT ANYTHING!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"RESPECTED ANDREW LANG," writes the Baron's Assistant Reader, "I have read your criticism in *Longman's Magazine* upon Mr. BARRY PAIN'S *In a Canadian Canoe*. It is an ugly piece of bludgeon work, I admit, but not convincing to anyone who has read the book of which you speak. You tear away a line or two from the context, and ask your readers to say if that is wit or humour. How your admirers would have protested had any sacrilegious critic ventured to treat one of your own immortal works in this manner. *Essays in Little*, a book which, by the way, appeared in the same series for which Mr. BARRY PAIN wrote, is a pleasant and inoffensive compilation, but even *Essays in Little* would have presented a sorry appearance if, let us say, ANDREW LANG had reviewed it in this perfunctory and extractory and arbitrary fashion. I remember that in that case the critics were respectfully enthusiastic. Even Mr. BLUDYER would have doffed his cap, I fancy, to one

Who rhymes, researches and reviews,
Who sometimes writes like Genesis,
And sometimes in the *Daily News*.

For, after all, you stand high in the journalistic world. Your opinion passes current in many a select circle. Not even your vagaries seem to have power to offend the worshippers to whom you



word has long been a law, whether you spoke of golf, of salmon, of folk-lore or of books. The censure of a BLUDYER (I wonder what has brought that formidable name to my mind) can do little to discourage you. But Mr. BARRY PAIN is a young writer. And yet some one remarked that *In a Canadian Canoe* was better even than *Essays in Little*, and the audacious words were actually printed in a journal to which ANDREW LANG is an occasional contributor. I myself have never dared to go so far. There is something sacred about an established reputation. And I can honestly say that I like the elegant airy trifles which your little Muse has bestowed upon us, though I confess to a weariness when the talk is too much of golf-clubs and salmon rods. And I admire your appreciation of the original work of other men. In the present case you and I disagree upon a question of taste. That is all. *Tant pis pour moi*, I hasten to add. But I disagree in good company, for I note with some amusement, that the PAYN whom you rightly praise, has a kind and encouraging word for the PAIN whom you so vehemently disparage. And in this case I will stake my all upon the eulogy of JAMES PAYN as against the censure of ANDREW LANG. As you did me the honour to refer to something I had written, I thought myself bound in politeness to reply, and am

Your obedient servant,

AN A. R. IN THE B. DE B.-W.'S OFFICE."

A Straight Tip to Canadian "Cross Coves."

'Tis nice "in a Canadian Canoe"

To practise what the ribald call "canoodling;"

But what the deuce does the Dominion do,

"In this galley," with this new game of "boodling?"

"Paddle your own Canoe," dear, if you will,

But kick all "cross coves" out, and trust to honest skill.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

TENTH ENTRY.

DICK FIBBINS, my more or less "learned" instructor in practical law, goes out to a good many evening parties, I find. Casually remarks that he "danced three square dances, the other night, with old DAVIS's ugly daughter, the Solor (legal slang for Solicitor), in Caraway Street." It's DAVIS himself, not the daughter, that is the Solicitor, and, it seems she introduced the gay FIBBINS to her Papa. Hence another brief, a rather complicated one, on some dispute about a mortgage.

On the morning when the case is to come into Court, DICK the Brief-hunter, who has promised to take me there, seems nervous. Yet he is still confident that, if "old PROSER" is the judge, he will "pull the thing off." It will be, apparently, a case of "Pull FIBBINS, pull PROSER."

In Court I occupy a seat just behind him, because—as he observes—I've been "grinding away at the case, and know the subject



down to the ground"—which I don't think he does. I therefore am to act as his reserves, also as his prompter, and to supply him with the names of cases which he has forgotten, and which he wishes to quote. Rather a responsible position. Should feel more confidence in result if FIBBINS had told me of this prompter arrangement before the very morning when the trial comes on.

"Old PROSER," appears to my untutored gaze to be rather a dignified occupant of the Bench. I don't know whether he cherishes any personal or professional animosity against DICK FIBBINS, but directly the latter opens his mouth to begin, PROSER seems inclined to jump down it.

"A complicated case of foreclosure?" he growls. "You needn't tell us that. All foreclosure cases are complicated. I ever saw one yet that wasn't."

FIBBINS goes along unimpeded for a minute or two, PROSER having thrown himself back with an air of resigned inattention, one of the other Judges taking furtive notes, and the third resting his elbows on his desk, and his head on his elbows, and eyeing me with a stony and meaningless stare. Can he suddenly have gone mad?

I have no time to consider this interesting point, as FIBBINS is again in difficulties about some precedent that he wants to quote, but which he has forgotten, and turns sharply round on me, saying, in a fierce whisper—

"What the doose is that case?"

I look hurriedly down on the sheet of paper on which (as I fancy) I have jotted down the authorities bearing on the subject, and reply, also in a whisper—"Cookson and Gedge."

"The Court, m'luds," FIBBINS airily proceeds, as if he were indebted entirely to his own memory for the information, "held in Cookson and Gedge that a mortgagor who desires to foreclose—"

"Where is the case you mention?" suddenly asks the Judge who was staring at me a moment ago. He is now engaged in first looking at my instructor suspiciously, and then at me, as if he thought that there was some horrible secret between us, which he is determined to probe to the bottom.

"Volume Six of the Law Reports, m'lud."

"Page?" snaps PROSER.

"Page 184, m'lud. As I was saying, the Court there held that the right to foreclose at any reasonable time is not taken away—"

This time the interruption comes from the Judge who I thought was going mad, but who now seems to be preternaturally and offensively sane.

"It would be odd," he observes, cuttingly, "if any Court had decided a point about mortgages in Cookson versus Gedge, because on looking at the page to which you have referred us, find that Cookson and Gedge was a running-down case!"

I glance at the paper before me in consternation; another moment,

and the horrifying fact is revealed to me that the sheet of "authorities" I have brought with me bears, not on the mortgage case now before the Court, but on that previous six-guinea matter on which I had given ROGERS & Co. my valuable Opinion gratis.

I hear DICK FIBBINS, in this trying position, with the eyes of three Judges fixed on him, swearing at me under his breath in the most awful manner. But why did he depend on me? Why didn't he get up the case himself?

Deprived at one blow of most of his precedents, "shorn"—as the Breach of Promise Reports puts it—"of its usual attractions," FIBBINS's speech becomes an impotent affair. He has to quote such cases as he can remember, and as neither his memory nor his legal knowledge is great, he presents them all wrongly, and prematurely sits down. I see PROSER's wrinkled countenance illumined with an exultant smile. Just as I am moving out of Court (FIBBINS has to "move" in Court), because I am desirous of avoiding FIBBINS's wrath,—though I feel that this *fiasco* is more his fault than mine,—I hear the presiding judge (the mad one) say to the Defendant's Counsel that he need not trouble to address them. I know what that means—judgment for the Defendant!

Chancing half-an-hour later to enter a Strand Restaurant, part of which, I regret to say, is also a drinking-bar, I am startled at beholding the identical form and features of FIBBINS himself. He appears flushed—has two companions with him, to whom he is talking excitedly. I hear the words—"idiot"—"jackass of a pupil"—"regular sell"—and; but no, perhaps I had better not repeat all that I did hear. I decide to seek refreshment elsewhere.

Over the subsequent scene in FIBBINS's Chambers I prefer to draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that I was obliged to leave FIBBINS, and thereafter received a solid half-year's instruction in the Chambers of a learned Counsel who was not a briefless impostor.

I heard afterwards that he had added the story to his fund of legal dining-out anecdotes, and had considerably amplified it. It came out in a shape which made FIBBINS a hero, myself an imbecile of a rather malicious kind, PROSER helplessly cowering under FIBBINS's wealth of arguments, and the other two Judges reduced to admiring silence. I take this opportunity of stating that if anybody "covered" in Court on that memorable occasion, it was certainly not poor old PROSER.

THE "DISAPPOINTMENT OF DECEMBER."

["It is too early yet (says the *Telegraph*) to announce the title of the latest of the Laureate's plays, but this much may be said, that it is written partly in blank verse and partly in prose, that it is what is known in theatrical circles as 'a costume play,' and that the scene is laid in England. It may, however, interest sensitive dramatists to know that Lord TENNYSON is liberal enough to place the stage detail wholly in the competent hands of Mr. DALY. He does not wince if a line is cut here and there, or protest if a scene or a speech has to be supplied."]]

BEHOLD, I know not anything,—

Except that if I write two Acts in verse,

And two in prose, I might do worse Than having a Four Act song to sing.

I leave the dress we know to-day;

On English ground my scene I set,

And wonder if I touch as yet,

What we have termed a "Costume Play!"

If I have over-writ, and laid,

It may be here, it may be there,

The fat too thickly on,—with care

To cut it down be not afraid.

But oh, if here and there I seem

To have half-said what I should say,

Give me the start—I'll fire away,

And keep up the poetic steam—

Ay! keep it up in lines that run

As glibly from the Laureate's pen,

That I shall by my fellow men

Be greeted with "That's TENNYSON!"

In short, it will not be easy, from such scanty information as the Noble Rhymester has as yet given to the public, to say precisely what sort of a play this promised comedy, "half in prose, half in blank verse," will prove itself to be; but it is to be hoped with *The Promise of May* still fresh in the memory of many a playgoer, that the forthcoming effort may not, after all, turn out to merit the unpromising title of *The Disappointment of December*.

A MYSTERIOUSLY MASONIC LINE.—"Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!"



A cut here and there will be necessary.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE AUTOMATIC PHYSIOGNOMIST.

SCENE—The German Exhibition, near an ingenious machine constructed to reveal the character and future of a person according to the colour of his or her hair, for the small consideration of one penny. A party of Pleasure-seekers are examining it.

First Pleasure-seeker (a sprightly young lady of the name of LOTTIE). "Put in a penny and get a summary of your character from the colour of your 'air." I wonder what they'll 'ave next!

Second Pl.-s. (her admirer, a porridge-faced young man with pink eyelids and flaming hair, addressed as 'ECTOR by his intimates). Ah, it's surprising how far they've got, it really is. And beginning with butter-scootch, too!

Aunt Maria. Come on, do—you don't want to waste no more time over that rubbish!

Fourth Pl.-s. (a lanky youth, with pale hair and a receding chin, to his fiancée). Hadn't we better be making a move if we're going to 'ear the band, CARRIE?

CARRIE. I shall move on when I like, without your leave, FREDDY; so make no mistake.

FREDDY. Oh, I'm in no 'urry. I only thought your Aunt was getting—but don't mind me. [CARRIE does not mind him.]

DOLPH. (the funny man of the party).

'Old on a bit! I've got some coppers. I'm going to sample this concern. I'll put in for all of you—it's my treat, this is. We'll begin with Aunt MARIA. What colour do you call your 'air now? I don't see any slot marked "cawfy-colour."

Aunt MARIA. Never you mind what colour my 'air is—it's a pity you can't find a better use for your pennies.

DOLPH. (inserting a penny in a slot marked "Light Brown"). 'Ere goes, the oracle's working. (The machine emits a coloured card.) Listen to what it says about Aunt MARIA. She is—"tender-arsed." Jest what I've always said of her! "A little 'asty in her temper"—'ullo, must be a 'itch in the machinery, there!—"neither obstinate nor 'aughty"—(A snort from Aunt MARIA at this)—"her inclination to love never unreasonable." 'Ow like her! "Frolicsome, inclined to flirt and sometimes mischievous." You giddy little thing! Up to all your little tricks, this machine is! "Fertile in imagination, domesticated, thoughtful and persevering"—There's Aunt MARIA for yer!

General Chorus. Good old Aunt MARIA!

DOLPH. There's a prophecy on blue paper from Napoleon's Book of Fate, gratis. (Reads.) "Thy 'oroscope forewarns thee of a loss if thou lendest thy money." Just when I was going to borrow arf-a-crown off of her too!

Aunt MARIA. Ah, I didn't want no machine for that. 'Ow you can patronise such rubbish, I don't know! Tellin' characters by the colour of your 'air, indeed—it's told mine all wrong, anyhow!

DOLPH. Well, you see, your 'air's so natural it would deceive any machine!

[Movement on part of Aunt MARIA.]

LOTTIE. Put in for 'ECTOR next, DOLPH, do. I want to hear what it says about him.

DOLPH. They don't keep his colour in stock—afraid o' losing their insurance policy. "Red or orbun's" the nearest they can get to it. (He puts in a penny in the "Red" slot.) Here's old 'ECTOR. (Reads.) "The Gentleman with long red hair is of a restless disposition, constantly roving." Keep your eye on him, LOTTIE! "Impatient and fiery in temper." 'Old 'im, two of yer?—"but for all that, is kind and loving." You needn't 'old him—it's all right. "He is passionately fond of the fair sex." What all of 'em, 'ECTOR? I'm ashamed of yer! "He is inclined to timidity"—Oo'd ha' thought it?—"but by reflection may correct it and pass for a man of courage." You start reflecting at once, old chap!

'ECTOR (ominously, to LOTTIE). If DOLPH don't mind what he's about, he'll go too far some day!

[He breathes hard, then thinks better of it.]

DOLPH. Now it's CARRIE's turn. "Leave you out?" Couldn't think of it. Brown 'air, CARRIE's is. (He puts in a penny.) "A Lady with 'air of a medium brown colour, long and smooth"—Is your 'air long though, CARRIE?

CARRIE (with pride). I should hope so—I can set on it.

DOLPH. That's nothing! So can Aunt MARIA set on hers! (With a glance at that Lady's very candid "front.") Can't you, Auntie, eh? If you make an effort?

Aunt MARIA (with dignity). I'll thank you to 'ave the goodness to drop your sauce, Mr. ADOLPHUS GAGGS; it's out of place and not appreciated, I can assure you! [She walks away.]

DOLPH. (surprised). Why, there's Aunt MARIA got the 'ump—for a little thing like that! Let me finish with CARRIE. (Reads.) "She is of an intellectual turn of mind." ("Ear, 'ear!" from FREDDY.) "Very fond of reading." Takes in Sloper's 'Alf' Holiday regular! "Steadfast in her engagements." 'Ullo, CARRIE!

CARRIE (firing up). Well, have you anything to say against that? You'd better take care, Mr. GAGGS!

DOLPH. I was only thinking. Sure you haven't been squaring this machine? Ah, it tells you some 'ome truths here—"Although inquisitive and fond of prying into the secrets of others—" Now however did it know that?

CARRIE. It isn't there—you're making it up!

[She snatches the card, reads it, and tears it up.]

DOLPH. Temper—temper! Never mind. Now we'll try FREDDY. What's his shade of 'air? I should say about the colour of spoilt 'ay, if I was asked.

CARRIE (with temper). You're not asked, so you needn't give your opinion!

DOLPH. Well, keep your 'air on, my dear girl, and we'll call FREDDY's "Fair." (Reading card.) "A gentleman with this colour of hair will be assiduous in his occupation—"

CARRIE (warmly). What a shame! I'm sure he isn't. Are you, FREDDY?

[FREDDY smiles vaguely.]

DOLPH. "Not given to rambling."—Except in his 'ed,—"very moderate in his amorous wishes, his mind much given to reflection, inclined to be 'asty-tempered, and, when aroused,"—'Ere, somebody, rouse FREDDY, quick!—"to use adjectives." Mustn't use 'em 'ere, FREDDY! "But if reasonably dealt with, is soon appeased." Pat his 'ed, CARRIE, will yer? "Has plenty of bantering humour." (Here FREDDY grins feebly.) Don't he look it too! "Should study his diet." That means his grub, and he works 'ard enough at that! "He has a combination of good commercial talents, which, if directed according to the reflection of the sentiments, will make him tolerably well off in this world's goods."

CARRIE (puzzled). What's it torking about now?

DOLPH. Oh, it on'y means he's likely to do well in the cat's-meat line. Now for your fortune, FREDDY. "It will be through marriage that your future will be brightened."

CARRIE (pleased). Lor, FREDDY, think o' that!

DOLPH. Think twice of it, FREDDY, my boy. Now we'll be off and get a drink.

CARRIE. Wait. We haven't got your character yet, Mr. GAGGS!

DOLPH. Oh, mine—they couldn't give that for a penny. Too good, yer know!

CARRIE. If they haven't got it, it's more likely they're afraid it would break the machine. I'm going to put in for you under "Black." (She does.) Here we are. (Reads.) "The gentleman will be much given to liquor." Found out first time, you see, Mr. GAGGS!

DOLPH. (annoyed). Come, no personalities now. Drop all that!

CARRIE. "Somewhat quarrelsome and of an unsettled temper; more decorous and less attentive in his undertakings, and consequently meets with many disappointments. Such gentlemen"—now you listen to this, Mr. GAGGS!—"will now know their weaknesses, which should induce them to take steps to improve themselves." ("Ear, 'ear!" from the rest of the party.) "Knowledge is power, and enables us to overcome many obstacles we otherwise should have fallen prey to." This is your fortune. "Thou art warned to be careful what thou drinkest!" Well, they do seem to know you, I must say!

DOLPH. (in a white rage). I tell you what it is, Miss CARRIE BICKERON, you appear to me to be turning a 'armless joke into a meijum for making nasty spiteful insinuations, and I, for one, am not going to put up with it, whatever others may! So, not being partial to being turned into ridicule and made to look a fool in company, I'll leave you to spend the rest of the evening by yourselves, and wish you a very good-night!

[He turns majestically upon his heel and leaves the party stupefied.]

'ECTOR. (with mild regret). It do seem a pity though, so pleasant as we were together, till this come up!

FREDDY. And CARRIE's Aunt MARIA gone off in a tantrum, too. We shall have a job to find 'er now!

LOTTIE and CARRIE. Oh, do hold your tongues, both of you. You and your automatic machines!

'ECTOR and FREDDY. Our automatic machines! Why, we never—

LOTTIE and CARRIE. If you say one word more, either of you, we'll go home! [FREDDY and 'ECTOR follow them meekly in search of Aunt MARIA as the Scene closes in.]

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

(In Fleet Street.)

Oh raucous street—"Echo," whose vile vox clamantis

Is, like the Salvationist's shout, heard a mile hence,

I wish, how I wish,—ah! yes, that what we want is!—

Some Cockney Narcissus could charm you to silence.

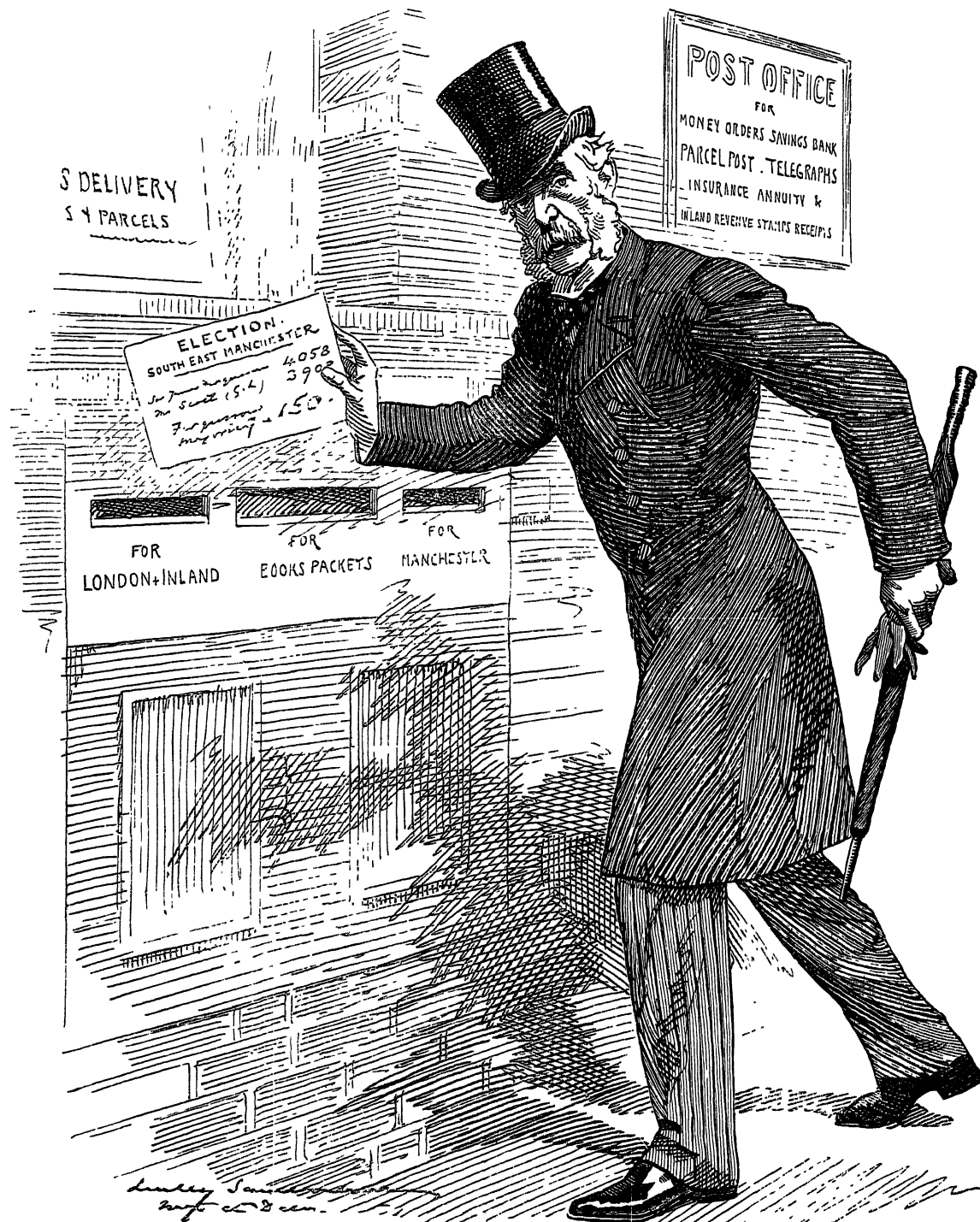
Ah, me! no such luck; in the clear autumn twilight

Your shriek on my tympanum stridently jars.

"Echo" murders repose, mars the daffodil sky light;

And if one thing sounds worse 'tis "the Voice of the Stars"!

JUST CAUGHT THE POST!



Sir J-m-s F-rg-ss-n loquitur :-

Just in time to catch the Post!
 Pheugh! But the Pats would have "had me on toast"
 (As 'ARRY would say in his odious slang),
 If I had been but a little bit later.
 Out o' breath as it is. Ah, hang
 This hurrying business! My mouth's like a crater,
 Dreadfully dry, and doosedly hot.
 Rather a downer, this is, for Scott's lot!

Feared Mrs. Manchester *might* just say
 (In the popular patter of my young day)
"It is all very well (with a wink and a jeer),
But you, Master FERGUSSON, don't lodge here!"
 All right now, though! Saved my bacon.
 My defeat might the Cause have shaken.
 Just in time. There! Popped it in!
 Awfully glad it conveys a Win;
 Although One Fifty ain't *much* to boast,—
 'Twixt you and me and the (General) Post!

William Henry Smith.

BORN, JUNE 24, 1825. DIED, OCTOBER 6, 1891.

O'ER-BUSY Death, your scythe of late seems reaping
Swiftly our heads of State;
The wise who hold our England's weal in keeping,
The gentle and the great.

GRANVILLE is gone; and now another Warden
Falls with the fading leaf,
Leaving at Hatfield sorrow, and at Hawarden
Scarcely less earnest grief.

All mourn the Man whose simple steadfast spirit
Made hearty friends of all.
Whilst manhood like to his her sons inherit
England need fear no fall.

No high-perched, privileged and proud possessor
Of lineal vantage he;
Of perorating witchery no professor,
Or casuist subtlety.

A capable, clear-headed, modest toiler,
Touched with no egoist taint,
To Duty sworn, the face of the Despoiler
Made him not fear or faint.

O'erworn, o'erworked, with smiling face, though weary,
The tedious task he plied.
Sagacious, courteous, ever calm and cheery
Unsoured by spleen or pride.

As unprovocative as unpretentious,
Skilful though seeming-slow;
Unmoved by impulse of conceit contentious
To risk success for show.

O rare command of gifts, which, common-branded,
Are yet so strangely rare!
Selflessness patient, judgment even-handed
And spirit calmly fair!

Lost to his friends their worth may now be measured
By the strong sense of loss.
How "OLD MORALITY'S" memory will be treasured,
Midst faction's pitch-and-toss.

But England which has instincts above Party
Most mourns the Man, now gone,
Who gave to Duty an allegiance hearty
As that of WELLINGTON.

Sure "the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal"
Would his successor praise;
As modest, as unselfish, as impartial,
Though fallen on calmer days.

No glittering hero, but when England numbers
Patriots of worth and pith,
His name shall sound, who after suffering slumbers,
Plain WILLIAM HENRY SMITH!

* LONGFELLOW'S "The Warden of the Cinque Ports."

A ROMANCE IN NUMBERS.

As we announced last week, the *Gentlewoman* proposes for publication "the most extraordinary novel of modern times"—a tale which is to be written chapter by chapter, week after week, by well-known writers of fiction, without consultation with their collaborateurs. We did the same thing years ago. However, as the notion is still calculated to amuse and instruct our readers, we subjoin a short story, which has been written on the same terms by the entire strength of a paper—political, sporting, and social. It will be found below.

WHAT? WHO? AND WHICH?

(A Joint Stock Mystery.)

Political Writer commences.—Yes, EUSTACE entered the House prepared to vote for the Government. He knew that Lady FLORA had counted upon his vote in support of her father, the Duke, and the other Members of the Opposition. But when did love outweigh duty? EUSTACE knew that the prosperity of the entire country depended upon his views. With the price of corn falling, with the Russian Bear on the prowl, growing nearer and nearer to our Afghan frontier, with the unsettled state of the South American Republics, he knew that only one course was open to him.



THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

"I WANT A NICE TIE, FOR A WEDDING. CAN YOU RECOMMEND ME ONE?"
"CERTAINLY, SIR. A—ER—PRINCIPAL GUEST, SIR?"

"FLORA, darling," he said to the fair girl, as he paced by her side in the Lobby, "believe me, I will do anything to help you; but what *can* I do?"

Sporting Writer continues.—"What can you do?" she echoed, with a hearty laugh, as she struck her riding-habit smartly with her whip; "why, tell me the horse you fancy for the Cambridgeshire!"

He thought for a moment. He knew the good points of *Bobby*, and was rather partial to *Rosina*; but nothing wrong with *Snuffbox*, the stable reports were favourable. Still, you can't always rely upon what you see, much less what you hear.

"Lady," said he, at length, "if you take my advice, you will back nothing until they go to the post."

Continuation by French Correspondent.—They had no further time for parley, because the mail train left for Dover within the hour. So they hurried to Victoria, and in less than eight hours were in the Capital of the World.

Ah, Paris, beautiful Paris! They enjoyed the balmy air as they drove through the awaking streets to the Grand Hotel. As they entered the courtyard they met the President.

"Is it really true that the Germans refuse to take up the Russian Loan?" asked EUSTACE of the First Frenchman in France.

"I would not say this to anyone but yourself," replied M. CARNOT, looking round to see that no one was listening; "but those who wait longest will see best!"

And with his finger to his mouth in token of discretion and silence, he disappeared. EUSTACE and his fair companion hastened to the telegraph office.

Scientific Writer takes it up.—They were, of course, desirous of transmitting their important despatch to head-quarters.

"You want to know upon what system the telephone is worked?" queried the operator, as he prepared a black-board, and took up a piece of chalk. They bowed acquiescence. "You must know," said he, "that if we represent the motive-power by *x*, we shall—"

Lady Correspondent turned on.—Before he could complete his sentence, Lady FLORA uttered a cry.

"What a charming gown! Why, it is the prettiest I have seen in my life!" and she gazed with increasing delight at the lady beneath on the boulevard. Then she began to explain the costume to her two male companions. She showed them that an under-skirt of snuff, with a waist of orange-blue, both made of some soft fluffy material (which can be obtained, by the way, at Messrs. SOWE AND SOWE), made an admirable contrast.

Naval Correspondent puts finishing touch.—[Please end up briskly.—ED.]—And they left Paris, and embarking on H.M.S. *Ramrod*, met a gale, and foundered. When they were picked up they were both dead.—[THE END.]

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. IV.—TO POMPOSITITY.

YOUR EXCELLENCY.

How difficult it is to succeed in giving pleasure. When I addressed you recently, I honestly intended to gratify you by the adoption of a tone of easy familiarity. Surely, I thought to myself, I cannot be wrong if I address my friend POMPOSITITY by his name, and speak to him in a chatty rather than in an inflated style. If I chose the latter, might he not think that I was poking fun at him by cheap parody, and manifest his displeasure by bringing a host of BULMERS about my ears? These considerations prevailed with me, and the result was the letter you received. But, *O pectora cæca!* I have learnt from an authoritative source that you are displeased. You resent, it seems, what you are pleased to term my affectation of intimacy, and you beg for a style of greater respect in any future communications. So be it. I have pondered for hours, and have eventually come to the conclusion that I shall best consult your wishes by addressing you in a manner suited to diplomatic personages of importance. I have noticed that in their official intercourse these gentlemen move on stilts of the most rigid punctilio, and I have often pictured to myself the glow of genuine pride which must suffuse the soul of an ambassador or a foreign Minister when, for the first time, he finds himself styled an Excellency. It may be of course that he knows himself to be anything rather than excellent, but he will keep that knowledge to himself, stowed away in some remote corner of his mind, and never on any account allowed to interfere with his enjoyment of the ignorant and empty compliments that others pay him.

I wish to ask you a simple question. Why do you render those who spend their lives in your service so extremely ridiculous? That may be just the fashion of your humour; but is it fair to persist as you do? There is, for instance, my old friend BENJAMIN CHUMP, little BEN CHUMP as we used to call him in the irreverent days, before his face had turned purple or his waistcoat had prevented him from catching stray glimpses of his patent-leathered toes. Little BEN was not made for the country, that was certain. A life of Clubs and dinner-parties would have suited him to perfection. In his Club he could always pose before a select and, it must be added, a dwindling circle as a man of influence. "There is no Club, however watched and tended, but one dread bore is there." BEN might have developed into a prime bore, but as he was plentifully supplied with money and had a good cook and a pleasant wife, he would always have managed to gather round him plenty of guests who would have forgiven him his elaborate platitudes, for the sake of his admirable made-dishes. Suddenly, however, he resolved to become a country gentleman. As there is no law to prevent a CHUMP from turning into a squire, BEN had not to wait very long before he was able to put his fatal resolve into execution. He purchased an Elizabethan mansion, and descended with all his airs and belongings upon the unhappy country-side which he had decided to make the scene of his rural education. Before that I used to see him constantly. After that I quite lost sight of him. Occasionally I read paragraphs in weekly papers about immense festivities due to the enterprise of the CHUMPS, and from time to time I received local papers containing long accounts of hunt breakfasts, athletic sports, the roasting of whole oxen, and other such stirring country incidents in which it appeared that the CHUMPS took a prominent part. I will do BEN the credit to say that he never omitted to mark with broad red pencil those parts which referred specially to himself, or reported any speech he may have happened to make.

Eventually that which I dreaded came about. Circumstances made it impossible for me to refuse an invitation to Carchester Manor, and on a certain evening in the first week of December I found myself a guest under the roof of the CHUMPS. The entertainment provided was, I am bound to say, magnificent. Every want that the most exacting guest could feel was supplied almost before he had expressed it, and all that gorgeous rooms, stately retainers and irreproachable cooking could do to secure our comfort was done at Carchester Manor. But CHUMP himself was on that first evening the grandest spectacle of all. He overpowered me. Like some huge Spanish galleon making her way with belying sails and majestic progress amidst a fleet of cockle-shells, so did CHUMP bear himself amidst his party. The neighbouring magnates came to meet us. Lord and Lady AGINCOURT with their charming daughter Lady MABEL POITRIERS, Sir GEORGE BUCKWHEAT and his wife, the Reverend Canon and Mrs. CATSPAW, and a host of others were there to do CHUMP honour. I thought of POLYCRATES and his ring and of

other well-known examples. Something I knew must happen to disturb this edifice of pompous grandeur. The something was not long in coming, for just after CHUMP had expatiated at immense length upon the vintages of France, after he had offered to stock the failing cellars of Lord AGINCOURT from his own, after the butler had, with due parade, placed two corks at his master's side in token of the treat that was to follow, it was discovered by little BILLY SILTZER, an impudent dog without veneration or reticence, that both the bottles of *Pontet Canet* were disgustingly corked. To my relief, but to CHUMP's discomfiture, BILLY announced his discovery. "BEN, my boy," he shouted across the table, "the moths have been at this tap of wine. I'm afraid his Lordship won't care to take it off your hands." BEN became blue with suppressed fury. The trembling butler obeyed his angry summons. "Take that stuff away," said BEN, "and drink it yourself. Bring fresh wine at once." But, alas, for wasted indignation, no more *Pontet Canet* was forthcoming, and we had to satisfy ourselves on a wine whose inferiority no flourish of trumpets could disguise.

Now there is nothing in the accident of a corked bottle that ought to crush a man. I have seen a host rise serenely after such an occurrence, and nobody dreamt of imputing it to him for wickedness. But the contrast between the magniloquence of poor BEN and the deadly failure of his wine, was too great. Even Lady MABEL, a

kind girl without affectations, could not forbear a smile when the incident was narrated to her in the drawing-room, and some of the other guests, whose names I charitably refrain from mentioning, seemed quite radiant with pleasure at the misfortune of their host. CHUMP, however, was not long in recovering, and before many hours had passed, he was assuring us in the smoking-room, that he proposed to establish sport in his particular

district on a broad and enduring basis. On the following morning there was a lawn-meet at the Manor, and, as I'm a living sinner, our wretched host was flung flat on his back before the eyes of all the neighbouring sportsmen and sportswomen by a fiery chestnut which he bought for £400 from a well-known dealer. What became of him during the rest of the day I know not. Indeed I shrink from continuing the story of his ridiculous humiliations, and I merely desire to remark that if this be your Excellency's manner of rewarding those who serve you, I pray that I may be for ever preserved from your patronage.

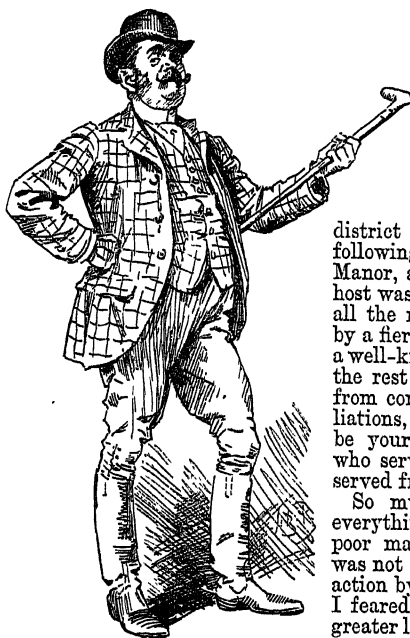
So much, then, for BENJAMIN. In spite of everything I have a sort of sneaking regard for the poor man, especially since I discovered that he was not a free agent, but was inspired in word and action by your blatant influence. Were it not that I feared to weary you, I might proceed at much greater length. I might parade before you regiment upon regiment of pompous local magnates and political nobodies all drilled and disciplined by your offensive methods, and all of them as absurd and preposterous as they can be made. But the spectacle would only move you to derision. One point, however, I must insist on. Whatever you do, don't throw JOSHUA POSER across my path again. I might do him an injury. We were at College together, he being my senior by a year. Even then he always assumed a condescension towards me, an air as of one who temporarily stepped down from a pedestal to mingle with common grovellers. He became a personage in the City, a Chairman and a Director of Companies, and I lost sight of him. Yesterday I met him, and he was good enough to address me. "Yes, yes," he observed, "I remember you well. I have read some of your contributions to periodical literature, and I can honestly say I was pleased; yes, I was pleased. Of course the work is unequal, and I marked one or two passages that might have been omitted with advantage. For instance, the discussion between the vicar and the family doctor is not quite in the most refined taste, but there is distinct promise even in that. By the way, why don't you write in *The New Congeries*? Your style would suit it. I always take that paper in, and find it very much appreciated in the pantry. The butler reads it, when we have done with it, and passes it on to the footman. It keeps them out of mischief. Now take my advice, and contribute to that." I humbly murmured my thanks to this intolerable person, and left him. As I turned away I half thought I heard the sound of your Excellency's bellows in the neighbourhood of POSER. Was I wrong?

I remain (merely in an epistolary sense),

Your Excellency's humble servant,

DIAGENES ROBINSON.

APPROPRIATE TITLE FOR MR. ANDREW LANG.—The Folk-Loreate.



"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM!"

(A Pendant to Mr. William Watson's "The Key-Board.")

Five-and thirty black slaves,
Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to make
Shindy day and night,
Now with throats of thunder,
Now with clattering lips,
While she thumps them cruelly
With stretched finger-tips.

When she quits the chamber
All the slaves are dumb,
Dumb with rapture, till the Minx
Back shall come to strum,
Dumb the throats of thunder,
Hushed chromatic skips,
Lacking all the torturing
Of strained finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,
Ebon slaves and white, [stood
When Minx mounts her music-
Neighbours fly with fright.
Ah, the bass's thunder!
Oh, the treble's trips!
Eugh, the horrid tyrannies
Of corned finger-tips!
Silent, silent, silent,
All your janglings now;
Notes false-chorded, slithering
Pedal-aided row! [slaps,
Where is Minx, we wonder?
Ah! those scrambling skips!
Back she's come to torture us
With her finger-tips!

CHARLEMAGNE AND I.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Monday.—CHARLEMAGNE was doubtless well advised in selecting this town for his residence. However that be, it is not a matter for us to dogmatise about. I have heard a lamented friend, suddenly and all too soon lost, say there are few things more regrettable than the tendency of the present age to review the actions of great men, not lost but gone before, and to pass judgment upon them without having enjoyed the opportunity of hearing what they might have to say in justification or palliation of the proceedings challenged.

That is true and tersely put. Still I may observe that if C. lived at this period and had his choice, say between Aix-la-Chapelle and Homburg or Aix-les-Bains, it is doubtful whether he would have built his cathedral here. Unlike the two latter watering-places, Aix-la-Chapelle has other fish to boil besides the invalids who come hither attracted by the fame of its hot springs. It is a manufacturing town, and has all the characteristics of one. At Homburg or Aix-les-Bains you walk up a street, turn a corner and find yourself among pine-trees, or in a smiling valley with a blue lake blinking at the sun. Here the baths are in the centre of the town, and, like a certain starling, you feel you "can't get out."

But invalids musn't be choosers, and if RUSTEM ROOSE sends you to Aix-la-Chapelle—he's always sending somebody somewhere—to la-Chapelle you must carry your Aix, in the hope that you may leave them there.

"I wonder," said the Member for SARK, who as usual is grumbling round, "if the local female population was less unlovely in CHARLEMAGNE's time? Probably, since he married with a frequency not excelled by our HENRY VIII. But what was HILDEGARDE like—HILDEGARDE, his favourite spouse? If she in any way resembled the women who throng the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle to-day, C.'s lot was not a happy one. Never in any city, in either hemisphere, have I suffered such a nightmare of ugly ill-dressed women as is here found."

That is a most unfair and unjustifiable remark to make. Brimstone evidently does not agree with SARK who is more disagreeable than ever. The only thing that has touched his stony nature since he came to Aix is the unselfish devotion of the local aristocracy to the interests of the town. Visitors mustering in the Elisengarten for their morning cups, notice the group of musicians in the orchestra by the entrance-gate. Every man wears a top-hat, the only head-gear of the kind seen in Aix. SARK, attracted by this peculiarity, made inquiries, and learned from an intelligent native that these are nobles in disguise, who, desirous of contributing to the common weal, turn out at seven every morning to play the band. They are willing to sink all social distinctions, save that they will wear the cylindrical hat of civilisation. Not comfortable, especially in wet weather; but it adds an air of distinction to the group.

"Very nice of them," SARK grudgingly admits; "but"—he must have the compensation of a sneer—"imagine our House of Lords forming themselves into groups to play the band in Palace Yard, with HALSBURY wielding the mace by way of *bâton*! They'd never do it, TOBY, even in top-hats. Germany's miles ahead of us in this matter."

Sorry to find Squire of MALWOOD, who spent a morning here on his way to Wiesbaden, agreeing in SARK's view of the standard of female beauty at Aix.

"Strange," he mused, "that Nature never makes an ugly flower or tree or blade of grass; and yet, when it comes to men and women, behold!" and he swept a massive arm round the blighted scene in the crowded Kaiserplatz.

A small boy who thought the beneficent stranger in blue serge was chucking pennings about the Square, careered wildly round in search of the treasure. We walked on without undeceiving him. To quote again from an old friend: "There is nothing more conducive

to the production and maintenance of a healthy mind in a sound body than enterprise and industry, even when, owing to misapprehension or miscalculation, their exercise leads to no immediate reward."

It had been quite a surprise one morning to find the SQUIRE striding into the coffee-room at "Nuellens."

"Thought you were down at Malwood," I said, "looking after your flocks and herds, your brocoli and your spring onions."

"So I had hoped to be," he said, as we strolled up and down under the trees in the Elisengarten. "But the fact is, TOBY, dear boy, I could not stand the weather. I am of a sensitive nature, and it cut

meto the heart to see cold winds nipping the fruit and trees, the flood of rain beating down the corn, the oats, and the mangel-wurzel. People make a mistake about me. They regard me as an ambitious politician, caring for nothing but the House of Commons and the world of politics. At heart I am an agriculturist. Give me three acres and a cow—anybody's, I don't care—and I will settle down in peace and quietness, remote from political strife, never turning an ear to listen to the roll of battle at Westminster. I am often distraught between the attractions of interludes in the lives of

CINCINNATUS and of WILLIAM OF ORANGE's great Minister. Of the two I think I am more drawn towards the rose-garden at Sheen than by CINCINNATUS's unploughed land. Before I die I should like to create a new rose and call it 'The Grand Old Man.'

Quite a revelation this of the true inwardness of the SQUIRE. Would astonish some people in London, I fancy, if ever I were to mention this conversation. But, to quote once more from a revered authority: "We all live a dual life, and are not actually that which, upon cursory regard, the passer-by believes us to be. Every gentleman, in whatever part of the House he may sit, has a skeleton in the cupboard of his valet."

The SQUIRE stayed here only a morning, passing on to other scenes. I watched his departure with mingled feelings; sorrow at losing a delightful companion, and apprehension of what might happen if he were to remain here to go through the full cure. The place is, as SARK says, the most brimstone on the same level. You breathe brimstone, drink it, bathe in it, and take it in at the pores. At the end of three weeks or a month you are dangerously saturated with the chemical. An ordinary lucifer match is nothing to a full-bodied patient at the end of three weeks treatment at Aix-la-Chapelle. If the SQUIRE had stayed on, I should never have seen his towering frame pass underneath a doorway without my heart leaping to my mouth. Someday he would have accidentally struck his head against the lintel and would have ignited as sure as a gun.

If CHARLEMAGNE were now alive, I feel certain from what I know of him, he would have exhausted the resources of civilisation in search of a preventive of this ever-present and dangerous risk. Under CAROLO MAGNO the patient might have gone about the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle with sweet carelessness, knowing that, however much brimstone he carried, he would strike only on the box.



Ask why was made the gem so small
And why so huge the granite?
Because 'twas meant that men should set
The larger value on it.



OUR COMPATRIOTS ABROAD.

"AND HOW DID YOU LIKE SWITZERLAND?"

"OH, IMMENSELY! IT WAS OUR FIRST VISIT, YOU KNOW!"

"AND DID YOU GO ON INTO ITALY?"

"WELL, NO. WE FOUND A HOTEL AT LAUSANNE WHERE THERE WAS A FIRST-RATE TENNIS-LAWN, YOU KNOW—QUITE AS GOOD AS OURS AT HOME. SO WE SPENT THE WHOLE OF OUR HOLIDAY THERE, AND PLAYED LAWN-TENNIS ALL DAY LONG!"

FAMILY TIES.

"[The journal (the *Grashdanin*) is of opinion that in making common cause with the other European Powers against China, Russia would but serve the ends of . . . England to the prejudice of her own interests, which demand that she should not jeopardise the security of her Asiatic shores, or contribute to the complete ascendancy of Great Britain in the Pacific Ocean, by arousing the antagonism of China."—*Times*.]

Muscovite loquitor :—

"Won't you help me bind the Dragon?" says the Briton to the Russ. Oho! ingenuous JOHNNY! I'm opposed to needless fuss, And have other fish to fry—say near the Oxus! Not a hang Do I care for what may happen on the great Yang-tse-Kiang.

I approve Non-Intervention. 'Tis your favourite doctrine, JOHN, And you stick to it so closely, and that's just why you get on. If you think that Dragon's dangerous—I hold 'tis but his play!— There's but one thing you've got to do—clear out of the brute's way.

I am sure he doesn't want you where you've stayed a deal too long; He wishes you would up and go to—well *not* to Hong-Kong, But the natural home of all such "Foreign Devils," in *his* view. Why, he's none too sweet on Me, JOHN; is it likely he'd like *you*?

Grattez le Russe—et cetera. You are mighty fond, J. B., Of quoting that stale epigram. You fancy it riles me. Not a bit of it, my Briton; Tartars have a thickish skin, And your foe and I are neighbours, nay a distant sort of kin.

The Mantchus and the Romanoffs are not exactly chums, And a Tartar insurrection, when that little trouble comes, As it may do if you press too much at Pekin, well, who knows? There is always something pleasing in the quarrels of one's foes.

The Mantchus miss a many of once subject Tartar tribes Who have—gravitated Russwards. Little call for blows or bribes To make blood-relations mingle. On the Mantchus this may jar, But we've not forgotten Kuldja, and we recollect Kashgar.

Wheels within wheels, dear JOHNNY! As to missionaries, well, They are troublesome—and useful; but to put things all pell-mell On account of priests and parsons, and of quite an alien creed, That's scarce "diplomatic," JOHNNY; it is not, dear boy, indeed.

A new Tamerlane, my JOHNNY, who could stir the Tartar hordes To—say "Asiatic Concert,"—well, you know that thought affords To your talky "Only General" a quite sensational theme. But prophecy's not "business," JOHN, and CÆSAR should not dream.

Oh! the world is full of Bogies. I'm the biggest of them all In the minds of many croakers who ne'er saw the Chinese Wall, But are frightened at the spreading of my kindred—on the map; For I'm semi-Asiatic, and half Tartar, dear old chap.

Now put this and that together, think of Pamir, Turkestan, Of Persia, of the Dardanelles!—I think you'll see, old man, That though this ramping Dragon *you* may wish to tie and tame, A Benevolent Neutrality is rather more *my* game.

A PLAYGOER'S "LAST WORD."

(*An Echo from the Pit.*)

THE Season is—has been for some time—silly, And lengthy correspondences are rife. We have, alas! to read them willy-nilly; They take a deal of pleasure out of life. To flee such evils here's an easy way— Let morning dailies idly rant or vapour, At the Lyceum go and see the play, The programme there's the finest DALY paper.*

* A Correspondent, signing himself "A Knight of the Free Lists," suggests that free admissions to the Lyceum should be known, during the American Company's season, as "The Best Daly 'Paper.'"

MOTTO FOR A DEPRESSED TEETOTALLER.—"Whine and Water."



FAMILY TIES.

JOHN BULL. "AIN'T YOU GOING TO LEND A HAND?"

RUSSIA. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW ;—YOU SEE HE'S A SORT OF RELATION OF MINE!!"

TIPPLING SALLY.

A Song of Sorrow on Zoo Sunday.

[SALLY, the Chimpanzee (late of the Zoo), is stated to have "drunk beer daily."]

Of all the monkeys at the Zoo

There's none like Tippling SALLY.

She was the first who quenched her thirst

Quite al-co-hol-i-cally.

A draught of beer made her not queer,

But seemed her strength to rally.

MORTIMER GRANVILLE well might cheer

Three cheers for Tippling SALLY.

Of all the days within the week

I chiefly favoured one day,

That was the day when children seek

The rapture called "Zoo Sunday."

For then full drest all in my best

I'd go and visit SALLY,

And see her soothe her hairy breast

So al-co-hol-i-cally!

But now no more poor SALLY's tricks

With glee fill girl or boy full;

No mug of beer her soul can cheer,

Nor glass of O-be-joyful!

We yet may see some Chimpanzee

With Drink's temptations dally,

To WILFRID's woe; but no, ah! no!

It won't be Tippling SALLY!

AN ESSAY IN REVIEWING.

WE are obliged to "Beginner" for the proffered contribution to our collection of Book Reviews. That is, however, a department of the paper our noble friend the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS reserves for his own pen. But as *Mr. Punch* has never been known to discourage beginners, he finds room here for the interesting contribution, which perhaps should more appropriately have been addressed to his *confrère* at the office of the *Athenæum*:—



Don Quixote. By MIGUEL CERVANTES. We have conscientiously plodded through this voluminous work, which is certainly not entirely without merit.

It purports to recount the daily doings of a resident in a village of La Mancha (Spain) who, accompanied by a clownish retainer, went forth in search of adventures. He was not very happy, his day's sport being invariably rounded off by a sound drubbing, received either by himself, his Squire, or both. We wish Lord MACAULAY had lived to see the publication of this work, and had with fuller leisure relieved us of the task of reviewing it. Remembering his method of procedure as illustrated in his article on Dr. NARE'S *Memoirs of Lord Burleigh*, he would doubtless by careful enumeration have been able to show that from first to last *Don Quixote* had more ribs broken than any man has actually possessed since ADAM was privy to a diminution of their original number. He seems also to have had a perpetual renewal of teeth, keeping pace with their frequent removal by brute force. As for the number of legs and arms he had fractured, MACAULAY'S Schoolboy would have shrunk from the task of computing their aggregate.

These are blemishes upon a work that is, at least, well intentioned, and which might have been more successful had our author been inclined to give his hero credit for more acumen. When he represents *Don Quixote* as running tilt at windmills under the impression that they are armed knights, and

when he pictures him charging a flock of sheep in the belief that it is an ordered army, we think he too grossly trifles with the assumed credulity of his readers. Exaggeration is, indeed, the bane of a work that, from first page to last, bears evidence of the drawback of extreme youth on the part of the author. We have been pleased to notice some indications of humour in the conversation of *Sancho Panza*. But it is the pennyworth of sack to an intolerably large quantity of bread. What we have written has been without desire to discourage Mr. CERVANTES, whom we shall be glad to meet with again, bringing with him the fruits of unremitting practice and of maturer views of life.

TO ARAMINTA.

(After hearing Mr. Harrison's Lecture.)

["To keep the family true, refined, affectionate, faithful, is the woman's task—a task that needs the entire energies and life of woman; and to mix up this sacred duty with the grosser occupation of politics and trade, is to unfit her for it as much as if a priest were to embark in the business of money-lender."—FREDERIC HARRISON.]



I PRITHEE, ARAMINTA, hear

What FREDERIC HARRISON has said:

Don't read for College honours, dear,

And put a towel round your head.

Don't sully what should surely be

An unstained soul, with tricks of trade;

Leave stern official work to me,

While you remain a simple maid.

Don't prate of woman's function, sweet,

Your only duty is to charm;

Leave platform spouting, as is meet,

To men; it cannot do them harm.

Your influence comes from gracious ways,

Your glory in the home doth lie;

The guardian angel of our days,

Until you bless us when we die.

Don't enter on ignoble strife

With man, 'tis yours to soar above—

To all the higher things of life,

Divine compassion, and pure love.

'Tis yours to stimulate, refine,

To win men by a kindly heart;

Not grovel with us where the sign

Of Mammon hangs above the mart.

Thine is the task to reign supreme

Within the sacred sphere of home;

To make our life one happy dream,

Thine own as spotless as the foam.

To trade, to toil, to head the feast,

To seek the politician's gain,

Were hateful:—ay, as though the priest

Took usury within the fane!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS owns to being easily affected by a pathetic episode. He well re-



members how years ago in the course of a discussion among literary men about books and their writers, the Baron acknowledged that in spite of his having been told how the pathos of DICKENS was all a trick, and how the sentiment of that great novelist was for the most part false, he still felt a choking sensation in his throat and a natural inclination to blow his nose strenuously whenever he re-read the death of *Little Paul*, the death of *Dora*, and some passages about *Tiny Tim*. There was no dissentient voice as to the death of *Colonel Newcome*; all admitted the recurrence of that peculiar choking sensation, read they their THACKERAY never so often. Now the Baron differs from *Josh Sedley* in, as he thinks, many respects, but he is almost as "easily moved to tears" as was that stout hero. Wherefore this preface? Well, 'tis because the Baron owns to having "snivelled," if you will, when reading a delightful story, published by MACMILLAN in one volume ("bless all good stories in one vol., clearly printed!" says the Baron, parenthetically), entitled simply, *Tim*. No relation to *Tiny Tim* already mentioned; quite another child. The Baron strongly recommends *this* story, and especially to Etonians past and present, as giving a life-like picture which the latter will recognise, of the career at that great public school of a fragile little chap entirely unfitted by nature for the rough and tumble of such a life. The considerate tutor, too, is no effort of imagination; he exists; and, perhaps, such an one may have always existed since the division between Collegers and Oppidians first began. The Baron in his own time, nigh forty years ago, knew an exceptional species of this rare genus; but there are plenty of witnesses to the truth of the Etonian portion of *Tim*. "*Tolle, lege!*" quoth the Baron, and be not ashamed if in reading the latter portion of the story you have to search for your pocket-handkerchief, and, glancing furtively around, murmur to yourself, "But soft! I am observed!" Then when unobserved "*wipe the other eye!*" and thank the unknown author of *Tim*; at the same time not forgetting your guide, philosopher, and friend, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



DESIGN FOR THE POSTER FOR THE NEXT GERMAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

A FALLEN LEADER.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

BORN, JUNE 27TH, 1846. DIED, OCTOBER 6TH, 1891.

"The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty MARMION?"

Sir Walter Scott.

FALLEN! And not as leaders love to fall,
In battle's forefront, loved and mourned by all;
But fiercely fighting, as for his own hand,
With the scant remnant of a broken band;
His chieftainship, well-earned in many a fray,
Rent from him—by himself!

None did betray
This sinister strong fighter to his foes;
He fell by his own action, as he rose.
He had fought all—himself he could not fight,
Nor rise to the clear air of patient right.
Somewhere his strenuous soul unsoundly rang,
When closely tested. Let the laurels hang
About his tomb, for, with whatever fault,
He led with valour cool a fierce assault
Upon a frowning fortress, densely manned
With strong outnumbering enemies. He planned
Far-seen campaigns apparently forlorn;
He fronted headlong hate and scourging scorn,
Impassively persistent. But the task
Of coldly keeping up the Stoic mask
O'ertaxed him at the last; it fell, and lo!
Another face was bared to friend and foe.
Scarce to his foes will generous judgment lean—
Foes mean as merciless, and false as mean,
Their poisoned pens, which even softening Death,
Which hate should hush and stifle slander's breath,
May not deprive of venom, prodding still
The unresponsive corse they helped to kill,
Is an ignoble sight. Turn, turn away!
Mean hates pursue the MARMION of our day,
A nobler foe, like DOUGLAS, well may rue
His fall, and sigh, "'Tis pity of him, too!"

Motto for the Moment.

(By a Militant Radical Candidate.)

AN! I must trounce the Tory foe,
And love my Toiling neighbour.
The cry with which to fight I go
Is "Labour and Belabour!"



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 2.

WHEN THE ROAD-CAR STOPS SUDDENLY JUST AS HE IS CAUTIOUSLY DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE!

THE G. P. AND THE G. P. O.

(A Dialogue strictly according to Precedent.)

General Public. I am sorry to say the condition of the Postal Service is really extremely defective. The delay in the delivery of letters is most annoying. Frequently a note which should be received in the evening is not obtained until the following morning—proof of this being given by the post-marks.



General Post Office. Your complaint shall receive consideration.

G. P. You are most kind. Next, a telegram despatched from one part of London to another part, sometimes takes eight hours, and the reason given is that the counter-clerk has a discretionary power to retain telegrams until he has what he considers a sufficient supply for the messenger to take out for delivery. This naturally causes much delay and consequent inconvenience.

G. P. O. Your complaint shall receive consideration.

G. P. You are too good. Next, the carelessness at Branch Offices is extremely irritating. For instance, it is often the case that the words

of telegrams have been altered and changed during transmission. It is unnecessary to point out that such mistakes are liable to create annoyance, not to say disaster.

G. P. O. Your complaint shall receive consideration.

G. P. Very many thanks. Then, at offices where females are engaged, rudeness is very common. Would-be purchasers of postage-stamps are frequently kept waiting while the clerks chatter to one

another about matters entirely unconnected with the Department. And this habit is gaining ground in those offices in which male labour is only employed, especially in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Martin's-le-Grand itself. It is useless to call attention to this practice, as a simple denial from an official implicated is accepted by the authorities as proof (almost) positive of his or her innocence.

G. P. O. Your complaint shall receive consideration.

G. P. Again, thanks for your courtesy. But about these and many other grievances, the same stereotyped answer has invariably been received.

G. P. O. Your complaint shall receive consideration.

G. P. Exactly! That is the very answer. And it is felt that no other outcome will result from agitation. It seems utterly impossible to make the officials in charge realise their responsibility to the taxpayers.

G. P. O. Your complaint shall receive consideration.

G. P. Of course; the same parrot-cry! And it may be for years, and it be for ever, before reform is introduced. The probability is, that the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs may exist at St. Martin's-le-Grand until the hour of doom.

G. P. O. Your complaint shall receive consideration.

REFLECTION BY A GENERAL READER.

I HAVE been reading books wherein
'tis shown [civil],
(In diction autocratic, sour, un-
That nothing can be absolutely
known, [evil]!
Save that the Universe is wholly
And even this poor result is only
plain
To Genius—which, of course, is
quite a rarity.

I should have thought this would
have given it pain,
And moved it to both modesty
and charity; [to mock sure,
But what surprises me (—ZOLLUS,
Will whip me with sham-epi-
grams would-be witty,—)
Is that Agnostics seem so awfully
pure, [pity]
And Pessimists so destitute of

ANNALS OF A WATERING-PLACE

THAT HAS "SEEN ITS DAY."

THE weather which, in Mr. DUNSTABLE'S varied experience of five-and-twenty years, he assures me, has never been so bad, having at length afforded some indications of "breaking," I make the acquaintance, through Mrs. COBBLER, of Mr. WISTERWHISTLE, the Proprietor of the one Bath-chair available for the invalid of Torsington-on-Sea, who, like myself, stands in need of the salubrious air of that health-giving resort, but who is ordered by his medical adviser to secure it with the least possible expenditure of physical strength.

Both Mr. WISTERWHISTLE and his chair are peculiar in their respective ways, and each has a decided history. Mr. WISTERWHISTLE, growing confidential over



Sir, I wasn't brought up to the Bath-chair business, so to speak, for I began in the Royal Navy, under His Majesty King WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Then I took to the Coast-Guard business, and having put by a matter of thirty pound odd, and hearing 'she' was in the market," — Mr. WISTERWHISTLE always referred to his Bath-chair as "she," evidently regarding it from the nautical stand-point as of the feminine gender, — "and knowing, saving your presence, Sir, that old BLOXER, of whom I bought her, had such a good crop of cripples the last season — two, that he often touched two-and-forty shillings a-week with 'em, I dropped Her Majesty's Service, and took to this 'ere. But, Lor, Sir, the business ain't wot it wos. Things is changed woeful at Torsington since I took her up. Then from 9 o'clock, as you might say, to 6 P.M., every hour was took up; and, mind you, by real downright 'aristocracy,' — real live noblemen, with gout on 'em, as thought nothink of a two hours' stretch, and didn't 'aggle, savin' your presence, over a extra sixpence for the job either way. But, bless you, wot's it come to now? Why, she

might as well lay up in a dry dock arf the week, for wot's come of the downright genuine invalid, savin' your presence, blow'd if I knows. One can see, of course, Sir, in arf a jiffy, as you is touched in the legs with the rheumatics, or summat like it; but besides you and a old gent on crutches from Portland Buildings, there ain't no real invalid public 'ere at all, and one can't expect to make a livin' out of you two; for if you mean to do the thing ever so 'ansome, it ain't reasonable to expect you and the old gent I was a referring to, to stand seven hours a day goin' up and down the Esplanade between you, and you see even that at a bob an hour ain't no great shakes when you come to pay for 'ousing her and keepin' her lookin' spic and span, with all her brass knobs a shining and her leather apron fresh polished with patent carriage blackin'; and Lor, Sir, you'd not b'lieve me if I was to tell you what a deal of show some parties expects for their one bob an hour. Why, it was only the other day

that Lady GLUMPLEY (a old party with a front of black curls and yaller bows in her bonnet, as I dare say you've noticed me a haulin' up and down the Parade when the band's a playin'), says to me, says she, 'It ain't so much the easy goin' of your chair, Mr. WISTERWHISTLE, as makes me patronise it, as its general genteel appearance. For there's many a chair at Brighton that can't hold a candle to it!' But at this point he was interrupted by the appearance of a dense crowd that half filled the street, and drew up in silent expectation opposite my front door. Dear me, I had quite forgotten I had sent for him. But the boy who cleans the boots and knives has returned, and brought with him the One Policeman!



A Mess Dinner.

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

(A Chapter from a Sea Story of the future.)

"LASH the lubber to the top-gallant yard and give him five hundred with the cat o' nine-tails!" shouted the pirate Captain, blue with passion.

There was a murmur amongst his crew. Because their messmate had forgotten to touch his cap, it seemed hard to their poor untutored minds he should receive so heavy a punishment.

"What, mutiny!" cried the ruffian skipper, "here take this and this and this!" and he distributed the contents of his revolver amongst the sailors aft.

In the meanwhile, the poor wretch was hanging to the topgallant yard, expecting every moment to be his last.

"A sail, Sir," said the boatswain, saluting, as he mounted to the quarter-deck.

"Get ready the torpedoes, and serve out per man a hundred-weight of smokeless powder cartridges. We shall have rough work." Then he added, "By the way, what is the time?"

"About half-past two, Sir," returned the other, and then, as his Captain made an unsuccessful grab, he muttered, "No you don't!"

The ship in pursuit came on apace, and soon the two vessels were yard-arm to yard-arm engaged in mortal combat. For a while the confusion was so great that it was impossible to say what would be the upshot. But a fortunate torpedo sent the pirate craft to the bottom, and of all her crew, only the skipper survived. He was brought (loaded with chains) before his conqueror.

"Well, you scoundrel," said the British Captain, "have you anything to urge in your defence before we prepare you for your execution?"

"What would be the good?" was the sulky reply. "I know my fate."

"That voice, those husky tones," exclaimed the epauletted representative of the English Admiralty; "surely I know them. They bring back painful recollections. Show your face, Sirrah!"

"Why should I?" queried the conquered Chief.

"It won't dome any good!"

But at a gesture of the British Captain, his prisoner was seized, and his face forcibly washed.

"What, BILLY TOMPKINS!" murmured the Briton. "and we meet again like this!"

"Yes," answered the other, "and it can't be helped. You have your duty to perform, and so have I. Do your worst!"

"But, BILLY, you were not always like this!"

"No, JACK, I was not. Once I used to prattle at my mother's knee. I was beloved by my brothers and sisters, and I was the pride of the nursery!"

And then the strong man broke down, and wept bitterly.

"But have you not fallen very low?" asked the British Captain, gently.

"Indeed I have! I am a thief, a liar, a scoundrel — and, in fact, a black-guard!"

"With such surroundings," returned the Officer R.N., pointing to the debris of the pirate craft, "it is difficult to dispute your contention. Indeed, you are a blackguard! But to what cause do you owe your fall?"

"To my early training."

"I do not comprehend you. Your early training! Where were you trained?"

"In the *Britannia*!"

And then the British Captain completely understood the situation.

A SOLILOQUY.

(At the close of the German Exhibition.)



West Kensington Cuirassier. "Now OI WONDER WHAT KOIND OF AN 'ERO OI'LL 'AVE TO BE NEXT YEAR!"

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

(Inscription for a Free Public Library.)



HERE is an Institution doomed to scare
The furious devotees of *Laissez Faire*.
What mental shock, indeed, could prove immenser
To Mumbo Jumbo—or to HERBERT SPENCER?
Free Books? Reading provided from the Rates?
Oh, that means Freedom's ruin, and the State's!
Self-help's all right,—e'en if you rob a brother—
But human creatures must *not* help each other!
The "Self-made Man," whom SAMUEL SMILES so
Who on his fellows' necks his footing raises, [praises,
The systematic "Sweater," who sucks wealth
From toiling crowds by cunning and by stealth,—
He is all right, *he* has no maudlin twist,
He does not shock the Individualist!
But rate yourselves to give the poor free reading?
The Pelican to warm her nestlings bleeding,
Was no such monument of feeble folly.
Let folks alone, and all will then be jolly.
Let the poor perish, let the ignorant sink,
The tempted tumble, and the drunkard drink!
Let—no, *don't* let the low-born robber rob,
Because,—well, that would rather spoil the job.
If footpad-freedom brooked no interference,
Of Capital there might be a great clearance;
But, Wealth well-guarded, let all else alone.
'Tis thus our race hath to true manhood grown:
To make the general good the common care,
Breaks through the sacred law of *Laissez Faire*!

A REMONSTRANCE.

To Luke's Little Summer.

AH, Summer! now thy wayward race is run,
With soft, appeasing smiles thou com'st, like
one

Who keeps a pageant waiting all the day,
Till half the guests and all the joy is gone,
And hearts are heavy that awoke so gay.

What though the faithful trees, still gladly
green,
Show fretted depths of blue their boughs
between,

Though placid sunlight sleeps upon the
lawn,
It only tells us of what might have been
Of fickle favours wantonly withdrawn.

Blown with rude winds, and beaten down
with rain,
How can the roses dare to trust again
The tricky mistress whom they once
adored?

Even the glad heaven, chilled with stormy
stain,
Grudges its skylark pilgrims of its hoard.

Poor is the vintage that the wild bee quiffs,
When the tall simple lilies—the giraffes
That browse on loftier air than other
flowers—

When all the blooms, wherewith late Summer
laughs,
Like chidden children droop among the
bowers.

Oft like a moorhen scuttling to the reeds,
The cricket-ball sped o'er the plashy meads,
And rainbow-blended blazers shrank and
ran

When showers, in mockery of his moist needs,
Half-drown'd the water-loving river man.

What woman's rights have crazed thee?
Would'st thou be

A Winter Amazon, more fierce than he?
Can Summer birds thy shrew-heroes sing?
Wilt tend no more the daisies on the lea,
Nor wake thy cowslips up on May morning?

What, shall we brew us possets by the fire
And let the wild rose shiver on the brier,
The cowslip tremble in the meadows chill,

While thy unlovely battle-call wails higher
And dusty squadrons charge adown the hill?

It is too late; thou art no love of mine;
I answer not this sigh, this kiss divine;
The sunlight penitently streaming down
Shines through the paling leaf like thinnest
wine

Quaff'd in the clear air of a mountain town.

Farewell! For old love's sake I kiss thy
hands;

Go on thy way; away to other lands
That love thee less, and need thee less than
we;

Pour out thy passion on some desert sands,
Forget thy lover of the Northern Sea.



Away with fond pretence; let winter come
With snow that strikes the heaviest footfall
dumb.

We know the worst, and face his rage with
glee;

And, though the world without be ne'er so
glum,

Sit by the hearth, and dream and talk—of

Yes, come again with earliest April; stay,
Thyself once more, through the fair time
when day

Clasps hand with day, through the brief
hush of night—

A twilight bower of roses, where in play
Dance little maidens through from light to
light.

Birds of a Feather.

[Lord HAWKE's team of Cricketers were beaten
at Manheim by the Philadelphians by eight wickets
whereat the *Philadelphia Ledger* cockadoodles con-
siderably. The Britishers, however, won the return
match somewhat easily.]

THE Yankee Eagle well might squeal and
squawk [HAWKE.

At having licked the British bird (Lord)
But when that HAWKE his brood had "pulled
together," [feather."

That Eagle found it yet might "moult a
Go it, ye friendly-fighting fowls! But know
'Tis only "Roosters" who o'er conquest crow!

HOME SWEET HOME!

(By one who believes there's no place like it.)

SWEET to return (for home the Briton hankers,
After an exile of two months or so,
Swiss or Italian). Sweet—to find your
Banker's

Balance getting low.

Sweet to return from Como or Sorrento,
Meshed in their shimmering net of drowsy
sheen,

Into a climate that you know not when to
Really call serene.

Sweet to return from
hostelries whose
waiters

Rush to fulfil your
slightest word or
whim,

Back to a cook who
passionately
eaters [him.

Not for you, but

Sweet to return from
Table - d' Hôtes
disgusting

(Oh, how you grumbled at the *Sausse Ro-*
maine!)

Fresh to the filmy succulence incrusting
Solid joints again.

Sweet to return from Innkeepers demurely
Pricing your candle at a franc unshamed,
Back to a land where perquisites are surely
Never, never claimed.

Sweet to return from bargaining, disputing,
Pourboires and *Trinkgelds* grudgingly be-
stowed—

Unto the simple charioteers of Tooting,
Or the Cromwell Road.

Sweet to return from "all those dreadful
tourists,"

Such mixed society as chance allots,
E'en to the social splendour of the purists
Of those sparkling spots.

Sweet to return to bills and fogs and duty!
(Some of the latter at our Custom House)
Sweet, after smaller game, to hail the beauty
Of the British mouse!

Sweet too the sight of cockchafer; and
sweet 'll

Welcome the pilgrim doomed too long to
roam, [beetle
England's tried sentinel, the black, black
With his "Home, sweet Home!"



LONDON'S DILEMMA; OR, "FAIR ROSAMOND" UP TO DATE.

(Lately-discovered Fragments of a valuable and interesting "Variant" of the old Ballad Story.)

* * * * *

WHENAS VICTORIA rulde this land,
The firste of that greate name,
Faire Loundonne, of the cockneyes lovde,
Attaynd to power and fame.

Most peerlesse was her splendoure founde,
Her favour, and her face;
Yet was there one thing marred her weale,
And wroughte her dire disgrace.

Her dower was all that showered golde,
Like Danaë's, could her lende,
Yet dwelt she in the ogreish holde
Of fell and fearsome fiende.

Yea Loundonne Towne, faire Loundonne
Towne,
Her name was calléd so,
To whom the Witch Monopolie
Was known a deadly foe.

* * * * *

Now when ye Countie Councile woke,
And FARRER rose to fame,
With envious heart Monopolie
To Loundonne straightway came.

"Cast off from thee those schemes," said she,
"That greate and costlye bee,
And drinke thou up this deadlye cup,
Which I have brought to thee!"

"Take pitty on my awkward plight!"
 Faire Loundonne she dyd crye,
 "And lett me not with poison stronge
 Enforcéd be to dye!"

Then out and laught that wicked Witch:
 "If that you will not drinke,
 This dagger choose! Though you be riche,
 You'll shrinke from *that*, I thinke."

The dagger was a magic blayde,
 With figures graven o'er,
 Which, as you gazed thereon, did seeme
 To growe to more and more.

"Nay," quoth the faire Loundonne, "'tis but
 choyce
 'Twixt dyvill and deepe sea!
 I praye thee take thyself awaye,
 And leave the jobbe to me!"

But nothyng could this grasping Witch
 Therewith appeased be.
 The cup of deadlye poison stronge,
 As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drinke,
 Who tooke it in her hande,
 Then from her bended knees arose,
 And on her feet did stande.

And casting Council-wards her eyes,
 She did for rescue call,
 When—[*Fragments further may be founde,
 At presente thys is alle!*]

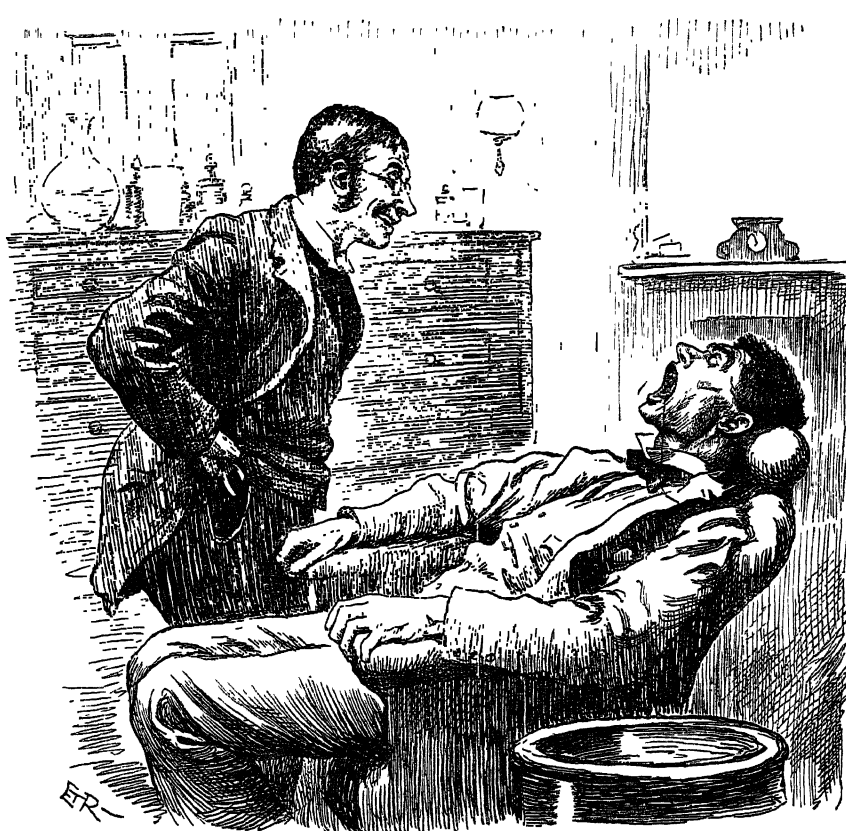
If close recherche, as welle we hope,
 Perchaunce complete ye texte,
 This ballade, as scribes saye, shall be
 "Continued in our next!"

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

WANTED, a few good extra Judges, who will be prepared to do all the work at present delayed or neglected by the existing members of the Bench. They will be expected to dispense with all vacations except a week at Christmas, five days at Easter, and a fortnight from the first to the fifteenth of October. They will devote their entire time to the service of the State, both day and night. Their day will be devoted to business in the High Court of Justice in the Strand, and when required they will go Circuit (by special express) sitting at the various assizes from 9 P.M. until 3 A.M., returning to London by trains timed to reach the Metropolis sufficiently early to allow of the usual morning sitting. They will be further required to consider their leisure (if any) entirely at the disposal of those members of the Bar and Solicitors who require it. If they do this punctually and diligently, without knocking up, they will be permitted to draw salaries computed at the rate of about one-third of the emoluments received by a third-rate Queen's Counsel; and if they grow lazy, or are incapacitated by illness, they will be rewarded by a number of personal attacks in the London newspapers. Applications to be sent to the Lord Chancellor (endorsed "Extra Judges to suppress outside clamour") as early as possible. Every candidate for an appointment will be expected to be as strong as a horse, and as insensible to feeling as the back of a rhinoceros.



Big Drinkers, Moderate Drinkers, and Little Drinkers—this is the Tipple Alliance!



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 3.

WHEN HIS DENTIST WILL SUSPEND OPERATIONS TO TELL HIM FUNNY STORIES.

Gilbert à Beckett.

BORN, APRIL 7, 1837. DIED, OCT. 15, 1891.

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."
 TENNYSON.

GILBERT the Good! Title, though high, well
 earned [burned]
 By him through whose rare nature brightly
 The fire of purity,
 Undimmed, unflickering, like some altar flame
 Sky-pointing ever. Friend, what thought of
 Hath coldest heart for thee? [blame
 A knightly-priest or priestly-knight wert
 thou,
 Man of the radiant eye and reverent brow;
 Chivalry closely knit
 With fervent faith in thee indeed were blent;
 Thought upon high ideals still intent,
 And a most lambent wit.

Serene, though with a power of scathing scorn
 For all things mean or base. Sorrow long
 borne,
 Though bowing, soured not thee,
 Bereaved, health-broken, still that patient
 smile [guile
 Wreathed the pale lips which never greed or
 Shaped to hypocrisy.

A saintly-hearted wit, a satirist pure,
 Mover of mirth spontaneous as sure,
 And innocent as mad;
 Incongruous freak and frolic phantasy
 Were thy familiar spirits, quickening glee
 And wakening laughter glad.

Dainty as *Ariel*, yet as *Puck* profuse [use
 Of the "preposterous," was that wit, whose
 Was ever held "within

The limits of becoming mirth." His whim
 Never shy delicacy's glance could dim,
 Or move the cynic grin.

But that fate's hampering hand lay on him
 long
 He might have won in drama and in song
 A more enduring name.
 But he is gone, the gentle, loyal, just,
 Whence all these things fall earthward with
 the dust
 Of fleeting earthly fame.

Gone from our board, gone from the home he
 loved!
 With what compassion are his comrades
 moved
 For those who sit alone
 With memories of him! Gracious memories
 all!
 A thought to lighten, like that flower, his
 pall,
 And hush love's troubled moan.

Farewell, fine spirit! To be owned thy friend
 Was something to illumine the unwelcome end
 Of comradeship below.
 A loving memory long our board will grace,
 In fancy, with that sweet ascetic face,
 That brow's benignant glow.

Rhyme at Rhyl.

(By a Listening Layman.)

If Cleric Congresses could only care
 A little less for the mere Church and Steeple,
 Parochial pomp and power in lion's share,
 And have one aim—to purify the People,
 They need not shrink from Disestablishment,
 Or any other secular enormity;
 Unselfish love of Man destroys Dissent,
 True Charity provokes no Nonconformity.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XI.

SCENE—A Balcony outside the Musik-Saal of the Insel Hotel, Constance. Miss PRENDERGAST is seated; CULCHARD is leaning against the railing close by. It is about nine; the moon has risen, big and yellow, behind the mountains at the further end of the lake; small black boats are shooting in and out of her track upon the water; the beat of the steamers' paddles is heard as they come into harbour. CULCHARD has just proposed.

Miss Prendergast (after a silence). I have always felt very strongly with RUSKIN, that no girl should have the cruelty to refuse a proposal—

Culchard (with alacrity). RUSKIN is always so right. And—er—where there is such complete sympathy in tastes and ideas, as I venture to think exists in our own case, the cruelty would—

Miss P. Pray allow me to finish! "Refuse a proposal at once" is RUSKIN's expression. He also says (if my memory does not betray me), that "no lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once." You will find the passage somewhere in "Fors."

Culch. (whose jaw has visibly fallen). I cannot say I recall it at this moment. Does he hold that a lover should expect to be accepted by—er—instalments, because, if so—

Miss P. I think I can quote his exact words. "If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years—"

Culch. (stiffly). No doubt that course is open to her. But why seven, and where is he expected to go?

Miss P. (continuing calmly). "He vowing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance."

Culch. I feel bound to state at once that, in my own case, my position at Somerset House would render anything of that sort utterly impracticable.

Miss P. Wait, please—you are so impetuous. "If she likes him a little,"—(CULCHARD'S brow relaxes)—"or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her."—(CULCHARD makes a movement of relief and gratitude)—"putting him always on sharp trial, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth."

Culch. (grimly). "Figuratively" is a distinct concession on RUSKIN's part. Still, I should be glad to know—

Miss P. If you will have a little more patience, I will make myself clear. I have always determined that when the—ah—occasion presented itself, I would deal with it on Ruskinian principles. I propose in your case—presuming of course that you are willing to be under vow for me—to adopt a middle course.

Culch. You are extremely good. And what precise form of—er—penance did you think of?

Miss P. The trial I impose is, that you leave Constance to-morrow—with Mr. PODBURY.

Culch. (firmly). If you expect me to travel for seven years with him, permit me to mention that I simply cannot do it. My leave expires in three weeks.

Miss P. I mentioned no term, I believe. Long before three weeks are over we shall meet again, and I shall be able to see how you have borne the test. I wish you to correct, if possible, a certain intolerance in your attitude towards Mr. PODBURY. Do you accept this probation, or not?

Culch. I—ah—suppose I have no choice. But you really must allow me to say that it is not precisely the reception I anticipated. Still, in your service, I am willing to endure even PODBURY—for a strictly limited period; that I do stipulate for.

Miss P. That, as I have already said, is quite understood. Now go and arrange with Mr. PODBURY.

Culch. (to himself, as he retires). It is most unsatisfactory; but at least PODBURY is disposed of!

The same Scene, a quarter of an hour later. PODBURY and Miss PRENDERGAST.

Podbury (with a very long face). No, I say, though! RUSKIN doesn't say all that?

Miss P. I am not in the habit of misquoting. If you wish to verify the quotation, however, I daresay I could find you the reference in *Fors Clavigera*.

Podb. (ruefully). Thanks—I won't trouble you. Only it does seem rather rough on fellows, don't you know. If everyone went on his plan—well, there wouldn't be many marriages! Still, I never thought you'd say "Yes" right off. It's like my cheek, I know, to ask you at all; you're so awfully clever and that. And if there's a chance for me, I'm game for anything in the way of a trial. Don't make it stiffer than you can help, that's all!

Miss P. All I ask of you is to leave me for a short time, and go and travel with Mr. CULCHARD again.

Podb. Oh, I say, Miss PRENDERGAST, you know. Make it something else. Do!

Miss P. That is the task I require, and I can accept no other. It is nothing, after all, but what you came out here to do.

Podb. I didn't know him then, you see. And what made me agree to come away with him at all is beyond me. It was all HUGHIE ROSE's doing—he said we should get on together like blazes. So we have—very like blazes!

Miss P. Never mind that. Are you willing to accept the trial or not?

Podb. If you only knew what he's like when he's nasty, you'd let me off—you would, really. But there, to please you, I'll do it. I'll stand him as long as ever I can—upon my honour I will. Only you'll make it up to me afterwards, won't you now?

Miss P. I will make no promises—a true knight should expect no reward for his service, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (blankly). Shouldn't he? I'm a little new to the business, you see, and it does strike me—but never mind. When am I to trot him off?

Miss P. As soon as you can induce him to go—to-morrow, if possible.

Podb. I don't believe he'll go, you know, for one thing!

Miss P. (demurely). I think you will find him open to persuasion. But go and try, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (to himself, as he withdraws). Well, I've let myself in for a nice thing! Rumpest way of treating a proposal I ever heard of. I should just like to tell that fellow RUSKIN what I think of his precious ideas. But there's one thing, though—she can't care about CULCHARD, or she wouldn't want him carted off like this... Hooray, I never thought of that before! Why, there he is, dodging about to find out how I've got on. I'll tackle him straight off.

[CULCHARD and PODBURY meet at the head of the staircase, and speak at the same moment.]



Culch. Er—PODBURY it has occurred to me that we might—
Podb. I say, CULCHARD, we really ought to—

Podb. Hullo! we're both of one mind for once, eh? (*To himself.*) Poor old beggar! Got the sack! That explains a lot. Well, I won't tell him anything about this business just now.

Culch. So it appears. (*To himself.*) Had his *quietus*, evidently. Ah, well, I won't exult over him.

[*They go off together to consult a time-table.*]

Miss P. (on the balcony, musing). Poor fellows! I couldn't very well say anything more definite at present. By the time I see them again, I may understand my own heart better. Really, it is rather an exciting sensation, having two suitors under yow and doing penance at the same time—and all for my sake! I hope, though, they won't mention it to one another—or to Bob. Bob does not understand these things, and he might—but, after all, there are only two of them. And *RUSKIN* distinctly says that every girl who is worth anything ought always to have half-a-dozen or so. Two is really quite moderate.

A TOO-ENGAGING MAIDEN'S REPLY.

(*By Mr. Punch's kind permission.*)

YES, I read your effusion that lately got printed,
 And at first never guessed there was anything meant.
 But when someone suggested that something was hinted,
 On your verses some time I reluctantly spent.

They are fair—and perhaps you consider them clever,

You're a poet, no doubt, of a *minor* degree,
 But I never was startled so strangely—no, never!

As to learn that the lady you mentioned was
 In the coolest of ways you sum up my attractions,

Pray allow me to turn my attention to you.
 You are good, I believe, at the vulgarlest fractions,

You have cheek and assurance sufficient for
 You are what people reckon "a nice sort of fellow,"

Your sense of importance very strongly you
 You are bilious, you've got a complexion of yellow,

You are plainer than I am—which says a
 "Am I free altogether from blame in the matter?"

And as to my frowning, I don't know the
 Do you really imagine that insolent chatter
 Can affect me, or that I care for what people say?

With fervent adorers around by the dozen,

For whom but my word is the law of their life,

Do you think I'd occasion to pitch on a cousin,

And announce that you wanted myself as your wife?

Do not think I am angry, I am good at forgiving,
 Have my constant refusals then made you so sour?
 Even poets in *Punch* have to write for their living,
 And must wear their poor lives out at so much the hour.
 I am weary and tired of being proposed to,
 And at times I'm afraid it will injure my brain,
 But my heart for the future yourself, mind, is closed to,
 So don't, I implore, come proposing again.

A REAL BURNING QUESTION.—What should be done with the mischievous and malicious noodles who communicate false alarms (to the number of 518 in one year) to the London Fire Brigade, by means of the fire-alarm posts fixed for public convenience and protection in the public thoroughfares? The almost appropriate Stake is out of date, but *Mr. Punch* opines that the Pillory would be none too bad for them.

THE BULL, THE BEAR, AND THE OXUS.—Russia, it is asserted, "intends to annex the whole of the elevated plateaus known as the Pamirs, and all parts of Afghanistan north of a straight line drawn from Lake Victoria to the junction of the Kotcha River with the Oxus." JOHN BULL might say, "I should like to Kotcha at it!"

SOME LONDON "FIENDS."

(*How to Exercise, after reading Correspondence on the subject in several "Dailies."*)

The "Walking-stick and Umbrella Fiend."

PROVIDE yourself with a steel-plated umbrella (carriage size), with a "non-conducting" handle. When open in a shower, where people are hurrying, let the framework bristle with sharp penknife points. Held firmly in front of you, you will find everyone get out of your way. In entering a crowded omnibus or railway carriage, by touching a knob, let the heat generated by the electric current instantly cause the whole to become "red-hot." Dexterously moved about in front of you, you will find this a most thoroughly protecting weapon, clearing instantly a large space on each side of you, and even sometimes involving the summoning of the conductor or guard, with a view to your removal either to another compartment, or even a general request for your expulsion from the vehicle altogether. This may lead possibly to your enjoyment of an entire compartment to yourself; for, of course, you will point out that you cannot be expected to travel without your umbrella, which, after all, happens merely to be constructed on a newly-patented principle.



The "Hansom Cab Fiend."

This is easily overcome. You have merely to employ an agent to purchase a second-hand steam-roller for you, put in a high-pressure boiler, and the thing is done. With practice, you can easily get eight miles an hour out of one of these excellent machines, and you will find a general indifference as to the rule of the road, especially if you turn a corner or two at a stiff pace, act as a capital "road-clearer." Even the smartest butcher's cart will do its best to get out of your way when it sees you coming.

The "Piano Organ, German Band, and General Street Music Fiend."

Get (your best way is through a friend at the Admiralty) several fog-horns rejected by the Department on account of their excessive and unbearable shrillness. Whenever any sort of street music commences at either end of your street, turn on, by an apparatus specially arranged in your area, the full force of the above. This will not only overpower your would-be tormentors, but bring every householder in the neighbourhood to his street-door begging you to desist. You have merely to say, "When they stop, I turn off," to get them to comprehend the situation. It may possibly lead to the intervention of the police, probably in some force; but the net result will be that you will, for that morning, at least, enjoy a quiet street.

There are other London fiends removable by various measures, concerning which much might be said if they were not actionable.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN
 "BREAKING IN" HIS SHOOT-
 ING-BOOTS.

"GRATITUDE—A SENSE OF FAVOURS TO COME."—*Mr. SWINBURNE* unexpectedly says a good word for the much be-mocked *BOWDLER*. "No man (he says), ever did better service to *SHAKESPEARE* than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children." Can *Mr. SWINBURNE* be "protipating" the period when another *BOWDLER* may be called upon to do a similar "service" for the author of *Poems and Ballads*?



FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

(As they are Spoke at ze Country 'Ouse.)

Hostess. "OH—ER—J'ESPAIR KER VOOS AVVY TROOVY VOTRE—VOTRE—ER—ER—VOTRE COLLAR STUD, BARRONG?"
M. le Baron. "OH, I ZANK YOU, YES! I FIND 'EEM ON MY CHEST OF TROWSERS!"

"AFTER YOU!"

"I am sure I may say, on behalf of all those whose names are mentioned (for the Leadership of the House of Commons), that we do not understand what selfishness is in the Public Service. Everyone of us would prefer that someone else should hold that high and honourable office."—*Sir M. Hicks-Beach at Stockton-on-Tees.*

Eminent official Altruist loquitor:—

OH, is there such a vice as unholy love of self. In the Public Service, too? 'Tis a thing I can't believe.

If I thought we could be moved by the love of power or pelf, [greatly grieve.
To compete for premier office I should very
But oh no, oh deary no! I am sure it can't
be so. [course it isn't true.
We don't even "understand it," so of
When we're called upon to go, each will say,
all louting low,
"After you!"

We are not "competitive," like those naughty
goddesses [pine-clad peak.
Who poor Paris fluttered so upon Ida's

Of his "choice"—through selfishness—that
young shepherd made a mess,
But our Shepherd, SALISBURY, will not be
so wildly weak;
And our claims *we* shall not urge to compul-
sion's very verge,
On the contrary each one thinks that
"another" best will do.
"No, loved comrade" (each will say) "let
me make my 'splendid splurge'
"After you!"

Look at GOSCHEN! Can't you see he regards
with perfect glee
The prospect of promotion of his faithful
friend BALFOUR.
He doesn't want to lead. Ah no, indeed,
indeed!
Do you think that off friend ARTHUR
JOACHIM can wish to score?
Upon the Treasury Bench did he ever try to
trench
On the province of the Leader for the time,
no matter who?
He would cry, "Dear ARTHUR, No! from
priority I blench,—
"After you!"

Then bland 'BALFOUR' in his turn such crude
selfishness would spurn
As the wish to prove himself popular more
than soft J. G.,
With a most becoming blush his pale cheek,
I'm sure, would burn,
If his uncle should cry, "Come, nephew
dear, and second me!"
He would hint at nepotism, and the chance of
secret schism.
"Let the mild ex-Liberal lead, I will be
his henchman true!"
He would cry, with selfless joy on his brow
like a pure chrism,
"After you!"

And as for simple Me! Oh, it's utter fiddle-
de-dee
To suppose that I possess, or desire, the
least look in.
No, selfishness, my friends, we unitedly agree
In Party life is just *the* unpardonable sin,
Which "we do not understand," like that
other little game
That AH-SIN, reluctant, played, with some
small success 'tis true.
But *we've* no sleeve-hidden card as we cry,
with modest shame,
"After you!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The *St. James's Gazette* says:—"There are forty-seven divorces in the United States for every one in the United Kingdom." Evidently "United" is something more than *anagrammatically* identical with "Untied."

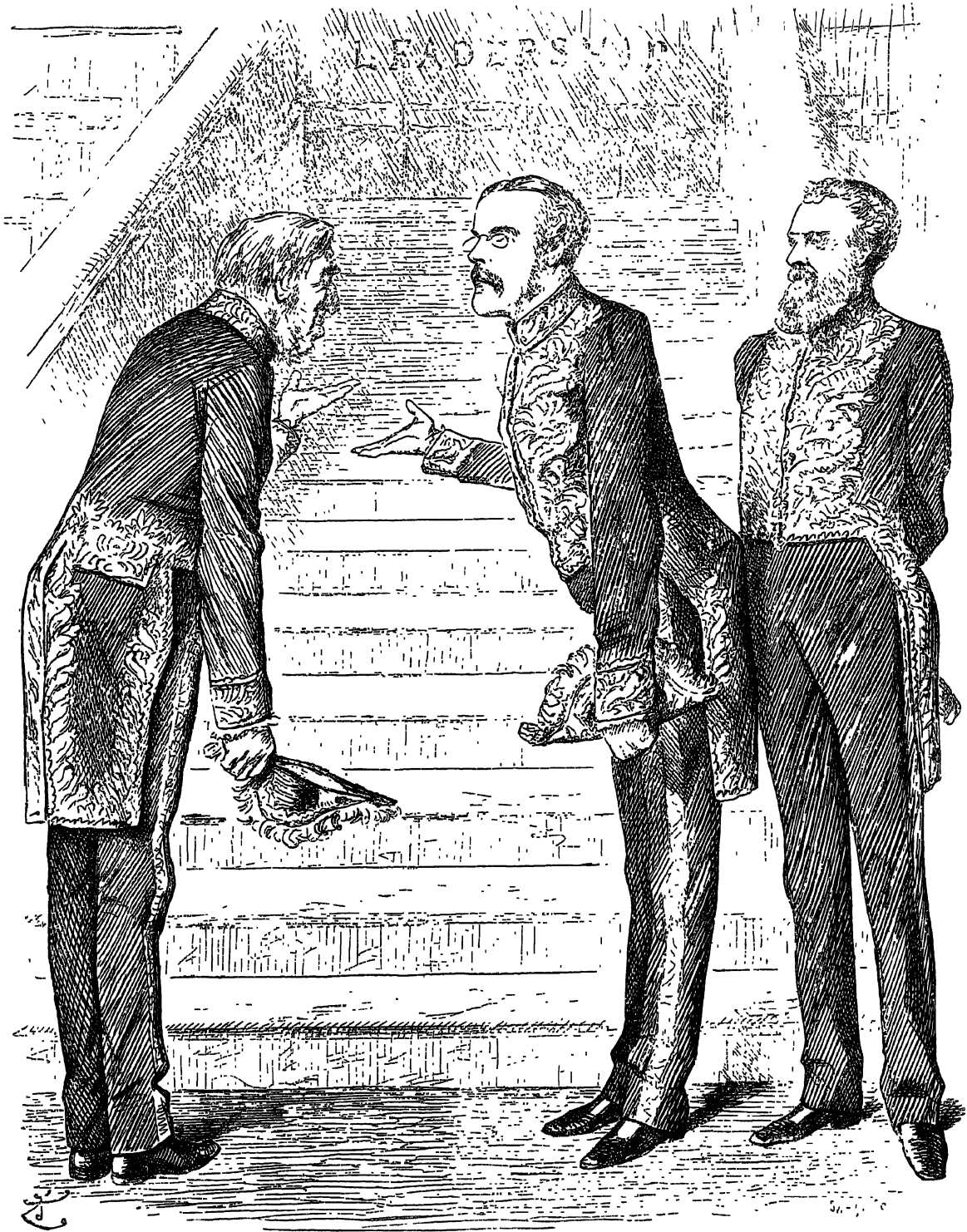
"GRAY'S ELEGY" AMENDED.

"I have often thought that GRAY's *Elegy* was defective in having no verse commemorative of the sequestered and unsophisticated philanthropy of the village doctor."—*Sir James Crichton-Browne at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.*

AND one lies here of whom the scoffer said,
He did his best the green churchyard to fill;
None ever looks upon his lowly bed,
Without the recollection of a pill.

He lived sequestered, and he died unknown,
A truly unsophisticated man;
A medicine-glass adorns his humble stone,
And thus the epitaph they graved him ran:

"Here Doctor BOLUS lies, to dose no more;
His charge was moderate, but quite enough:
Death left a last prescription at the door,
And then the doctor had his 'Quantum
suff.'"



“AFTER YOU!”

“HE BELIEVED THAT EVERYONE OF THEM WOULD PREFER THAT SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD HOLD THAT HIGH AND HONOURABLE OFFICE.”—SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at *Stockton-on-Tees*.

HARRYING OUR HAKIMS.

[A medical journal suggests that all candidates for Medical Degrees should be required to give proof of good handwriting, in order to put an end to indistinct prescriptions.]

A FEW additional requirements, we believe, have been under consideration, of which the following are a sample:—

All candidates for the M.B. Degree to be able to count up to fifty. Candidates who are more than fifty not to count.

Nobody to become a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons until he has mastered Simple Addition and Compound Fractions.

Members of the Royal College of Physicians will henceforth be expected to know their Weights (with boots off) and Measures (round the waist). Troy weight only. "Scruples" not allowed. Good knowledge of Multiplication Table indispensable for dispensers.

No candidate to be accepted for a Degree unless he either has a good "bed-side manner," or undertakes to develop one as soon as possible.

Any candidate to be at once ploughed unless he can answer all the following questions:—

1. What would you do if asked to hold a consultation with a practitioner whom you have every reason to suppose an incapable quack?

2. If a good paying patient, suffering from no ailment whatever, called you in with a view to getting a week's holiday at the seaside by medical orders, how would you reconcile a desire to oblige that pardonable weakness with a strict regard for veracity?

3. When the parents of a large family, who do their duty manfully by calling you in about twice a week, and from whom therefore you derive a not inconsiderable proportion of your income, object to have an infant vaccinated at the proper time, because they erroneously consider it to be unprofit for the operation, which would you feel inclined to strain—friendship, or the law ?

4. Do you believe in Influenza?

5. Have you ever seen a Microbe?

6. "In the multitude of visits there is safety." Comment on this declaration. How many visits do you think a common catarrh will support? Give reasons.

7. What is the etiquette about Red Lamps?

“HORSE AND ‘RYDER.’”—Last week, on the 15th, as was reported in the *Globe*, and elsewhere, “a humble crossing-sweeper,” named RYDER, stopped a runaway cab-horse (a great rarity this, too) just as he was about to descend headlong the steps of the Duke of York’s column, and so saved the two passengers, who, we hope, in consideration of what he has done for *their* lives, have settled something handsome upon him for *his* life. If not, the proposition is here made, and after the prop comes the RYDER.

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.—Prizes are being offered for "Good Ghost Stories." This may mean *Stories of Good Ghosts*; but supplying the hyphen and supposing that the requirement is for "Good Ghost-stories," then *Mr. Punch* makes a present of a good title to any sanguine amateur who may compete. Let him call his story, "A Ghost of a Chance." And *Mr. Punch* wishes he may get it!

PENNY FOOLISH.—Somebody has published a penny *A B C* of *Theosophy*. To the appeal of this Occult *A B C* the enlightened public will probably be *D E F*.

"QUI DORT, DÎNE," ET "QUI DÎNE, DORT."—A man who "goes nap" *at* dinner, is pretty safe to go nap immediately *after* it.



WATER V. WINE.

"HOLD! ENOUGH!"

ONLY FANCY!

(From Mr. Punch's Own
Rumourists.)

It is not generally known that the Emperor of RUSSIA visited London the other day on his way to Paris, where he is to hold an important secret conference with the President of the Republic and M. BLOWITZ. His Imperial Majesty's disguise was complete, consisting as it did of an aquiline nose of considerable size, and a second-hand gaberdine of primitive cut. He visited the principal Music Halls of the Metropolis and left by the last train for Surbiton, where his private yacht was in waiting to convey him to Marseilles, and so on to Paris by the new French canal system.

Monaco has adhered to the Triple Alliance. The negotiations thus brought to a successful issue, have been for a long time in progress. Obligations of honour, which no longer exist, have hitherto compelled me, as your Correspondent, to keep secret the fact that amongst the *croupiers* of the *rente-et-quarante* tables at the

Casino for the past three months have been the Chancellors of the German and Austrian Empires, and the MARCHESI DI RUFINI, who, thus disguised, carried out their delicate mission to the Court of Monaco. By this post I send you the draft treaty by which Monaco engages, in the event of war, to furnish a completely equipped contingent of ten men.

The **BARON DE BOOK-WORMS** arrived in town yesterday afternoon and transacted business at his office in Bouverie Street, afterwards returning to his country seat at Stow-in-the-Wold.

BROWNING SOCIETY VERSES.

[Dr. FURNIVALL announces that the Browning Society is about to be dissolved.]

HARK! 'tis the knell of the Browning Society,
Wind-bags are bursting all round us to-day;
FURNIVALL fails, and for want of his diet he
Pines like a love-stricken maiden away.

Long has he fed upon cackle and platitude,
FURNIVALL sauce to a dish full of dearth,
Still, in the favourite FURNIVALL attitude,
Grubbing about like a mole in the earth.

Now must he vanish, the mole-hills are flat again,
(Follies grow fewer it seems by degrees);
Lovers of BROWNING may laugh and grow fat again,
Rid of the jargon of Furnivallese.

NEW AND OLD TERMS.—“Slate, Slite, Slote, Slitten,” is the title of an amusing article in the *Saturday Review*, on the derivation of the verb “to slate.” How “slote” comes in is not quite evident, but that when the pages of a dull book are “slitten” by the paper-knife, it will be read and slated by a critic, and then “slited” (or “slichted”) by the public, is quite sufficient without “putting a penny in the ‘slote,’” on the chance of getting something better.

So LIKE HIM!—Tuesday last week was the seventieth birthday of Professor VIRCHOW. He has refused all titles and emoluments, observing that "VIRCHOW is its own reward."

VERY POP-ULAR!—Through the *Times* came the information that, since the famine, the Russian Officers have given up drinking champagne. Their conduct is really quite *Magnuminous*!

"ADSCRIPTUS GLEBÆ."

["He (Mr. GOSCHEN) was in favour of giving the agricultural labourer every opportunity of becoming more attached to the soil."—*Mr. Goschen at Cambridge.*]

ATTACHED to the soil! Pretty optimist phrase
We are so, and have been, from *Gurth's* simpler days,
Though now platform flowers of speech—pleasant joke!—
May wreath the serf's ring till men scarce see the yoke.
Attached to the soil! The soil clings to our souls!
Young labour's scant guerdon, cold charity's doles,
The crow-scarer's pittance, the poor-house's aid
All smell of it! Tramping with boots thickly clayed
From brown field or furrow, or lowered at last
In our special six-feet by the sexton up-cast,
We smack of the earth, till we earthy have grown,
Like the mound that Death gives us—best friend—for our own.
We tramp it, we delve it, we plough it, this soil,
And a grave is the final reward of our toil.
Attached? The attachment of love is one thing,
The attachment of profit another. *Gurth's* ring
Is our form of attachment at bottom, Sir, still,
And to favour *that* bond HODGE doubts not your good will.
But when others talk of improving our lot
By possession of more than a burial plot,
By pay for our toil, and by balm for our troubles,
You ban all such prospects as "radiant bubbles."
Declare "under-currents of plunder" run through
All plans for our aid save those favoured by you.
Attached to the soil! Ah! how many approve
That attachment, when founded on labour and love!
But about "confiscation" they chatter and fuss
At all talk of attaching the soil to poor us!

FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

SCENE—*Manager's Room of the Ideal Theatre.*
Present—*Committee of Taste.*

Manager. Now, you fellows, I think we have settled what to do next. Carry out the notion of an afternoon performance of the Ideal Drama. We have got the moderate guarantee, and the good stock

company, and hope to receive the co-operation of the leading artists from other theatres. Isn't that so?

Auditor. Yes, I can answer for the moderate guarantee—about £20—in the bank.

Stage Manager. And the good stock company was imported early this morning from Ireland. All very good Shakspearian actors with a taste of a brogue to give their remarks pungency.

Manager. That's all right. And what is the play?

First Member of the Committee of Taste. "Demons," by the Master.

Second Ditto. No, let us have something newer. Why not an adaptation (by myself) of that charming work by SODALA—I call it *Blood and Thunder*?

Manager (producing halfpenny). By the rules of the Company we toss for it. (*Throws up coin.*) Heads!—*Blood and Thunder* wins. We will do *Blood and Thunder*. Well, now as to casting it. Anything for IRVING in it?

Second Mem. Oh, yes—if he would play it. A Policeman who dies by cutting his throat in Scene 1. Not the sort of part he usually selects, but capital.

First Mem. It is not for Mr. IRVING to pick and choose, it is the cause of Art we serve.

Second Mem. Well, yes. We might telephone and learn his views on the subject.

Manager. All right! Ah, here we have the piece! Rather long, but the parts seem mild enough. Who's to do this soldier—a sort of heavy dragoon, with a cold, who dies in the First Scene of the Second Act?

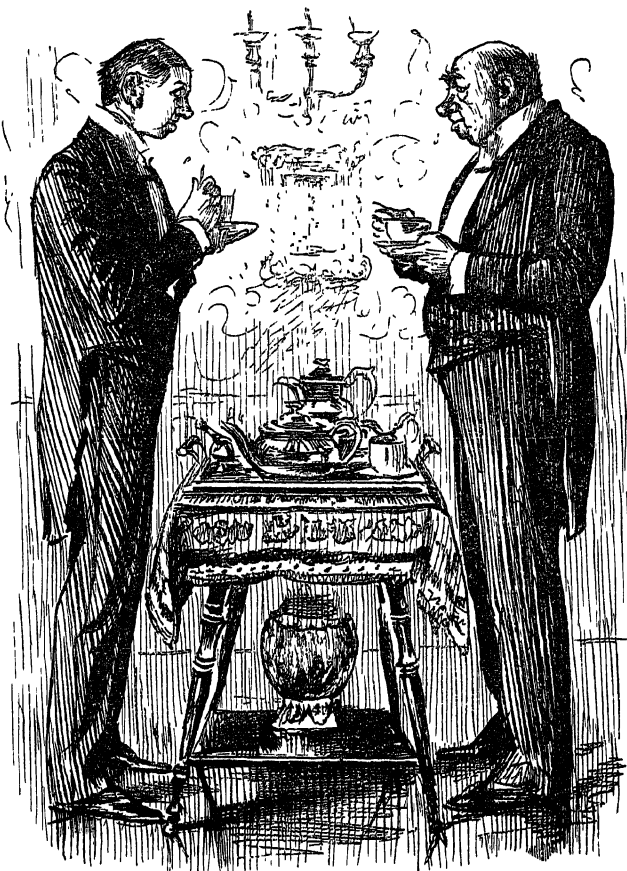
Second Mem. Oh, anybody! KENDAL or FARREN; or if they can't, then HARE or LIONEL BROUGH.

Manager. But do you think they will like it? You see they each have their line, and—

First Mem. In the cause of Art they will be prepared to do anything. At least, they ought to be.

Manager. Well, we will telephone to them too. (*Subordinate takes further instructions.*) And now, how about the Ladies?

Second Mem. Oh, there are a lot of school-girls, and a woman who



MODEST AMBITION.

The Squire (to his Eldest Son, just home from the 'Varsity). "WELL, MY BOY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU SETTLED TO BE?"

The Squire's Son. "JUST A PLAIN COUNTRY GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, FATHER!"

dies by degrees of general paralysis. The girls, of course will be all right with—say, Miss EMERY, Miss LINDEN, Miss ALMA MURRAY, and Mrs. KENDAL. But we want two people to play the woman. First Act, Miss ELLEN TERRY; second and third, Miss GENEVIEVE WARD. To be properly played, both should be in it.

Manager. But how will that do? I do not think that Miss TERRY will care to—

First Mem. Nonsense! She is a most charming person, and will do anything in the cause of Art.

Subordinate (returning from telephone). Beg pardon, Gentlemen, but Messrs. KENDAL, FARREN, BROUGH and HARE say they are very sorry, but they are not at home; and Mr. IRVING presents his compliments, and would be delighted to do what we wish, but he fears he will be otherwise engaged. However, he says you have his sympathy, and his heart goes out to you. [*Exit.*]

Manager. Well, what shall we do?

Second Mem. Oh, there's VEZIN, and TERRIS, and PAULTON, and a heap more!

Subordinate (returning). Just heard from the Ladies, Gentlemen, and they send their kindest regards, but they are out too!

Acting Manager (entering). Well, how about the performance?

Members of the Council (together). Oh, it's nearly arranged!

Acting Man. Well, if I might suggest, as a person of considerable experience, it doesn't matter a jot whether you get a company together or not.

Members (as before). Why?

Acting Man. Because you won't get an audience!

[*Scene closes in upon further consultation.*]

Theosophic Tools.

(*By an Opponent of Occultism.*)

THE Theosophic Boom, its wordy strife

And futile fuss are fading out in "fizzle."

They talk a deal about their "planes of life,"

'Tis plain to me the fitter term were "chisel."

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG:

OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," says the old saw, and a wink is no doubt as good as a smile to a purblind ass. But the wink is indeed one of the worst uses to which the human eye can be put. It signifies usually the vulgarisation of humour, and the degradation of mirth. It is the favourite eye-language of the cynical cad, the coarse jester, the crapulous clown, and—above all—the chuckling cheat.

It must be admitted, that the Muse of the Music Hall—in her Momus mood—has a strong leaning towards the glorification of cynical 'cuteness of the *Autolycus* sort. It is a weakness which she seems to share with party scribes and Colonial politicians. If she had any classic leanings, which she has not, her favourite deity would be Mercury, the "winking Cyllenian Argophont" of the Homeric Hymn, the "little cradled rogue," the Apollo-cheating babe, "the lord of those who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal and shop-lift," under whom *Autolycus* prided himself upon having been "littered." *Autolycus's* complacent self-gratulation, "How bless'd are we that are not simple men!" would appeal to the heart of the Music-hall votary. "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman" is, virtually, the burthen of dozens of the most favourite of the Music-hall ditties.

Sly-scheming Hermes "winked" knowingly at Jupiter when he was "pitching his yarn" about the stolen oxen, and Jupiter "according to his wont,"

"Laughed heartily to hear the subtle
witted
Infant give such a plausible account,
And every word a lie."

So the Music-hall Muse "winks" knowingly, and knavishly, at her audience, and her audience "laugh heartily," in Jovian guffaws, at her winks. What wonder then that she should lyrically apostrophise "The Wink" in laudatory numbers?

"Say, boys, now is it quite the thing?" she cries in sham deprecation, but all the while she "winks the other eye" in a way her hearers quite un-

derstand. "Cabby knows his fare," and the Music-hall Muse knows her clients. What, we wonder, would be her reception did she really carry out her ironically pretended protest and sing to the chuckling cads who applaud her, the following version of her favourite lay?

No. II.—THE WINK OF ROGUERY'S EYE.

AIR—"Wink the Other Eye."

SAY, boys, whatever do men mean

When they wink the other eye?

Why, when "sharps" say the world is "green,"

Do they wink the other eye?

The Radicals and Tories both tell stories, not a few,
About Measures falsely promised, and reforms long overdue;
And when the simple Mob believes that every word is true.

Then they—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is it quite the thing!

Say, should we let them have their fling?

Ah, when they get us "on a string"

Then they wink the other eye!

Say, boys are Leaders to be loved,

When they wink the other eye?

By artful speech the Mob is moved,

Till it winks the other eye;

The optic Wink 's the language of the sly and sordid soul,

The mute freemasonry of Fraud, sign-post to Roguery's goal.

When Circe sees her votaries swine ready in sludge to roll

Then she winks the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, is it so fine a thing,
Low Cunning, which Cheat's laureates sing,
The Comus of the Mart and Ring,
Who—winks the other eye?

Say, boys, is Cunning's promise good,

When she winks the other eye?

Noddledom seeks her neighbourhood,

And winks its other eye.

For no one winks so freely as a fool who *thinks* he's sly;

The dupe of deeper knavery smirks in shallow mimicry

Of the smirking JERRY DIDDLE who is sucking him so dry,

And who winks the other eye.

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is the Wink a thing

Worthy of worship; will you fling

Your caps in air for the Knave-King

Who—winks the other eye?

The Politician plucks his geese,

Then he winks the other eye.

Brazen Fraud steals Trade's Golden Fleece,

Then he winks the other eye.

Autolycus pipes ballads; public pockets are his aim;*Rabagas* raves of "liberty"; advancement is his game;

And when their dupes aren't looking all these rogues do just

the same,

They—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, pæans will you sing

To winking harpies all a-wing

To prey on fools; who steal, and sting,

And—wink the other eye?

Wisdom may smile, but Cunning can't,

She winks the other eye.

Humour shall chortle, Mockery shan't,

She winks the other eye.

The stars above us twinkle and the dews beneath us blink,

All the eyes of Nature sparkle, and from merriment do not shrink,

The Language of the Eye of Cynic Knavery is—the Wink!

Roguery "winks the other eye!"

Chorus.—Say, boys, is it quite the thing?

"Dued me" * to fools the Diddlers sing;

Trust me 'tis Rascals in a Ring

Who wink the other eye!

* *Amiens*. What's that "dued me"?*Jaques*. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle."As You Like It," *Ac. II., Sc. 5.*

THE EVOLUTION OF TOMMY'S PRIVATE-SCHOOL REPORT.

1. *A rough draught, written by the under-master, who certainly has had rather a trying week with TOMMY.*

"I am unable to speak highly of either his intelligence or his industry; but occasionally he works well, and has undoubtedly made some progress this term. His conduct is not always good."

2. *Second rough draught; TOMMY in the meantime has missed a repetition and accidentally knocked down the black-board.*

"Exceptionally stupid and idle. Cannot be said to have made any progress whatever this term, although he has had every effort made with him. His conduct is abominable, noisy and unruly in the extreme."

3. *Fair copy to be submitted to the principal; of course, TOMMY had not intended to be overheard when he spoke of the under-master as "Old Pig-face," but this is the result.*

"A more idle and utterly worthless boy it has never been my misfortune to teach. Seems to have gone steadily backward all the term. Is most objectionable in his manners, and has no sense of honour."

4. *Fair copy, as amended by the principal; how was TOMMY to know that stone would break the conservatory window, and drive the principal to alter the report to this?*

"Would be better suited in a reformatory than in a school of this standing. Utterly depraved, vicious and idle, with marked criminal instincts. In intellect verges on the imbecile. Unless there is a marked improvement next term, I cannot keep him."

5. *Principal's final copy; it was fortunate that TOMMY happened to remark that he had four cousins who were, perhaps, coming next term. One can't lose four pupils, even if it makes it necessary to write like this.*

"A singularly bright and high-spirited boy; a little given to mischief, as all boys are, but quite amenable to discipline. My assistant speaks most highly of his progress this term, and of his general intelligence. He seems well suited by our system. His conduct is, on the whole, admirable. He is truthful and conscientious."

COUPLET BY A CYNIC.

"POETRY does not sell!" cry plaintive pleaders.
Alas! most modern Poetry *does*—its readers!

YOUNG GRANDOLPH'S BARTY.



Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty;
He hunts der lions now,
All in der lone Mashonaland,
But he does not "score"—somehow.
One Grand Old Lion he dared to peard,
Und he "potted" Earls and Dukes,
But eight or nine real lions at once,
He thinks are "trop de luzee."

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty,
But he scooted 'cross der sea,
Und he tidn't say to dem, "Come, my poys,
Und drafel along mit me!"

* Saus und Braus—Ger., Riot and Bustle.

YOUNG GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—
Where ish dat Barty now?
He fell'd in luf mit der African goldt;
Mit SOLLY he'd hat a row;
He dinks dat his secession
Would make der resht look plue,
But, before he drafel vast and var,
His Barty splhit in two.

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—
Dere vash B-LF-r, W-LFF, and G-RST,
Dey haf vorget deir "Leater,"
Und dat ish not deir vorst.
B-LF-r vill "boss" der Commons,
While GRANDOLPH—sore disgraced—
Ish "oop a tree," like der Bumble Bee,
Und W-LFF and G-RST are "placed."

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—
When he dat Barty led,
B-LF-r vash but a "Bummer,"
A loafing lollop-head.
Young Tories sohvore by GRANDOLPH,
(Dey schvear at GRANDOLPH now,)
Now at de feet of der "lank aesthete"
Der Times itshelf doth bow!

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty,
Dere all vash "Souze und Brouse."*
Now he hets not dat prave company
All in der Commons House,
To see him skywgle GL-DST-NE,
Und schlog him on der kop.
Young Tory bloods no longer shout
Till der SCHPEAKER bids dem shtop.

Und, like dat Rhine Mermaiden
"Vot hadn't got nodings on,"
Dey "don't dink mooch of beoplesh
Vat goes mit demsels alone!"

Young GRANDOLPH hat a Barty—
Where ish dat Barty now?
Where ish dat oder ARTHUR's song
Vot darkened der Champerlain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern,
De shtar of der Tory fight?
All gon'd afay, as on Woodcock's wing,
Afay in de ewigkeit!

(Afrikander.
Version of the
great Breit-
mann Ballad,
venned, "more
in sorrow than
in anger," by a
"Deutscher"
resident in the
distant regions
where the Cor-
respondent of
the "Daily
Graphic" is,
like der Herr
Breitmann
himself, "dra-
fellow" apout
like efery-
dings.")

OYSTERLESS.

(By an Impecunious Gourmet.)

[Oysters are very dear, and are likely, as the season advances, to be still higher in price.]

Oh, Oyster mine! Oh, Oyster mine!
You're still as exquisitely nice;
With perfect pearly tints you shine,
But you are such an awful price.
The lemon and the fresh cayenne,
Brown bread and butter and the stout
Are here, and just the same, but then
What if I have to leave you out?

What wonder that my spirits droop,
That life can bring me no delight,
When I must give up oyster soup,
So softly delicately white.
The curry powder stands anear,
The scallop shells, but what care I—
You're so abominably dear,
O Oyster! that I cannot buy.

With sad imaginative flights,
I think upon the days of yore;
Like TICKLER, on Ambrosian nights,
I have consumed thee by the score.
And still, whenever you appeared,
My pride it was to use you well;
I let the juice play round your beard,
And always on the hollow shell.



I placed you in the fair lark-pie,
With steak and kidneys too, of course;
Your ancestors were glad to die,
So well I made the oyster sauce.
I had you stewed and fealty tried,
And dipped in batter—think of that;
And, as a pleasant change, I've tried
You, skewered in rows, with bacon-fat.

"Where art thou, ALICE?" cried the bard.
"Where art thou, Oyster?" I exclaim.
It really is extremely hard,
To know thee nothing but a name.
For this is surely torment worse
Than DANTE heaped upon his dead;—
To find thee quite beyond my purse,
And so go oysterless to bed.

A PROPOS OF THE SECRETARY FOR WAR'S
ROSEATE AFTER-DINNER SPEECH (on the
entirely satisfactory state of the Army
generally).—(STAN-) "HOPE told a flattering
tale."

UNIVERSITY MEM.—The Dean of Christ
Church will keep his seat till Christmas, and
just a LIDDELL longer.

"CORRECT CARD, GENTS!"—"Wanted a Map of London" was the heading of a letter in the Times last Thursday. No, Sir! that's not what is wanted. There are hundreds of 'em, specially seductive pocket ones, with just the very streets that one wants to discover as short cuts to great centres carefully omitted. What is wanted is a correct map of London, divided into pocketable sections, portable, foldable, durable, on canvas,—but if imperfect, as so many of these small pocket catch-shilling ones are just now, although professedly brought up to date '91, they are worse than useless, and to purchase one is a waste of time, temper and money. We could mention an attractive-looking little map—which, but no— Publishers and public are hereby cautioned! N.B.—Test well your pocket map through a magnifying glass before buying. *Experto crede!*

THE RAVEN.

(Very Latest War-Office Version. See Mr. Stanhope's After-Dinner Speech at the Holborn Restaurant (Oct. 17), and Letter in "Times" (Oct. 21) on "Pangloss at the War Office.")



LATE, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, tired but cheery,
Over many an optimistic record of War Office lore;
Whilst I worked, assorting, mapping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone rudely rapping, rapping at my Office-door.
"Some late messenger," I muttered, "tapping at my Office-door—
Only this, but it's a bore."

I remember—being sober—it was in the chill October,
Light from the electric globe or horseshoe lighted wall and floor;
Also that it was the morrow of the Holborn Banquet; sorrow

Secretarial Pangloss sings:—

From the Blue Books croakers borrow—sorrow for the days of yore,
For the days when "Rule Britannia" sounded far o'er sea and shore.
Ah! it must have been a bore!

But on that let's draw the curtain. I am simply cock-sure—certain
That "our splendid little Army" never was so fine before.
It will take a lot of beating! Such remarks I keep repeating;
They come handy—after eating, and are always sure to score—
Dash that rapping chap entreating entrance at my Office-door!
It is an infernal bore!

Presently I grew more placid (Optimists should not be acid.) [drumming there no more.]
 "Come in!" I exclaimed—"confound you! Pray stand But the donkey still kept tapping. "Dolt!" I muttered, sharply snapping, [Office-door?
 "Why the deuce do you come rapping, rapping at my Yet not 'enter' when you're told to?"—here I opened wide the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Open next I flung the shutter, when, with a prodigious flutter, [moor.
 In there stepped a bumptious Raven, black as any blacka- Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he, [Office-door,
 But with scornful look, though shady, perched above my Perched upon BRITANNIA's bust that stood above my Office-door— Perched, and sat, and seemed to snore.

"Well," I said, sardonic smiling, "this is really rather riling;
 "It comports not with decorum such as the War Office bore In old days stiff and clean-shaven. Dub me a Gladstonian craven
 If I ever saw a Raven at the W. O. before. [of yore."
 Tell me what your blessed name is. "Rule Britannia" held Quoth the bird, "'Tis so no more!"

Much I marvelled this sophistic fowl to utter pessimistic Fustian, which so little meaning—little relevancy bore To the rule of me and SOLLY; but, although it may sound folly, [General" wore.
 This strange fowl a strange resemblance to "Our Only To the W-LS-L-Y whose pretensions to sound military lore Are becoming quite a bore.

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that much-peeled bust, spake only [precious poor.
 Of our Army as a makeshift, small, ill-manned, and Drat the pessimistic bird!—he grumbled of "the hurdy-gurdy [fought before,
 Marching—past side of a soldier's life in peace." "We've Winning battles with boy-troops," I cried, "We'll do as we before—"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Nonsense!" said I. "After dinner at the Holborn, as a winner [snore!)
 Spake I in the Pangloss spirit to the taxpayers, (Don't Told them our recruits—who'll master e'en unmerciful disaster, [yore,"
 Come in fast and come in faster, quite as good as those of "Flattering tales of (Stan) Hope!" cried the bird, whose dismal dirges bore, One dark burden—"Nevermore!"

"Hang it, Raven, this is riling!" cried I. "Stop your rude reviling! Then I wheeled my office-chair in front of bird and bust and door; And upon its cushion sinking, "I," I said, "will smash like winking This impeachment you are bringing, O you ominous bird of yore, O you grim, ungainly, ghastly, grumbling, gruesome feathered bore!"
 Croaked the Raven, "You I'll floor."

Then methought the bird looked denser, and his cheek became immenser.
 And he twaddled of VON MOLTKE, and his German Army Corps; "Flattering the tax-payers' vanity," and much similar insanity, In a style that lacked urbanity, till the thing became a bore.
 "Oh, get out of it!" I cried; "our little Army yet will score."
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "of all evil, that we're 'going to the devil' Has been the old croaker's gospel for a century, and more. Red-gilled Colonels this have haunted in BRITANNIA's ears undaunted, By their ghosts you must be haunted. Take a Blue-pill, I implore! When our Army meets the foe it's bound to lick him as of yore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "that's uncivil. You may go to—well, the devil! [o'er.
 That Establishments are 'short,' and 'standards' lowered o'er and That mere 'weeds,' with chests of maiden, cannot march with knap- That the heat of sultry Aden, or the cold of Labrador, [sack laden;
 Such can't stand, may be the truth; but keep it dark, bird, I implore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Then excuse me, we'll be parting, doleful fowl," I cried, upstarting; [shore!
 "Get thee back to—the Red River, or the Nile's sand-tumpered Leave no 'Magazine' as token of the twaddle you have spoken. What? BRITANNIA stoney-broken? Quit her bust above my door. Take thy hook from the War Office; take thy beak from off my door!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Aunt Jane. "THAT MAKES THREE WEDDINGS IN OUR FAMILY WITHIN A TWELVEMONTH! IT WILL BE FOUR TURN NEXT, MATILDA!"

Matilda. "OH, NO!"

Aunt Jane. "WELL, THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THINGS HAPPEN SOMETIMES, YOU KNOW!"

And the Raven still is sitting, croaking statements most unfitting, On BRITANNIA's much-peeled bust that's placed above my Office-door, And if Pangloss, e'en in seeming, lent an ear to his dark dreaming, Useless were official scheming, grants of millions by the score, For my soul were like the shadow that he casts upon the floor,
 Dark and dismal evermore!

TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY UP TO DATE.

"[The range of our inquiry was intended to include the whole migratory range for seals . . . Our movements were kept most secret."—*Sir George Baden-Powell on the Work of the Behring Sea Commission.*]

WE came, we saw, we—held our tongues (myself—BADEN-POWELL—and Mr. DAWSON.)

We popped on each seal-island "unbeknownst," and what we discovered we held our jaws on.

We'd five hundred interviews within three months, which I think "cuts the record" in interviewing.

Corresponded with 'Frisco, Japan, and Russia; so I hope you'll allow we've been "up and doing."

(Not up and saying, be't well understood). As TUPPER (the Honourable C. H., Minister

Of Fisheries) said, in the style of his namesake, "The fool imagines all Silence is sinister,

"But the wise man knows that it's often dexterous." Be sure no inquisitive shyness or bounce'll

Make us "too previous" with our Report, which goes first to the QUEEN and the Privy Council.

Some bigwig's motto is, "Say and Seal," but as TUPPER remarked a forefinger laying

To the dexter side of a fine proboscis, "Our motto at present is, Seal without saying!"

LEGAL QUERY.—The oldest of the thirteen Judges on the Scotch Bench is YOUNG. Any chance for a Junior after this?

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XII.

SCENE—In front of the *Hôtel Bodenhau* at *Splügen*. The *Diligence* for *Bellinzona* is having its team attached. An elderly Englishwoman is sitting on her trunk, trying to run through the last hundred pages of a novel from the *Hotel Library* before her departure. *PODBURY* is in the *Hotel*, negotiating for sandwiches. *CULCHARD* is practising his Italian upon a very dingy gentleman in smoked spectacles, with a shawl round his throat.

The *Dingy Italian* (suddenly discovering *CULCHARD*'s nationality). Ecco, siete Inglese! Lat us spika Ingelis. I onnerstan' 'im to ze bottom-side. (Laboriously, to *CULCHARD*, who tries to conceal his chagrin.) 'Ow menni time you employ to go since Coire at here? (C. nods with vague encouragement.) Vich manners of vezzer you vere possess troo your trave s—moss ommerella? (C.'s eyes grow vacant.) Ha, I tink it vood! Zis day ze vicket root sall 'ave plenti 'orse to pull, &c., &c. (Here *PODBURY* comes up, and puts some rugs in the coupé of the diligence.) You sit at ze beginning-end, hey? better, you tink, zan ze mizzle? I too, zen, sall ride at ze front—we vill spika Ingelis, altro!

Podb. (overhearing this, with horror). One minute, *CULCHARD*. (He draws him aside.) I say, for goodness' sake, don't let's have that old organ-grinding Johnny in the coupé with us!

Culch. Organ-grinder! you are so very insular! For anything you can tell, he may be a decayed nobleman.

Pod. (coarsely). Well, let him decay somewhere else, that's all! Just tell the Conductor to shove him in the *intérieur*, do, while I nip in the coupé and keep our places.

[*CULCHARD*, on reflection, adopts this suggestion, and the Italian Gentleman, after fluttering feebly about the coupé door, is unceremoniously bundled by the Conductor into the hinder part of the diligence.

In the *Bernardino Pass*, during the Ascent.

Culch. Glorious view one gets at each fresh turn of the road, *PODBURY*! Look at *Hinter-rhein*, far down below there, like a toy village, and that vast desolate valley, with the grey river rushing through it, and the green glacier at the end, and these awful snow-covered peaks all round—look, man!

Podb. I'm looking, old chap. It's all there, right enough!

Culch. (rezed). It doesn't seem to be making any particular impression on you, I must say!

Podb. It's making me deuced peckish, I know that—how about lunch, eh!

Culch. (pained). We are going through scenery like this, and you think of is—lunch! (*PODBURY* opens a basket.) You may give me one of those sandwiches. What made you get *veal*? and the bread's all crust, too! Thanks, I'll take some claret... (They lunch; the vehicle meanwhile toils up to the head of the Pass.) Dear me, we're at the top already! These rocks shut out the valley altogether—much colder at this height, eh? Don't you find this keen air most exhilarating?

Podb. (shivering). Oh very, do you mind putting your window up? Thanks. You seem uncommon chirpy to-day. Beginning to get over it, eh?

Culch. We shan't get over it for some hours yet.

Podb. I didn't mean the Pass, I meant—(hesitating)—well, your little affair with Miss *PRENDERGAST*, you know.

Culch. My little affair? Get over? (He suddenly understands.) Oh, ah, to be sure. Yes, thank you, my dear fellow, it is not making me particularly unhappy.

Podb. Glad to hear it. (To himself.) 'Jove, if he only knew what I know!

Culch. You don't appear to be exactly heartbroken?

Podb. I? why should I be—about what?

Culch. (with an affectation of reserve). Exactly, I was forgetting. (To himself.) It's really rather humorous. (He laughs again.)

Ha, we're beginning to go down now. Hey for Italy—la bella Italia! (The diligence takes the first curve.) Good Heavens, what a turn! We're going at rather a sharp pace for downhill, eh? I suppose these Swiss drivers know what they're about, though.

Podb. Oh, yes, generally—when they're not drunk. I can only see this fellow's boots—but they look to me a trifle squiffy.

Culch. (inspecting them, anxiously). He does seem to drive very

recklessly. Look at those leaders—heading right for the precipice... Ah, just saved it! How we do lurch in swinging round!

Podb. Topheavy—I expect, too much luggage on board—have another sandwich?

Culch. Not for me, thanks. I say, I wonder if it's safe, having no parapet, only these stone posts, eh?

Pod. Safe enough—unless the wheel catches one—it was as near as a toucher just then—aren't you going to smoke? No? I am. By the way, what were you so amused about just now, eh?

Culch. Was I amused? (The vehicle gives another tremendous lurch.) Really, this is too horrible!

Podb. (with secret enjoyment). We're right enough, if the horses don't happen to stumble. That off-leader isn't over sure-footed—did you see that? (*Culch.* shudders.) But what's the joke about Miss *PRENDERGAST*?

Culch. (irritably). Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't bother about that now! I've something else to think about. My goodness, we were nearly over that time! What are you looking at?

Podb. (who has been leaning forward). Only one of the traces—they've done it up with a penny ball of string, but I daresay it will stand the strain. You aren't half enjoying the view, old fellow.

Culch. Yes, I am. Magnificent!—glorious!—isn't it?

Podb. Find you see it better with your eyes shut? But I say, I wish you'd explain what you were sniggering at.

Culch. Take my advice, and don't press me, my dear fellow; you may regret it if you do!

Podb. I'll risk it. It must be a devilish funny joke to tickle you like that. Come, out with it!

Culch. Well, if you must know, I was laughing... Oh, he'll never get those horses round in... I was—er—rather amused by your evident assumption that I must have been rejected by Miss *PRENDERGAST*.

Podb. Oh, was that it? And you're nothing of the kind, eh?

[He chuckles again.]

Culch. (with dignity). No doubt you will find it very singular; but, as a matter of fact, she—well, she most certainly did not discourage my pretensions.

Podb. The deuce she didn't! Did she tell you *RUSKIN*'s ideas about courtship being a probation, and ask you if you were ready to be under vow for her, by any chance?

Culch. This is too bad, *PODBURY*; you must have been there, or you couldn't possibly know!

Podb. Much obliged, I'm sure. I don't listen behind doors, as a general thing. I suppose, now, she set you a trial of some kind, to prove your mettle, eh?

[With another chuckle.]

Culch. (furiously). Take care—or I may tell you more than you bargain for!

Podb. Go on—never mind me. Bless you, I'm under vow for her, too, my dear boy. Fact!

Culch. That's impossible, and I can prove it. The service she demanded was, that I should leave *Constance* at once—with you. Do you understand—with you, *PODBURY*!

Podb. (with a prolonged whistle). My aunt!

Culch. (severely). You may invoke every female relative you possess in the world, but it won't alter the fact, and that alone ought to convince you—

Podb. Hold on a bit. Wait till you've heard my penance. She told me to cart you off. Now, then!

Culch. (faintly). If I thought she'd been trifling with us both like that, I'd never—

Podb. She's no end of a clever girl, you know. And, after all, she may only have wanted time to make up her mind.

Culch. (violently). I tell you what she is—she's a cold-blooded pedantic prig, and a systematic flirt! I loathe and detest a prig, but a flirt I despise—yes, despise, *PODBURY*!

Podb. (with only apparent irrelevance). The same to you, and many of 'em, old chap! Hullo, we're going to stop at this inn. Let's get out and stretch our legs and have some coffee.

[They do; on returning, they find the Italian Gentleman smiling blandly at them from inside the coupé.]

The *It. G.* Goodaby, dear frens, a riverderla! I success at your chairs. I wish you a pleasure's delay!

Podb. But I say, look here, Sir, we're going on, and you've got our place!

The *It. G.* Sank you verri moch. I 'ope so.

[He blows *PODBURY* a kiss.]



Podb. (with intense disgust). How on earth are we going to get that beggar out? Set the Conductor at him, CULCHARD, do—you can talk the lingo best!

Culch. (who has had enough of PODBURY for the present). Talk to him yourself, my dear fellow, I'm not going to make a row.

Podb. (to Conductor). Hi! sprechen sie Französisch, oder was? *il y-a quelque chose dans mon siège, dites-lui de—what the deuce is the French for "clear out"?*

Cond. Montez, Monsieur, nous bartons, montez vite alors!

[He thrusts PODBURY, protesting vainly, into the intérieur, with two peasants, a priest and the elderly Englishwoman. The diligence starts again.]

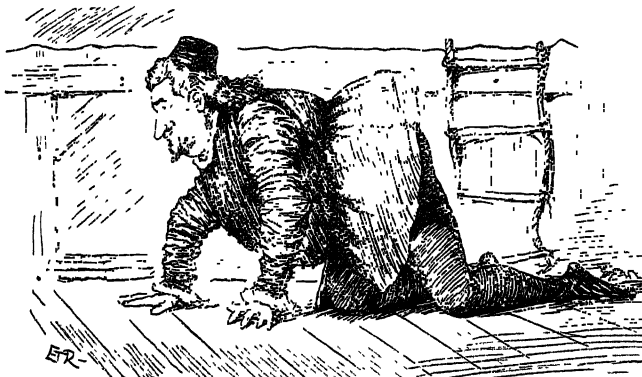
AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Tuesday, October 20th.—Opening night. Roméo et Juliette; débuts of Mlle. SIMMONET, of the Opéra Comique, and M. COSSIRA, as the lovers. Lady Capulet's Small Dance, quite the smartest of the season, as the Veronese nobility present were evidently remarking, with abundance of easy gesture, to one another, as they led the way to the lemonade. The Juliette of the evening charming, and soon



Two (Covent Garden) Gentlemen of Verona!!

singing herself into the good graces of a large audience; ditto, M. COSSIRA, "than which," as the Prophet NICHOLAS would say, "a more competent *Roméo*—though perhaps a trifle full in the waist for balcony-scaling by moonlight." If he had really trusted himself to that gossamer ladder in the Fourth Act, he would never have got away to Mantua, especially as *Juliette*, with the thoughtlessness of her age and sex, omitted to secure it in any way. Fortunately it was not a long drop, and the descent was accomplished without accident, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch.



Exit Romeo by the Rope Ladder,—a shrewd guess at what really happens.

CHANGE FOR A TENOR.—Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, the opponent of the Cremation gospel according to THOMPSON (Sir HENRY of that ilk), should come to an arrangement with the English Light Opera tenor, and tack COFFIN on to his name.

ONLY FANCY!

(From Mr. Punch's Own Rumourists.)

It may be interesting at this time of the year to mention the fact that Lord SALISBURY always uses a poker in cracking walnuts. He says it saves the silver. The other day, whilst wielding the poker across the walnuts and the wine, Mr. GLADSTONE chanced to look in. The Premier, with his well-known hospitality, immediately furnished the Right Hon. Gentleman with another poker (brought in from the drawing-room), and ordered up a fresh supply of nuts.

Mr. GLADSTONE, recurring in private conversation to a recent visit paid by him to Lord SALISBURY in Arlington Street, questioned the convenience of a poker as an instrument for shattering the shell of the walnut. For himself, he says, he has always found a pair of tongs more convenient.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, to whom this remark was reported, observed that as a dissentient Liberal he naturally differed from Mr. GLADSTONE, and was not to the fullest extent able to agree with his noble friend, the Marquis of SALISBURY. For his own part, he found the most convenient way of cracking a walnut was deftly to place the article in the interstice of the dining-room door, and gently close it. He found this plan combined with its original purpose a gentle exercise on the part of the guests highly conducive to digestion.

Two hours later, the Leader of the Opposition was seen walking up Arlington Street, and on reaching Piccadilly, he hailed an omnibus, observing the precaution before entering of requiring the conductor to produce the scale of charges. "No pirate busses for me," the Right Hon. Member remarked, as (omitting the oath) he took his seat.

It is no secret in official circles that before the vacancy in the office of Postmaster-General was filled, it was placed at the disposal of the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS. Upon Sir JAMES FERGUSON stepping in, the PRIME MINISTER was urgently desirous to have the collaboration of the noble BARON at the Foreign Office. But, somehow, the post of Under-Secretary vacated by Sir JAMES was assigned to Mr. WILLIAM JAMES LOWTHER.

We are authorised to state that His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of GERMANY, feeling the need of a little change, has resolved to stay at home for a fortnight.

We are in a position to state that just prior to the General Election of 1880, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was observed standing before a cheval glass, alternatively fixing his eyeglass in the right eye and in the left. Asked why he should thus quaintly occupy his leisure moments, he replied: "It is in view of the General Election. If on the platform any person in the crowd poses you with an awkward question, should you be able rapidly to transfer your eyeglass from your right eye to your left, and fix the obtruder with a stony stare, he is so much engaged in wondering whether you can keep the glass in position, that he forgets what he asked you, and you can pass on to less dangerous topics."

When Mr. SCHOMBERG M'DONNELL informed his chief that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had "come upon eight lions," Lord SALISBURY sighed and remained for a moment in deep thought. Then he said, "How different had the eight lions come upon him!"

Mr. GLADSTONE has backed himself to walk a mile, talk a mile, write a mile, review a mile, disestablish a mile, chop a mile and hop a mile in one hour. Sporting circles are much interested in the veteran statesman's undertaking, and little else is talked about at the chief West End resorts. The general opinion of those who ought to know seems to be in favour of the scythe-bearer, but not a few have invested a pound or two on the Mid-Lothian Marvel.





TRUE LITERARY EXCLUSIVENESS.

"WHAT, MY DEAR REGINALD! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T ADMIRE BYRON AS A POET?"

"CERTAINLY NOT. INDEED I HAVE A QUITE SPECIAL LOATHING AND CONTEMPT FOR HIM IN THAT PARTICULAR CHARACTER!"

"DEAR ME! WHY, WHAT PARTICULAR POEMS OF HIS DO YOU OBJECT TO SO STRONGLY?"

"MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, I NEVER READ A LINE OF BYRON IN MY LIFE,—AND I CERTAINLY NEVER MEAN TO!"

TRYING IT ON.

"[The natural result of a *rapprochement* between Russia and Italy, even if avowedly platonic in its character, would be to weaken the prestige and moral force of the Triple Alliance.]—*The Times*."

Mr. Bruin loquitor :—

Pst! Hang it, quite *au mieux*! Now what am I to do?

I must draw her attention, if I'm going to have a chance.

She seems so satisfied with those gallants at her side

That just now in my direction she will hardly deign a glance.

Pst! Darling, just a word!

No! Deaf as any post! It is perfectly absurd!

Pst! Heeds me not the least, just as though I were the Beast,

And she the sovereign Beauty that she deems she is, no doubt.

Since she won those burly *beaux*, it appears to be no go,

But Bruin's an old Masher, and he knows what he's about.

Pst! Darling, look this way!

In your pretty little ear I've a word or two to say!

The coy Gallic girl I've won. It is really awful fun,

For her prejudice was strong as was that of Lady ANNE

To the ugly crookback, DICK. But my wooing there was quick.

Platonic? Oh! of course. That is always Bruin's plan.

A flirtation means no harm,

When you wish not to corrupt or betray, but simply charm.

Fancy Italian girl won by the swagger twirl

Of an Austrian moustache! It is monstrous, nothing less.

What would GARIBALDI say? Well, he doesn't live to-day,

Or he'd tear her from the arm of her ancient foe, I guess.

And that stalwart Teuton too!

Do you really think, my girl, he can really care for you?

Ah! you always were a flirt, Miss ITALIA. You have hurt

France's feelings very much. Why, she stood your faithful friend

When the hated Austrian yoke bowed your neck. Did you invoke
The pompous Prussian then your captivity to end?

Pst! Just a moment, dear.

I've a word or two to say it were worth your while to hear.

Ah! A hasty glance she throws o'er her shoulder. But for those

Big, blonde, burly bullies twain, I could win her, I am sure;

For my manners all girls praise, and I have such winning ways,

And my lips, for kisses made, are for love a lasting lure.

Pst! How those two stride on,

Without a glance at me! Do they think the game is won?

Humph! The Bear, although polite, is as pertinacious, quite,

As the tactless Teuton pig. I'll yet spoil their little game.

Triple Alliance? Fudge! If that girl is a good judge,

She will make a third with Me and my latest Gallic "flame."

Pst! Come along with me,

My dark Italian *belle*! We shall make a lovely Three!

[Left making signs.]

ACCI-DENTAL QUERY.—Let me ask the *Patres Conscripti* of our Academy Royal, why Dentists are not admitted A.R.A. *ex officio*. We have all for ever so long, since the memory of the oldest JOE MILLER, which runneth not to the contrary, known that Dentists drew teeth. But they nowadays add to their accomplishments by painting gums. The other day a friend of ours had a gum beautifully painted by a Dentist—artist in a certain Welbeck Street studio. It was a wonderful gathering; our friend in the chair.

The Old Joe and the New.

To the humorous mind of a cynical cast,

Party change many matters for mirth affords;

But of all the big jokes, we've the biggest at last,

In CHAMBERLAIN'S backing the House of Lords!

They toil not, nor spin? That's a very old jeer!

Won't the Lilies take back seats when JOE is a Peer?



"LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE!"

(Not much Gaiety about it.)

TO MY LORD ADDINGTON.

[Lord ADDINGTON, speaking recently at a Harvest Festival, said, "If he were a labourer, and saw a rabbit nibbling his cabbages, he would go for that rabbit with the first thing at hand." (*Enthusiastic cheers.*)—*Daily News.*]

LORD ADDINGTON, most wonderful
Of people-pleasing peers,
You certainly contrived to raise
"Enthusiastic cheers."

The villagers come flocking in
From all the country through,
To hear Your Lordship speak his mind
And tell them what to do.



You did it well, you told them how
You'd have them understand
A lucky chance has made you own
A quantity of land.

Though very fond of shooting, yet
Your love of shooting stops
At letting rabbits have their way
At decimating crops.

And so, if you a labourer were,
(The which of course you're not),
And saw a rabbit in your ground
A-nibbling—on the spot

You'd go for him with spade or fork,
At which, so it appears,
There rang throughout the crowded room
"Enthusiastic cheers."

A Peer's advice is always good,
So doubtless they will grab it,—
But no one will be happier than
The cabbage-nibbling rabbit!

A LITTLE STRANGER.

["At the meeting of the Bermondsey Vestry, the Medical Officer reported that water drawn from the service-pipe of a house in the Jamaica Road, had been submitted to him. The water was clear, but it contained a live horse-leech."—*Daily Paper.*]

Our, into our domestic pipes
They crawl and creep by stealth,
The gruesome creatures known unto
An Officer of Health!
Harken to him of Bermondsey,
Think what his murmurings teach,
"The water seemed quite limpid, but—
It did contain a Leech!"

The service-pipe was sound and good
In the Jamaica Road;
The cistern there had harboured ne'er
Microbe, or newt, or toad;
No clearer water softly laved
A coral island beach;
So thought the householder, until—
He found that awful Leech!

Perchance he was a temperance foe
To alcoholic drink,
And from all dalliance with Bung
Did scrupulously shrink.
Yet now to forms of fluid sin
He'll cotton, all and each;
He does not like such liquors, but—
Prefers them to a Leech!

Our pipes will not be pipes of peace
If such things hap, I trow;
And as for Water Trusts, 'tis hard
To trust in water now.
Oh, Co. of Southwark and Vauxhall,
We ratepayers beseech,
Double your filtering charges, but—
Remove the loathly Leech!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is a judicial review of GEORGE MEREDITH's work in the *Quarterly* for October—masterly, too, quoth the Baron, striking a balance between effect and defect and finding so much to be duly said in his praise of the diffuse and picturesquely-cum-navigating Novelist through whose labyrinthine pages the simple Baron finds it hard to thread his way, and yet keep the clue. When the unskippingly conscientious perusal of GEORGE M.'s novels is most desired that the author shall go ahead, GEORGE, lil an Irish cardriver, will stop to "discoor us," and at such length, and so diffusel and with such a wealth of eccentric work coining and grammar-dodging, that at last the Baron gasps, choked by the rolling billows of sonorously booming or booming sonorous words, battles with the wave ducks, and comes up again breathless wondering where he may be, and what it was all about. "Story! God bless you, I have much to tell, Sir!" says the luxuriant fanciful novel-grinder. And he hasn't much it must be owned, for essenced it would



into half a volume, or less, and all over above is pot-fuls of rich colour, spilt almost at haphazard, permutations and combinations, giving the effect of genius. Whi—genius it is; but a little of it goes a great way, in fact, a very great way, wandering and straying until at length the Baron calls for his *Richard Feverel*, and says, "This the best that GEORGE MEREDITH has written as sure as my name is

"THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS."

Bard v. Bard.

THERE was a poor Poet named CLOUGH,
Poet SWINBURNE declares he wrote stuff.
Ah, well, he is dead!
'Tis the living are fed,
By log-rollers, on butter and puff.

A SUGGESTION.—In a new poetical play the *Opéra Comique* there is a good deal hide-and-seek. It might have had a second title, and been appropriately called *The Queen's Room; or, Secret Passages in the Life of Mary Stuart.*



STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

["If we really used the Thames Embankment sensibly and liberally, it would abound with handsome shops and cheerful cafés and volksgartens, with newspaper kiosks and long lines of bookstalls."—*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 21.]

BLENDIMUS!

"WATER, water everywhere" in the *Times* recently, except when Messrs. GILBEY wrote their annual, and this time hopeful, account of the Claret vintage, and when subsequently Messrs. "P. and G."—(who on earth are "P. and G."?)—with a few modest lines at the foot of a page, last Wednesday, enlivened our drooping spirits with a brief but satisfactory account of Champagne Prospects. If the vintages of '86 and '87 are good, and those of '90 and '91 poor, why not make a blend? and why not sell it as such? Let "P. and G."—[confound it! who on earth can P. and G. be? "P. and J." would be "Punch and Judy"—and, by the way, in the choice *Lingua Tuscana*, "P. and G." would stand for "*Poncio è Giulia*." But, on the other hand, who, unauthorised, would dare to use this signature? No matter—where were we?—ah!—to resume.] Let "P. and G.," whoever they be—which is rhyme, though not so intended—(but why this masquerade in initials?)—let them exploit a "Blend of '90-cum-'86 and '91-cum-'87," sell it as such—viz., The "P. and G. Blend," or "The Punchius and Giulia Blend"—at a reasonable figure, and thus the Not-quite-up-to-the-mark vintages will be saved. Have we not seen in City partnerships how a strong house saves a failing one, and then the Blends go on successfully? Let "P. and G." give us a first-rate Champagne, call it, say, The "G. B.," or "Golden Blend," at a reasonable price, and, to drop once again into poetry, No matter what their name may be, We'll ever bless our P. and G.!

* "P. and G." might stand for "Pay-for-it and Get-it," or "Pour-it and Guzzle-it." A Correspondent has suggested that solution of the initial problem might possibly be found in the names of Pommery and Gre'—No! So common-place a suggestion is evidently, and on the face of it, absurd. Not in this spirit did the Pickwick Club treat the celebrated inscription on the stone that so puzzled the antiquarians.

CAUGHT BY THE CLASSICS.

(*The Record of a Ruined Life.*)

AUGUSTUS SPARKLER was an exceptionally brilliant man. At school he had done marvelously well, and if he did not distinguish himself at either of the Universities, it was less his fault than his misfortune. When he entered the world, after casting off parental control, he took up Medicine. He was a great success. He rose by leaps and bounds, until at length it was thought highly probable that he would be elected President of the Royal College of Physicians. He was sounded upon the subject, and a question was put to him.

"No," he replied, sorrowfully, and then the courteous Secretary informed him, with tears in his voice, that he feared he was disqualified.

"Well, I will enter the Navy."

He did. He passed through the *Britannia*, and rose by leaps and bounds, until it was considered desirable to revive the post of Lord High Admiral for his acceptance. But before this was done, he was sounded upon the subject, and asked a question.

"No," he again answered, regretfully.

"I am afraid then, that the scheme must be abandoned," returned the First Civil Lord (he had been chosen as more polite than his sea colleagues), and he was almost moved to tears in his sadness.

"I will enter the Army," cried AUGUSTUS, with determination.

And he did. He rose from the ranks in less than no time to become a Field Marshal. It was then that a certain Illustrious Personage asked him if he would like to become Commander-in-Chief.



SPORT!

Cockney Sportsman (eager, but disappointed). "I SAY, MY BOY, SEEN ANY BIRDS THIS WAY?"
'Cute Rustic (likewise anxious to make a bag). "OH, A RARE LOT, GUV'NOR—A RARE LOT—JUST FLEW OVER THIS 'ERE 'EDGE, AND SETTLED IN THAT 'ERE FIELD, CLOSE TO SQUIRE BLANK'S RICKS."

[*Grateful Cockney Sportsman tips boy a shilling, and goes hopefully after . . . a flock of Starlings!*]

"It is not impossible I might resign in your favour," said the I. P. And then he asked him the necessary question.

"No, Sir," returned AUGUSTUS, bowing down his head in shame. Again he found that his career was interrupted.

"I will try the Bar," he shouted.

And he did. He entered at Gray's Inn, and in a very short time became a Q.C., a Judge, and a Lord Justice. Then the entire Ministry begged him, as a personal favour, to accept the post of Lord Chancellor.

"With pleasure," was his modest rejoinder. Then he remembered that he had been asked a certain question on previous occasions, and explained matters.

"I am afraid you won't do," cried the entire Ministry, mournfully.

"Well, then, I will try the Church."

And he tried the Church. He became an eminent divine. Every one spoke well of him; and when, in due course, the Primacy of all England was vacant, he was asked to accept it. Again he explained matters.

"No!" shouted all the Deans and Chapters.

"You can't mean it!" cried the entire body of Archdeacons.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed every other ecclesiastical authority. But it could not be, and the disappointment was too much for poor AUGUSTUS, and he died of grief.

And so they put on the tombstone, that he would have been President of the Royal College of Physicians, Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Lord Chancellor, and Archbishop of Canterbury, if—he had only learned Greek!

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. V.—TO GUSH.

MY DEAREST DARLING PERSON,

How sweet and amiable of you to allow a humble being like myself to write to you. Dropping your own special style (which, to be perfectly frank with you, I could no more continue through the whole of this letter than I could dine off treacle and butter-scotch), I beg to say that I am heartily glad to have this opportunity of telling you a few things which have been on my mind for a long time. In what corner of the great realm of abstractions do you make your home? I imagine you whiling away the hours on some soft couch of imitation down, with a little army of sweet but irrelevant smiles ready at all times to do your bidding. You are refined, I am sure. You cultivate sympathy as some men cultivate orchids, until it blooms and luxuriates in the strangest and gaudiest shapes. Your real face is known of no other abstraction; indeed, you never see it yourself, so well-fitted and so constant is the mask through which you waft the endearments which have caused you to be avoided everywhere. This, I admit, is imagination; but is it very far from the truth? Perhaps I ask in vain, for truth is the very last thing that may be expected of you and of those who do your bidding upon earth. I will not, therefore, press the question, but proceed at once to business.

About a month ago I met your friend, ALGERNON JESSAMY. What is there about ALGERNON that inspires such distrust? He is very presentable; some people have gone so far as to call him absolutely good-looking. He is tall, his figure is good, his clothes fit him admirably, and are always speckless; his features are regular, his complexion fresh, and his fair hair, carefully parted in the middle, lies like a smooth and shining lid upon his head. I pass over all his remaining advantages, whether of dress or of nature. It is enough to say that, thus equipped, and with the additional merits of wealth and a good position, ALGERNON ought to have found no difficulty in being one of the most popular men in town. Perhaps he would have been if he had not tried with such a persistent energy to make himself "so deuced agreeable." The phrase is not mine, but that of SAMMY MIEGS, who has a contempt for ALGERNON and his methods, which he never attempts to conceal.

"ALGY, my boy," I have heard him say, while the unfortunate JESSAMY smiled uneasily, and shifted on his seat, "ALGY, my boy, I've known you too long to give in to any of your nonsense. All that butter of yours is wasted here, so you'd better keep it for someone who likes it. Try it on QUISEY," he continued, indicating the celebrated actor, who was at that moment frowning furiously over a notice of his latest performance; "he loves it in firkins, and I'll undertake to say you'll never get to the bottom of his swallowing capacity. You'll have to exhaust even your stock, ALGY, my boy; and that's saying a lot."

So thoroughly uncomfortable did the suave and gentle ALGERNON look, that I afterwards ventured to remonstrate mildly with the gaddy MIEGS.

"What?" he said, "made him uncomfortable, did I? And a jolly good job too. Bless you, I know the beggar through and through. I wasn't at Oxford with him for nothing. Wish I had been. He's the sort of chap who loses no end of I.O.U.'s at cards one night, and when he wins piles of ready the next never offers to redeem them. You let me alone about ALGY. I tell you I know him. There's no bigger humbug in Christendom with all his soft sawder and gas about everybody being the dearest and cleverest fellow he's ever met. Bah!"

And therewith SAMMY left me, evidently smarting under some ancient sore inflicted by the apparently angelic ALGERNON.

However, this little incident was not the one I intended to narrate. I met ALGY, as I said, about a month ago. It was in Piccadilly. At first, as I approached, I thought he did not see me, but suddenly he seemed to become aware of my presence. An electric thrill of joy

ran through him, a smile of heavenly welcome irradiated his face, he darted towards me with both hands stretched out and almost fell round my neck before all the astonished cabmen.

"My dear, dear fellow," he gasped, apparently struggling hard with an overpowering emotion, "this is almost too much. To think that I should meet the one man of all others whom I have been literally longing to see. Now you simply must walk with me for a bit. I can't afford to let you go without having a good talk with you. It always refreshes me so to hear your opinions of men and things."

Ignoring my assurance that I had an important appointment to keep, he linked his arm closely in mine and dragged me with him in the direction from which I had come. How he pattered and chattered and flattered. He daubed me over with flattery as I have seen bill-stickers brush a hoarding over with paste. Never in my life had I felt so small, so mean and such a perfect fool, for though I own I have no objection to an occasional lollipop of praise, I must say I loathe it in lumps the size of a jelly-fish. Yet such is the fare on which JESSAMY compels me to subsist. And the annoying part of it was that every lump which he crammed down my throat contained an inferential compliment to himself, which I was forced either to accept, or in declining it to appear a churl. I was never more churlish, never less satisfied with myself. Amongst other things we spoke of the affairs of "The Dustheap," a little Club of which we were both members. JESSAMY opined it was going to the dogs. "Just look," he said, "at the men they've got on the Committee; mere nobodies. I've always wondered why you are not on it. Men like you and me wouldn't make the ridiculous mistakes the present lot are constantly making. Fancy their electing MUMPLEY, a regular outsider, without enough manners for a school-boy. I really don't care about being in the same room with him." At this very moment, by one of those curious coincidences which invariably happen, the abused MUMPLEY himself, a wealthy but otherwise inoffensive stock-broker, hove in sight. "There comes the brute himself," said JESSAMY; and in another moment his arms were round MUMPLEY's neck, and he was protesting, with all the fervour of a heartfelt conviction, that MUMPLEY was the one man of all others for whom his heart had been yearning. That being so, I left them together, and departed to my business.

Now does JESSAMY imagine that that kind of thing makes him a favourite? It must be admitted that he is not very artistic in his methods; and I fancy he must sometimes perceive, if I may use a homely phrase, that he doesn't go down. But the poor beggar can't help himself. He is driven by a force which he finds it impossible to resist into the cruel snares that are spread for the over-amiable. You, my dear GUSH, are that force, and to you, therefore, the sugary JESSAMY owes his failure to win the appreciation which he courts so ardently.

And now I think I have relieved my mind of a sufficient load for the time being. If I can remember anything else that might interest you, you may count upon me to address you again. Permit me in the meantime to subscribe myself with all proper curtness,

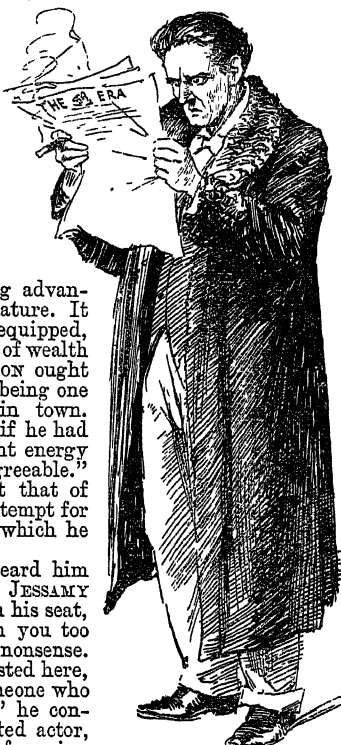
Yours, &c.

DIOGENES ROBINSON.

"THE PRODIGY SON."

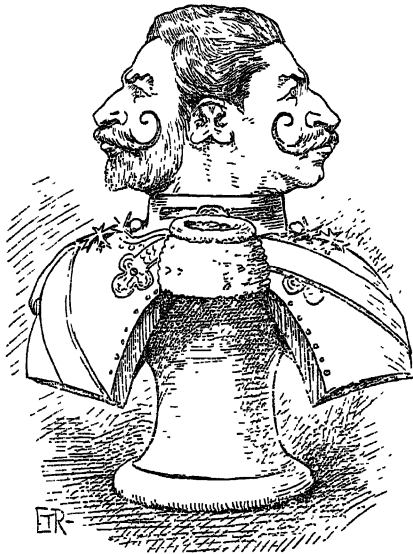
SIR,—I have not seen *Pamela's Prodigy*, but I have just read the criticism in the *Times*, which says of it, "It must be regarded either as a boyish effusion or a sorry joke." The criticism then points out how it lacks "wit, humour, literary skill," and apparently is wanting in everything that goes to make a successful play,—everything that is, except the actors. Mrs. JOHN WOOD was in it: she is a host in herself: not only a host, but the Manageress of the theatre who, with her partner in the business, is responsible for the selection of pieces. Now granting the critic to be right—and, on referring to others, I find a consensus of opinion backing him up—at whose door lies the responsibility of having deliberately selected a failure? Under what compulsion could so clever and experienced an autocrat, sharp as a needle and with the "hve of an 'awk" in theatrical matters, as Mrs. JOHN WOOD, have made so fatal a mistake—that is, if the critics are right, and if it be a mistake? "To err, is human"—and, including even Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and the critics, we are all human,—*"To forgive, divine"*—the critics not being divine could not forgive; the public apparently, did forgive—and, will, of course, forget. 'Tis all very well to fall foul of the unhappy author—whom we will not name—after the event; but why was the piece ever chosen, and why was not the discovery of its unfitness made during rehearsal? No! "as long as the world goes round" these things will happen in the best regulated theatres, and experience is apparently no sort of guide in such matters.—Yours faithfully,

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD!"



Much put out.

ONLY FANCY!



WE learn by telegraph from Berlin that some uneasiness exists in that capital owing to demonstrations made by the photographers and artists in plaster-of-Paris, who have been accustomed to reproduce likenesses and busts of His Imperial Majesty. They complain that, owing to a measure of uncertainty about the EMPEROR's personal appearance from day to day, they have large stocks thrown on their hands, and are reduced to a condition approaching bankruptcy. The crisis has been precipitated by the circumstance that, just when the combined trades, recovering from their first

disaster, had produced a Christmas stock of portraits and busts, showing His Majesty with a beard, he shaved it off, and once more they have their goods returned on their hands. Prussian $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents. have fallen to 83-85.

When Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS read in the *Times* that Signor LAGO had been granted the QUEEN's permission to prefix "Royal" to his opera entertainment at the Shaftesbury Theatre, it gave him so great a shock that, but for the opportune ("opera-tune," Sir AUGUSTUS jocosely put it) arrival of Dr. ROBSON ROUSTEM PASHA, the shock might have had a serious effect.

On Monday last, at half-past three, the King of SPAIN cut a new tooth, His Majesty's seventh acquisition in this class of property. The happy event was celebrated by a salute of seventeen guns.

"What's that?" asked His Majesty, awakened by the roar from his siesta.

"Sire," said the Field-Marshal commanding the troops, bringing his trusty Toledo to the salute, "your Majesty has condescended to cut a tooth."

"That's all very well to begin with," said the King; "but, when I grow a little older, I mean to cut a dash."

Previous to the appointment of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, much speculation was indulged in as to the succession to the Leadership of the House of Commons. In Conservative circles there was an almost universal desire to see the place filled by a noble Baron well-known for the assiduity with which he arrives in town to transact business in Bouverie Street, returning to his country seat the same evening.

During the interval after it had been made known that the Leadership of the House of Commons had been offered to Mr. BALFOUR, and whilst his decision was anxiously awaited, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was asked whether he thought the Chief Secretary would take the place.

"Who can say, Toby mio?" answered the Squire, stroking his chin, with a far-away glance. "The situation reminds me of an incident that came under my notice when I represented Oxford borough. One of my constituents, a worthy pastor, had had a call to another and much wealthier church. He asked for time to consider the proposal. One afternoon, a fortnight later, I met his son in High Street, and inquired whether his father had decided to take the new place. 'Well,' said the youngster, 'Pa is still praying for light, but most of the things are packed.'"

We understand that an innovation will be introduced at Guildhall on the occasion of the Lord MAYOR's dinner. The Lord MAYOR elect being a Welshman, intends to substitute the leek for the loving cup. At the stage of the festival where the loving cup usually goes round, a dish of leeks will be passed along, and every guest will be expected publicly to eat one. This will necessitate an alteration in the time-honoured formula of the Toastmaster. On the 9th of November it will run: "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Right Hon. the Lord MAYOR pledges you with a loving leek, and bids you HALL a 'arty welcome."

OUR OWN FINANCIAL COLUMN.

(By Cræsus.)

[Mr. Punch has decided that it is absolutely necessary for him to publish every week a financial article. The best treatises on Political Economy lay it down as an axiom that, where the desire for acquisition is universal, and the standard of value absolute, a balance between gain and loss can only be reached by the mathematical adjustment of *meum* and *tuum*. Acting upon this principle, Mr. Punch has, in the interests of everybody, retained the services of one of the most, if not the most, eminent contemporary financiers, whom modesty alone prevents from signing his own name to his benevolent and comprehensive articles. Those, however, who care to look beneath the surface, will have no difficulty in determining the identity of one of the greatest modern monetary authorities, a man whose nod has before this shattered prosperous empires, and whose word is even better than his bond, could such a thing be possible. Mr. Punch has only one thing to say to those who desire to be rich. It is this. Follow implicitly the advice of CRÆSUS.]

SIR,—You have asked me to devote some of my spare time to the enlightenment of your readers on matters connected with the money-markets of the world. The request is an easy one to make. You talk of spare time, as if the man who controlled millions of money, and could at any moment put all the Directors of the Bank of England in his waistcoat pocket, had absolutely nothing to do except to devote himself to the affairs of other people. Such a man has no leisure. When he is not engaged in launching loans, or in admitting to an audience the Prime Ministers of peoples rightly struggling to free themselves from debt by adding largely to their public liabilities, when, I say, he is not thus or otherwise engaged, his mind must still busy itself with the details of all the immense concerns over which he, more or less, presides. However, I am willing to make an exception in your case, and to impart to you the ripe fruits of an experience which has no parallel in any country of the habitable globe. Without, therefore, cutting any more time to waste, I begin.

(1.) *Mines*.—There can be no doubt that in this department a largely increased activity may soon be expected. I am aware that in "Shafts" there has been a downward tendency; but I am assured by the Secretary of the "Dodja Plant Co." (19 $\frac{1}{2}$, 6/8, 54 $\frac{1}{2}$, 7/8), that the prospects of this branch of investment were never more brilliant. The latest report of the Mining Expert sent out to investigate this mine, runs as follows:—

"I have now been three days in the interior of the Dodja Plant. I can confidently state that I found no water, though there was evidence of large deposits of salt, which could be worked at an immense profit. The gold is abundant. I have crushed ten tons of quartz *with my own hands*, and found the yield in florins extraordinary. The natives guard the mouth of the mine. Please relieve promptly. My assistant became a Salmi yesterday."

There is some obscurity (intentional, of course) in the last few words. I may, therefore, state that a Salmi is one of the most important native bankers. The profession is only open to millionnaires. I therefore say, emphatically, buy Dodjas.

(2.) *The Carbon Diamond Fields*.—The latest quotations are 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ to the dozen, with irregular falls. Carbon Prefs. unaltered. Trusts firm. This is a good investment for a poor man. In fact there could not be a better. No necessity to deal through an ordinary stockbroker. Wire "CRÆSUS, City." That will find me, and by return you shall have address of banker, to whom first deposit for cover must be immediately paid.

(3.) *Italian Cattivas* quieter. A Correspondent asks—"What do you recommend a man who has laid by £20 to do in order to hold £1,000 at the end of a month?" I say at once, Try Cattivas (19 $\frac{1}{2}$ Def.; Deb. Stk. 14-15). Wire "CRÆSUS, City."

(4.) *South-African Pih Kroost* short. Gold continues to be in good demand. Anybody wishing to make a quick profit out of a small sum, such as from two to five sovereigns, wire "CRÆSUS, City" any time before 12.30. In all cases of telegraphing, the message must be "Reply-Paid," or no notice will be taken of the communication. Remember "Time is Money." Keep up a good supply of both, and you'll live to bless "CRÆSUS."

Advice Gratis.—Make (Brighton) "A." while the sun shines. Inquiries as to *The Para Docks Company*, and *The Jerrie Myer Bilder Company*, I will answer squarely and fairly next week. Don't move in these without the straight and direct advice of "CRÆSUS."

As to the *Turpin, Sheppard, and Abershaw Highways Company*, I shall have something to say next week. Investors who want a real good thing, just hold your coin in hand for a week, till I say "Go," and then go it. This Company will be a big thing, and, *mind you, safe*.

For the present I close the account, to re-open it next week, and, to show my good faith, send you my subscription, which you may read here, as I subscribe myself, "CRÆSUS, CITY."



ΘΗ ΠΡΩΤΕΚΤΕΔ ΦΗΜΑΛΕ.



["For our part we do not believe in protected studies. Greek came into the Western world, poor and needy, three centuries ago. By her own unaided charms she has won her way. By those charms we believe that she will hold her own against all competitors until literature and civilisation are no more."—*Times*.]

PROTECTED Greek! Protected Greek!

BALFOUR may doubt, the *Times* demur,
And chattering "correspondents" seek

Against the goddess strife to stir,
But while the Senate rules, you bet,
The Goths shan't smash the Grecians yet.

When Don meets Don in furious fray
Then comes in sooth the tug of war;
And on this memorable day

They gather in from near and far,
To whelm the unnatural ones who'd seek
To set the "Grace" against the Greek.

SWETE looks on JEBB and JEBB on BROWNE,
And BATESON looks on ROBERTSON SMITH.
They cry, "Of WELLDON 'tis ill-done!"

But THOMSON is a man of pith,
And GRIMTHORPE, that scalp - hunting
"Brave"

Will tomahawk the "Modern" slave.

The Proctors sat with serious brow,
Within the swarming Senate House,
Voters in hundreds swarmed below,
Fellows of scholarship and *nous*.
They counted votes, and, when 'twas done,
Non-placets had it, three to one!

And where are they, Granta's fell foes,
The champions of the Modern side?
Five twenty-five emphatic "Noes"
Have squelched their schemes, and dashed
their pride.

Hurroo! for those so prompt to vindicate
Compulsory Greek against the Syndicate!

Thus sang, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in imitative verse;
Meanwhile the Goddess, grave, though ever young,
Stood, Psyche-like, untempted to rehearse
The ragings—angrier ink was seldom slung—
Uttered by BYRON in Minerva's Curse.
She simply stood, as stately-proud as Pallas,
Looking so calm, some might have deemed her callous.
Amusing sight this game! *Don versus Don*
Mixed in a sort of classic Donnybrook.
A lethal weapon is a Lexicon
When rivals make a bludgeon of the book.
By her unaided charms the Goddess won
Her way. *This* is the language of her look.
(The Laureate's) "Judge thou me by what I am,
"So shalt thou find me, fairest"—sans Compulsory
Cram!

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

SCENE—Europe. The Great Powers discovered in Council.

Russia. Now, I think I have arranged matters fairly well. I shall myself lend a hand to France, and that will keep the balance decently level, so far as Germany is concerned.

Germany. Will it? I can fight you both!

Austria. Now, keep quiet. If we are to be partners, you must not be so impulsive.

Italy. Just what I say. Why can't he take it calmly!

Russia. Well, of course it's not my business; but if you want to break up the Triple Alliance, that's the way to do it! Well, then, France employed with you boys on the Rhine, I shall move down south, and quietly occupy Constantinople. Now, no one could object to that!

Germany. Why, I should, and so would Austria, wouldn't you?

Austria. Of course. But what could we do, if we were hard at work with France?

Italy. Yes; and fancy the Mediterranean becoming a Russian lake!

Russia. Oh, you would soon grow accustomed to it! Then I should move on to Afghanistan, and quietly make my way to India. But all this has to be done after the first step is taken. England must scuttle out of Egypt.

England. Scuttle out of Egypt? Why, certainly! After consideration!

[Left considering.]



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Young Lady (in Contralto tones of remarkable depth and richness). "HAVE YOU GOT ANY LOW FRENCH SONGS?"

Music Publisher (indignantly). "CERTAINLY NOT, MISS! YOU MUST TRY SOME OTHER ESTABLISHMENT!"

ROBERT ON THE COMING SHO.

WHAT a proud and appy day dear old Whales is about for to have on the werry next Lord Mare's Day, as is cumming, which it's the ninth of nex month, which it's nex Monday. Not only is wun of the werry populusest of living Welchmen a going for to be made Lord



MARE on that werry day, but the Prince of WHALES hisself, who was invited but karnt kum cos he's keepin' his hone Jewbilly at ome that appy and horspigious day. Praps Madam HADDYLEANER PATTY (wich is quite a Welch name) would kum up an give us a treat on this okashun.

Prapsmy enthewiasmin the cause of Whales may be xcused when I reweals the fact that I am myself arf a Welchman, as my Mother was a reel one before me, and so, strange to say, was my Huncle, her Brother. There was sum idear of dressing me up as a Bard with a Arp, and I was to jine in when the rest on

us struck up "*The March of the Men of Garlick*," but I prudently declined the temting horffer. I need scarcely say that Welch Rabbits will be a werry striking part of the Maynoo, being probably substituted for the Barrens of Beef.

I'm told as all the Ministers is a cumming.

BROWN, with his ushal raddicle imperece, says it's becoz they knos as it's for the larst time. Yes, much BROWN knos about it, when he sed jest the werry same thing larst year! I'm told as Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GOSHEN is to be seated nex to each other, so that they can take the Loving Cup together. So that will be all rite. We are going to have a splendid Persession—the werry longest and the werry hinterestingest of modern times! So I advise all my many kyind paytrons and Country Cuzzins to "*cum erty*." There's no telling what dredful changes may take place in these horful rewolushunary times, and ewen the "Sacred Sho" may be stript of sum of its many attrackshuns, or ewen erbolished altogether! But that is, of course, only a fearfool wision, begotten, as

SHAKSPEARE says, of too much supper last nite, "a praying on my eat-oppressed Brane!" No, no! There are things as is possorbel, and there are things as ain't, and them as ain't done werry offen happen.

ROBERT.

The Two Graces.

[Miss MAUDE MILLETT was at Cambridge last week, when the Grace of the Senate for an inquiry into the Compulsory Greek question was non-placeted by a large majority.]

THE tug of war, when Greek met Anti-Greek

In deadly feud, was over in a trice.

They spoke out promptly, when they had to speak—

They would not have the Grace at any price.

But undergraduates of every race

Flocked to the Theatre, each night to fill it.

The Grace THEY placeted was just the Grace

Of one fair maiden—pretty Miss MAUDE MILLETT.

A CHILL PICKLE.—The following advertisement is sent us, extracted from the *Chilian Times* :—

CASA QUINTA!—To LET in Viña del Mar the first story of a comfortable house, with beautiful garden and yard, situated in the finest part of the villa, and consisting of eight rooms, baths, gas, cellar and all other comforts, etc., against rent or board to a matrimony—Apply, &c., &c.

If Chilians can treat English like this, Americans will stand a poor chance "*against rent or board to a matrimony*." The terms of the lease in Chilian Legal English would probably "afford employment for the gentlemen of the long robe."

The *Observer* recently warned us that—

"LOUISA Lady AILSHURRY must not be confounded with MARIA Lady AILSHURRY, who is the widow of the elder brother of her husband."

There is surely some misapprehension here. Lady "A." did not marry her deceased husband's brother, whether "elder" or younger.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XIII.

SCENE—A hundred yards or so from the top of Monte Generoso, above Lake Lugano. CULCHARD, who, with a crowd of other excursionists, has made the ascent by rail, is toiling up the steep and very slippery slope to the summit.

Culchard (to himself, as he stops to pant). More climbing! I thought this line was supposed to go to the top! But that's Italian all over—hem—as PODBURY would say! Wonder, by the way, if he expected to be asked to come with me. I've no reason for sacrificing myself like that any longer! (He sighs.) Ah, HYPATIA, if you could know what a dreary disenchanted blank you have made of my life! And I who believed you capable of appreciating such devotion as mine!

A Voice behind. My! If I don't know that back I'll just give up! How've you been getting along all this time, Mr. CULCHARD?

Culch. (turning). Miss TROTTER! A most delightful and—er—unexpected meeting, indeed!

Miss Trotter. Well, we came up on the cars in front of yours. We've taken rooms at the hotel up here. Poppa reckoned the air would be kind of fresher on the top of this mountain, and I don't believe but what he's right either. I guess I shall want another hairpin through my hat. And are you still going around with Mr. PODBURY? As inseparable as ever, I presume?

Culch. Er—about as inseparable. That is, we are still travelling together—only, on this particular afternoon—

Miss T. He went and got mislaid? I see. He used to stray considerable over in Germany, didn't he? Well, I'm real pleased to see you anyway. And how's the poetry been panning out? I hope you've had a pretty good yield of sonnets?

Culch. (to himself). She's really grown distinctly prettier. She might show a little more feeling, though, considering we were almost, if not quite—(Aloud.) So you remember my poor poems? I'm afraid I have not been very—er—prolific of late.

Miss T. You don't say! I should think you'd have had one to show for every day, with the date to it, like a new-laid egg.

Culch. Birds don't lay—er—I mean they don't sing, in the dark. My light has been—er—lacking of late.

Miss T. If that's intended for me, you ought to begin chirping right away. But you're not going to tell me you've been "lounjun round en sufferin'" like—wasn't it Uncle Remus's Brer Terrapin? (Catching C.'s look of bewilderment.) What, don't you know Uncle Remus?

Culch. (politely). Mr. TROTTER is the only relation of yours I have had the pleasure of meeting, as yet.

Miss T. Why, I reckoned Uncle Remus was pretty most everybody's relation by now. He's a book. But likely you've no use for our national humorous literature?

Culch. I—er—must confess I seldom waste time over the humorous literature of any nation.

Miss T. I guess that accounts for your gaiety! There, don't you mind me, Mr. CULCHARD. But suppose we hurry along and inspect this panorama they talk so much of; it isn't going to be any side-show. It's just a real representative mass-meeting of Swiss mountains, with every prominent peak in the country on the platform, and a deputation down below from the leading Italian lakes. It's ever so elegant,—and there's Poppa around on the top too.

On the top. Tourists discovered making more or less appropriate remarks.

First Tourist (struggling with a long printed panorama, which flaps like a sail). Grand view, Sir, get 'em all from here, you see! Monte Rosa, Matterhorn, Breithorn—

[Works through them all conscientiously, until, much to everybody's relief, his panorama escapes into space.

Second T. (a lady, with the air of a person making a discovery). How wonderfully small everything looks down below!



"Struggling with a long printed Panorama."

Third T. (a British Matron, with a talent for incongruity). Yes, dear, very—quite worth coming all this way for, but as I was telling you, we've always been accustomed to such an evangelical service, so that our new Rector is really rather—but we're quite friendly of course; go there for tennis, and he dines with us, and all that. Still, I do think, when it comes to having lighted candles in broad daylight—(Sic, &c.)

Fourth T. (an equally incongruous American). Wa'al, yes, they show up well, cert'nly, those peaks do. But I was about to remark, Sir, I went to that particular establishment on Fleet Street. I called for a chop. And when it came, I don't deny I felt disappointed, for the plate all around was just as dry—! But the moment I struck a fork into that chop, Sir,—well, the way the gravy just came gushing out was—there, it ain't no use me trying to put it in words! But from that instant, Sir, I kinder realised the peculiar charm of your British chop.

Fifth T. (a discontented Teuton). I expected more as zis. It is not clear enough—nod at all. Zey dolt me from ze dop you see Milan. I look all aroundt. Novere I see Milan! And I lief my opera-glass behind me in ze drain, and I sliob on ze grass and sbrain my mittle finger, and altogedder I do not wish I had com.

Miss T. (presenting CULCHARD to Mr. CYRUS K. T.). I guess you've met this gentleman before!

Mr. T. Well now, that's so. I didn't just reckon I'd meet him again all this way above the sea-level though, but I'm just as pleased to see him. Rode up on the cars, I presume, Sir? Tolerable hilly road all the way, ain't it now? There can't anybody say we hain't made the most of our time since you left us. Took a run over to Berlin; had two hours and a haff in that city, and I dunno as I keered about making a more pro-tracted visit. Went right through to Vi-enna, saw round Vi-enna. I did want, being so near, to just waltz into Turkey and see that. But I guess Turkey'll have to keep till next time. Then back again into Switzerland, for I do seem to have kinder taken a fancy to Switzerland. I'd like to have put in more time there, and we stayed best part of a week too! But Italy's an interesting place. Yes, I'm getting considerable interested in Italy, so far as I've got. There's Geneva now—

Miss T. You do beat anything for mixing up places, Father. And you don't want to be letting yourself loose on Mr. CULCHARD this way. You'd better go and bring Mr. VAN BOODELER along; he's round somewhere.

Mr. T. I do like slinging off when I meet a friend; but I'll shut down, MAUD, I'll shut down.

Miss T. Oh, there you are, CHARLEY! Come right here, and be introduced to Mr. CULCHARD. He's a vurry intelligent man. My cousin, Mr. CHARLES VAN BOODELER,—Mr. CULCHARD. Mr. VAN BOODELER's intelligent too. He's going to write our great National Amurrcan novel, soon as ever he has time for it. That's so, isn't it?

Mr. V. B. (a slim, pale young man, with a cosmopolitan air and a languid drawl). It's our most pressing national need, Sir, and I have long cherished the intention of supplying it. I am collecting material, and, when the psychological moment arrives, I shall write that novel. And I believe it will be a big thing, a very big thing; I mean to make it a complete compendium of every phase of our great and complicated civilisation from State to State and from shore to shore.

[CULCHARD bows vaguely.]

Miss T. Yes, and the great Amurrcan public are going to rise up in their millions and boom it. Only I don't believe they'd better start booming just yet, till there's something more than covers to that novel. And how you're going to collect material for an Amurrcan novel, flying round Europe, just beats me!

Mr. V. B. (with superiority). Because you don't realise that it's precisely in Europe that I find my best American types. Our citizens show up better against a European background,—it excites and stimulates their nationality, so to speak. And again, with a big subject like mine, you want to step back to get the proper focus. Now I'm stepping back.

Miss T. I guess it's more like skipping, CHARLEY. But so long as you're having a good time! And here's Mr. CULCHARD will fix

you up some sonnets for headings to the chapters. You needn't begin *right* away, Mr. CULCHARD; I guess there's no hurry. But we get talking and *talking*, and never look at anything. I don't call it encouraging the scenery, and that's a fact!

Mr. T. (*later, to CULCHARD*). And you're pretty comfortable at your hotel? Well, I dunno, after all, what there is to keep us here. I guess we'll go down again and stop at Lugano, eh, MAUD?

[CULCHARD *eagerly awaits her reply.*

Miss T. I declare! After bringing all my trunks way up here! But I'd just as soon move down as not; they're not unpacked any. (*Joy of C.*) Seems a pity, too, after engaging rooms here. And they looked real nice. Mr. CULCHARD, don't you and Mr. PONDURRY want to come up here and take them? They've a perfectly splendid view, and then we could have yours, you know! (*C. cannot conceal his chagrin at this suggestion.*) Well, see here, Poppa, we'll go along and try if we can't square the hotel-clerk and get our baggage on the cars again, and then we'll see just how we feel about it. I'm perfectly indifferent either way.

Culch. (*to himself, as he follows*). Can she be really as indifferent as she seems? I'm afraid she has very little heart! But if only she can be induced to go back to Lugano... She will be at the same hotel—a great point! I wish that fellow VAN BOODELER wasn't coming too, though... Not that they've settled to come at all yet!... Still, I fancy she likes the idea... She'll come—if I don't appear too anxious about it! [*He walks on, trying to whistle carelessly.*]

WAR IN A FOG.

(*A Record of the Next Campaign of the Coming Moltke.*)

OUR Army was now advancing in good order. We had the "A" Division of the enemy on our right, and the "B" Division on our left, but of course we had lost sight of Division "C." It was the morning after we had taken the fortress that had unexpectedly appeared before us on our right front, and had found ourselves to our surprise by the side of a river. The Chief of my Staff entered my tent whilst I was engaged in studying a map not very successfully.



"General," said he, "military music can be heard in the distance, from which I take it it must be the other part of our Army." "This is most fortunate," I replied; "but are they supposed to be in this part of the country? I fancied they were besieging the enemy's metropolis."

"So it was reported," returned my subordinate; "but it appears that, taking the first turning to the

right, instead of the second to the left, they lost their way, and instead of capturing the capital, surrounded a harbour, in which, to their astonishment, they found his fleet."

"I suppose that the movements of Division 'C' are shrouded in mystery?"

"They are," returned the Chief of the Staff, saluting. "It is presumed that the commander is wandering somewhere near the frontier. A spy from his Army says that he had entirely lost touch of the country, and was continually asking his way. But how about our friends, the remainder of our Army, who are now approaching towards us? What shall we do?"

"Give them a fitting reception," was my reply.

In a moment our Army halted and pitched their tents. Accustomed to State functions of every sort and description, it was no difficult matter to them to decorate the line of march appropriately. Suddenly there was the sound of firing, and five minutes later an officer wearing the uniform of the enemy entered my tent and surrendered his sword.

"General," said he, "I yield to your superior knowledge of military tactics. I had expected to find friends, and now I have come across foes. And you number more than half a million of men, do you not?"

"Well, no; you may mean my brother commander, who has that force under his orders. But we have only about twenty thousand."

"And I have given up my arms for nothing," said my visitor.

"To whom have I the honour of speaking?" I asked, haughtily.

"I presume, the Captain of the 'A' Division?"

"The 'A' Division! Why, they are miles away! and so are the 'B' Division."

"Then, who on earth are you?"

"Why, surely you know we are the 'C' Division?"

At this moment the Chief of my Staff again appeared. "Sir," said he, "are we to advance or retire? I must know at once, with a view to arranging satisfactorily the requirements of the Commissariat."

"One moment, Gentlemen," I replied, and then entered an inner recess. I searched my pockets, and finding my tossing half-crown, spun it into the air. I eagerly ascertained the result.

"We will advance, Sir," said I to the Chief of the Staff on my return. And my tone suggested both strong determination and peremptory command.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT SPECULATOR.

1891.

(*A long way after Sir Walter Scott.*)

[Packets called "Lucky Sweets," in which the bait is the chance of "prize gifts," are having a large sale amongst children.]

Oh, hush thee, my babie! thy sire is a "bear,"
Thy mother a "booky," both leary and fair,
And the spirit of bold Speculation, I see,
Heredity's taint hath stirred early in thee.

Oh, two to one bar one! Heigh! dance, babie, dance!
Oh, tiddle-um, diddle-um, back the off-chance!



Oh, hear not thy rattle,
though loudly it goes;
Oh, suck not thy fingers!
Oh, count not thy toes!
The "Last Odds" and
"Share List" to thee
shall be read
To-night ere thou 'rt cosily
tucked up in bed.
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

Oh, hush thee, my babie!
Thy sire will soon come,
With "Surprise Packets"
for thee. Oh, ain't it
yum-yum?
And "Lucky Sweets," babie,
will catch thine off eye.
Not "Hush-a-bye, babie!"
but rather, "Buy!
Buy!"

Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

My lullaby, babie, 's not
that of old nurse;

The pillow for thee has less charms than the purse;
It is not that "Sweets" from those packets you'd suck;
No, babie, your yearning's to try your young luck.

Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

You eagerly buy them, the "Prizes" to seek
(You "blued" two-and-tenpence, my babie, last week),
Those "Lucky Sweets," babie, are babydom's "play."
But as for the sweets, why you chuck them away!

Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

Oh, princes may "punt," babie; nobles may "plunge,"
But, babie, that chubby fist's cynical lunge
Means craving for nothing that babyhood eats;
No, babie, you'd fain do a "flutter" in sweets.

Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

The tuck-shops, my babie, are well up to date;
They know Speculation now rules the whole State;
It sways all the classes, all ages, each sex;
So now we're provided with "Nursery Specs."

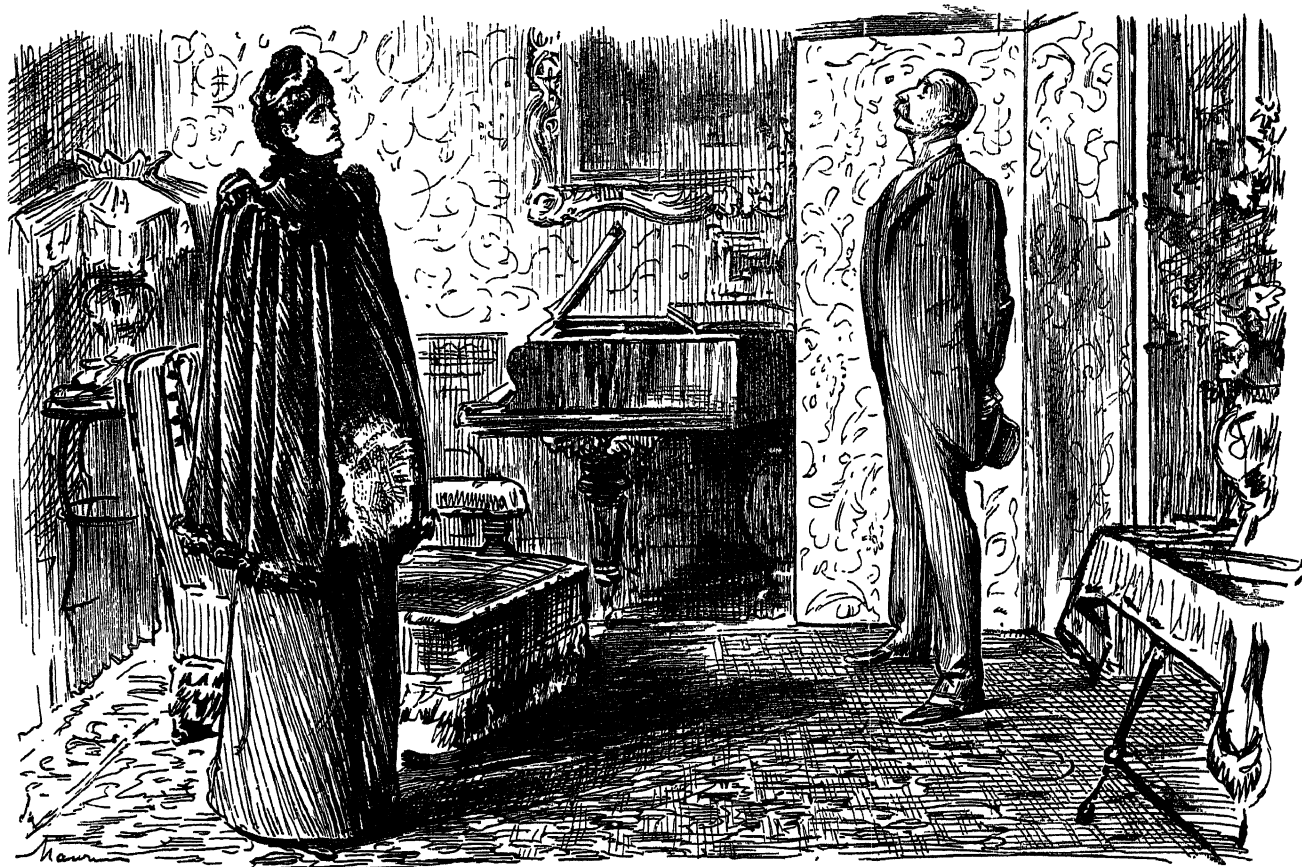
Oh, two to one bar one, &c.

Shall Court, Camp and Counter all yield to the spell
And Cradledom not be considered as well?
Shall betting fire Oxford, and gambling witch Girtton,
And Infancy not put its own little shirt on?

Oh, two to one, bar one, &c.

Oh, hush thee, my babie! the time will soon come
When at Baccarat boards you'll sit sucking your thumb.
Meanwhile "Lucky Sweets," babie, buy while you may,
They will teach simple childhood the charms of high play.
Oh, two to one, bar one! Heigh! dance, babie, dance!
Oh, tiddle-um, diddle-um, back the off-chance!

* In the Stock Exchange sense, of course.



A DOMESTIC DIAGNOSIS.

Jones (who has come with his Wife to call on the new Neighbours), "WONDER IF THEY 'VE BEEN MARRIED LONG HYPATIA?"
 Mrs. Jones. "OH NO. EVIDENTLY NEWLY-MARRIED."
 Jones. "HOW CAN YOU TELL?" Mrs. Jones. "DRAWING-ROOM SMELLS OF TOBACCO-SMOKE!"

THE IDLE AND THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

(An Old-fashioned Apologue with a Modern Application.)

GRANDOLPH and ARTHUR were two young Apprentices, bound betimes to the ingenious and estimable Art or Craft of *Cabinet-Making*. Both of them were youths of a Sprightly Genius, and of an Alert Apprehension, attended, in the case of GRANDOLPH, with a mighty heat and ebullition of Fancy, which led early to a certain frothiness or ventosity in speech. ARTHUR, on the other hand, though possessed of excellent Parts, appeared to be of a more phlegmatic temperament, and took on a more languorous, not to say saturnine demeanour.

So it came about that for the time GRANDOLPH seemed to carry it over his fellow Apprentice, who indeed, amongst superficial observers, incurred the reproach of indolence and lackadaisical indifference, and although both were of creditable repute in the *Craft*, yet did GRANDOLPH shine the more prominently and give the greater promise of pre-eminence, ARTHUR seeming content, as men say, to *play second fiddle* to the more pushing Performer.

'Tis, however, within the purview of the Wise and the common observation of the Judicious, that *things are not always as they seem!*

GRANDOLPH, at an early epoch in his Apprenticeship, did found a sort of Comradery or Free Company, which, from the number of its constituent items, came to be intitled *The Fourth Party*, in the which ARTHUR modestly took subordinate place, with unobtrusive ease and languid resignation. This Party did push matters in the *Craft* with a high hand and a talkative tongue. For as the ingenious Earl of SHAFESBURY saith in his *Soliloquy*, "Company is an extreme provocative to Fancy, and, like a hot bed in gardening, is apt to make our Imaginations sprout too fast."

That GRANDOLPH was obnoxious to this charge of "sprouting too fast" may seem made manifest by the sequel. He indeed pushed himself into the front place by dint of copious verbosity, and militant oppugnancy. But (as the same SHAFESBURY saith) where, instead of Controul, Debate, or Argument, the chief exercise of the wit consists in uncontrollable Harangues and Reasonings, which

must neither be questioned nor contradicted; there is great danger lest the Party, thro' this habit, shou'd suffer much by Crudities, Indigestions, Cholera, bile, and particularly by a certain *tumour*, or *flatulency*, which renders him, of all men, the least liable to apply the wholesome *regimen* of self-practice. 'Tis no wonder if such quaint practitioners grow to an enormous size of Absurdity, whilst they continue the reverse of that practice, by which alone we correct the Redundancy of Humours, and chasten the exuberance of Conceit and Fancy.

Whether this particular "quaint practitioner" (our Idle Apprentice, GRANDOLPH) plagued "the Party" too much with his "Crudities, Cholera," &c., or whether he found himself unable to correct his own "Redundancy of Humours," certain it is that, at the very Pinnacle of Promise, and Height of Achievement, GRANDOLPH broke his indentures of Apprenticeship, and *ran away!*

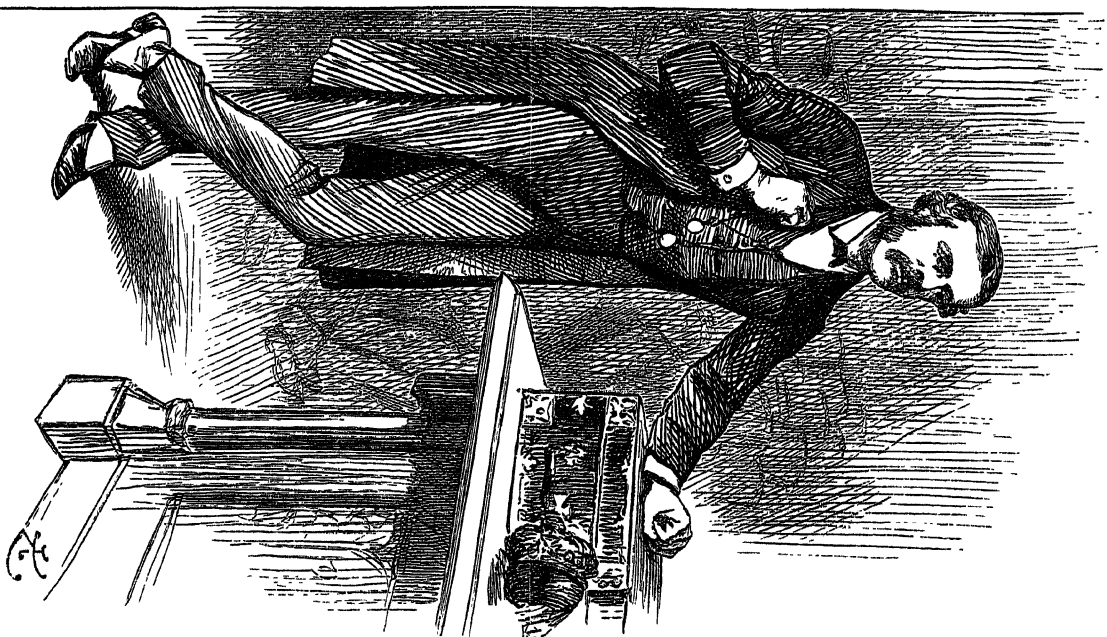
And now, indeed, came the Opportunity of the true Industrious Apprentice, the hitherto calm and languid-looking, but, in verity, valorous, and vigilant, and virile ARTHUR. Whereof, to be sure, he made abundant use, burgeoning forth into full blossom with astonishing suddenness, seizing Opportunity by the forelock with manly promptitude, and gaining golden opinions from all sorts of people; so that, after brief probation, he slipped, by general acclaim, into that very premier place so strangely, suddenly, and intemperately abdicated by the Idle Apprentice, GRANDOLPH.

Concerning the latter, the latest reports are not reassuring. Like his celebrated prototype of fable, the ill-fated "Don't Care," he runneth a chance of being "devoured by lions"! At least he appears to have sought the company of those parlous beasts in their *native Afric wilds*. We hear that "the lions kept him tucked up one night," which same news (—gathered from a diurnal intitled the *Johannesberg Star*—) hath a fearsome and ill-boding sound. That he is—for the time at least—in every sense "tucked up," is only too obviously true. Peradventure he may yet think the better of it, correct his Frothy Distemper and Vagrant Disposition, and (as the agonising advertisements have it) return to his friends that all may be forgiven and much forgotten!

But the last accounts of him picture him as lying languidly asprawl



SWAIN SC.



THE IDLE AND THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

(A long way after Hogarth.)

upon a Mausoleum in Mashonaland, *playing dice with himself!* The tomb would indeed appear to be, in the sombre words of the Mystick Poet:—

"The vault of his lost Ulalume,"

the runic-sounding word, "Ulalume," being taken perchance as the African synonym for "Reputation." Whether the cheering word *Resurgam* will ever be appropriate to that Tomb remaineth to be seen. But it would appear only too plain that GRANDOLPH (in the words of the aforesaid SHAFTESBURY) "hath been a great frequenter of the woods and river-banks, where he hath consum'd abundance of his breath, suffer'd his Fancy to evaporate, and reduc'd the vehemence both of his Spirit and Voice." In short, that the erst ambitious and aspiring GRANDOLPH is still content, for the time at least, to play the part of *The Idle Apprentice*.

"WHYS"—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

(Being Queer Queries.)

I WONDER why, when'er a four-Wheeler advances to a door,
(A common thing on Britain's shore),

I wonder why,
At once some aged man will stand
And stare until its inmates land,
As if enchained by something grand,
Or weird, or high.

I wonder why the powers that mend
The streets should root them up, and rend
The roads with giant pipes on end

And bricks awry,
Just when we turn to town again;
Though nothing stirred while West
Cockayne

Lay waste—a huge, deserted lane—
I wonder why.

I wonder why athwart the Row
Stray loafers linger, loth to go
Past the mid-crossing, and are so
Resolved to die,

Hoping that, as you gallop near
You'll maul them by your mad career—
I wonder why.



I wonder why, when
theatre Stalls,
Are "papered" by Professionals,
And children arch in
Thespi's halls

Their gambols ply,
Why the Box-office has
the face
To offer me, who book
my place—
A Stall that would the
Pit disgrace,
I wonder why.

I wonder why, whenever pressed
A little money to invest
In something which is quite the best
Affair to buy,
I always read next morning that
Not I, but it (in parlance pat
Of City articles) was "Flat,"
I wonder why.

Contribution towards Nursery Rhymes.

(For Use of Infant Students in New School of Dramatic Art.)

'Tis the voice of the Prompter,
I hear him quite plain;
He has prompted me twice,
Let him prompt me again.

THE PRETTY SIMPLETON.

[The *Spectator* warns men against marrying simpletons, pointing out that "there is no bore on earth equal to the woman who can neither talk nor listen, and who has no mental interests in common with her husband."]

WHEN fair BELINDA sweetly smiles,
And airily before you trips,
You're captured by her artless wiles,
And must admire her rosy lips.
You know that she is very fair,
You see that she has splendid eyes;
But ah, rash lover, have a care,
And find out if BELINDA's wise.

For beauty, trust us, is not all
A wife in these days should possess;
Her conversation's apt to pall,
If she can talk of naught but dress.
She need not be too deeply read,
You do not want a priggish bride;
But still take care the pretty head
Can boast some little brain inside.



In courtship all she said was sweet,
For you had died to win a glance;
Her little platitudes seemed neat,
Breathed 'mid the pauses of the dance.
You would have felt a heartless fiend
To criticise, when by her side;
Nor would the lady have demeaned
Herself to answer, had you tried.

But when you've won her for a wife,
And ante-nuptial glamour dies,
What food for matrimonial strife
Her crass inconsequent replies.
How terrible to find her dense,
And never grasping what you mean;
You'll think one gleam of common sense
Worth more than finest eyes e'er seen.

Days come when love no longer gives
Illusions as in hours of yore;
And hapless is the man who lives
To find his wife become a bore.
Then keep, if you'd avoid that day,
The wise *Spectator's* golden rule:
Don't be by beauty led away,
And choose for wife a pretty fool.

In the *Times'* book advertisement column, the S. P. C. K. announces the following new publication:—

THE OUSE. By the Rev. A. J. FOSTER, M.A.

This, we suppose, is the first of a new un-aspirated ARRY SERIES. The next Volume being *The Ome*, and, after that, *Books of Ighgate, Amsted, Oloway, and other Ills*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron recognises, with pleasure, the actuality of the dramatic scenes in *Cambridge Courts*, by Mr. LEHMANN. The dialogues during rehearsal at the A. D. C.,



and of the Classic Play, are about the best of the many best things in the book. Mightily disappointed is the Baron with Mr. J. H. SHORTHOUSE'S *Lady Falaise*, which, beginning so strongly, ends so feebly. Powerful it promised to be; exciting it promised to be; but weak it becomes, and, now and again, wearisome. Sorry for this is

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

QUERIES FOR CANDIDATES (L.C.C.)

(What they may come to.)

As the County Council now has power over the Tramways of London, will you pledge yourself to see that smoking carriages, comfortable cushions, waiting-rooms at street-corners, and constant civility, are provided for passengers?

Will you abolish the irritating and nefarious Ticket System?

How long do you think it will be before the electric light is universally established in the cars?

What is your view as to the provision of suitable places for wet umbrellas?

Will you at once vote for "Free or Assisted Locomotion"?

If a wheel of your private carriage comes off owing to skidding in the Tramway line, will you pledge yourself not to bring any claim for compensation against the Rates?

Will you vote for the summary dismissal of any Conductor who proceeds to count the passengers after being informed that he is "full inside"?

Is it a fact that you have promised to introduce "Pullman Palace Restaurant Cars, with free lunches," on the Tram-lines? If so, do you contemplate providing the cost out of your own resources, or how?

You state in your Address to the Electors that you "are desirous of reducing the hours of Tram employes to four a day, with two months' holiday in the year, and of giving a general rise of wages up to about £2 extra per week." Will you kindly say how you reconcile this desire with your expressed intention to "run the concern on the most economical plan, so as to save the pockets of the Ratepayers"?

It is reported that you have pledged yourself, if elected, to see that the Tram Conductors "get their Saturday to Monday at Brighton as a regular thing." How do you propose to carry out this part of your programme?

Do you consider yourself justified, in face of the above statements, in characterising the rival Candidate for the Council as "attempting to catch the Labour Vote by an impudent combination of insincere flattery, and fraudulent promises"?





A RECOMMENDATION.

Dealer. "NOW THERE'S HACTION FOR YOU, SIR! PUTS HER FEET DOWN AS IF SHE WAS A STEPPIN' ON HEGGSHELLS, DON'T SHE, SIR?"

"BELOW THE BELT!"

(Extracts from the Political "Fisticiana" of the Period.)

I.—By the "Brummagem Bantam" (as reported in the "Injudicious Bottleholder").

"THE 'Arwarden Old 'Un, Gemmen? Lor bless yer, he ain't no account, nohow. Can't 'it a 'ole in a pound o' butter, 'e can't. Allus was a muff and a muddler; middling showy style, and a bit dodgy with his dooks, but neither a slogger nor a stayer, and atween you and me and the post, allus ready to hist the white feather when 'ard pressed. Wot's that you say? His 'Travelling Company'? A reglar swindle, and a fair frost, Gemmen. Went 'round the country' on false purtences, and never did no good nowheres. Awful poor lot o' Pugs, that gang. Not in it with the 'Atfield Combination Troupe,' as can fight a bit, and 'as some smart scrappers in it. No, Gemmen, the 'Old 'Un' allus were a fraud. Couldn't stand up to a Froggy, 'e couldn't. His Company muddled the 'ole bag o' tricks, and made a hawful mess of it. Ah, and would agen, mark yer, if they got the chance. Should a'most like to see 'em 'ave another shy, if only for the bloomin' fun o' the thing; but it 'ud be a bit too expensive, and bring discredit on our Noble Hart, besides."

(Comments of the I. B. H. "Brayvo, Brummagem Bantam! His style of hitting is straight and smart, in the ring or out of it. Hope the over-rated Hawardian Old 'Un and his Company relish the pepper young Joe has administered to the shifty Veteran and his parasitic 'Items'!")

II.—From the "Newcastle Nobbler," alias "Honest JOHN."

"Werry much surprised to see as that vindictive Bounder, the 'Brummagem Bantam,' has bin a letting out wicious like at his old pals, the 'Arwarden Old 'Un and his Pugilistic Company. 'They was muffs and muddlers,' he sez. Well, he ought to ha' said 'we,' considerin' as he was one on 'em!!! The Old 'Un was his first patron, and me and other members of the Company his pertikler pals, and then he used for to crack us all up sky-high. Now he rounds on us for 'making a mess of it.' Well, praps if all wos knowed—but no matter! Only, to quarrel with your old pals, and

then go about a-sneerin' and a-jeerin' at them for wot you yerself wos a party to, I call 'hitting below the belt'!"

(Comments of the I. B. H. "Bosh! 'Honest JOHN' is a shrew, and not a Practical Pug. Is one prizefighter never to criticise another's style because he's once been in the same Company with him? Might as well say he must therefore never improve his own style. Besides, any stick is good enough to beat the Grand Old Pug-dog with!")

III.—Rejoinder of the "Brummagem Bantam."

"'Titting below the belt be jolly well blowed! Honest JOHN don't believe a word 'e sez—it's ony his narsty spite. Makes hisself the wiaduck for the 'Arwarden Gang's witrol and winegar, 'e do. In course I wos one o' the Old 'Un's Company, was luck! But I've larned a bit since then. Wot do you think? When I larruped my old pals, and called 'em mugs, messers, and muddlers, in corse I included myself, tacit-like. But there was no call for to say so! As to not showing of 'em up acos I wos one of 'em—Walker!!! If that's the Newcastle Nobbler's 'theory' of fair-play, 'e may jest go 'ome and eat coke!"

(Comments of the I. B. H. "The B. B. is quite right. If a Pug may not round on his old pals for doing what he helped them to do, it follows that he himself must never try to do better. Which is absurd! Go it, JOE!")

IV.—Surrejoinder from "Honest JOHN."

"My 'theory' ain't a bit wot the B. B. says it is. My 'theory' is that it's mean, and unfair, and unprofessional to curry favour with one's present backers by 'olding hup one's old pals to public ridicule for doing wot we 'elped 'em to do, and at the time praised 'em for doin'. I call that 'hitting below the belt!' And I believe every 'onest and manly Pug from FIGG to SAYERS would ha' said ditter to 'Onest JOHN.' That's all, Gemmen!"

(Comment of the I. B. H. "Bosh! JOE's style of hitting is no doubt uncomfortable—for the Old 'Un and his pals. THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE LIKE IT! What's the use of hitting above the belt only when the foe's only vulnerable below it? We rejoice to see the B. B. knocking the sawdust out of the Grand Old Fistic Fetish, and squelching the cant and claptrap out of 'Honest JOHN.'")

STORICULES.

VII.—GAZEY.

"You're the fust pineter whort I've knowed," said JULIA SANBY, demurely. "Father works at a plumber's, but 'e ain't industr'us. 'E ain't a good man. An' mother drinks. Orful!" JULIA SANBY had consented, in consideration of money received, to let me make a sketch of her. She was a tall thin child, with a



dirty and very intelligent face, great grey eyes, and long reddish hair. She was very bright and talkative; and yet she amazed me by being distinctly sanctimonious. She looked critically round my studio on her entrance.

"You ain't got no tex'ung up," she remarked, disparagingly. "We 'as two tex' in our kitching, I 'ung 'em up myself. An' father beat me for it. But I didn't keer, 'cos I knew I was doin' good."

She pressed her thin lips together, and looked like a mangled martyr.

"Do you go to Sunday School?" I asked, as I got to work.

"I goes reggler, an' I'm first in the School, and I knows more colics than any of 'em, excep' teachers. I ain't like GAZEY."

"Who's GAZEY?"

"She's a girl what I 'ites. She's a bad girl. We calls 'er GAZEY, 'cos it's short for GEHAZI; but

that ain't 'er real nime. She's a liar. She's allus tellin' lies—seems as if she couldn't storp doin' it." JULIA SANBY sighed sadly.

"What kind of lies?"

"She don't tell no lies to get 'erself out of nothin'; 'cos she's so bad that she don't keer whort rows she gets inter. But she tells other sorts. She just sits up on the fence what goes roun' the green, an' mikes up things, an' a lot of the children ain't got no more sense than to sit roun' an' listen to 'er. That just mikes 'er worse. She sits theer, a-tellin' stories, an' sweerin' they're all true. You never 'eard such stories."

"What are they all about?"

"Mostly about gran' things an' wunnerful things—kings, an' carriages, an' angels, an' firewux, an' dreams what she says she's 'ad. An' she'll sweer they're true. My word, it is wicked of 'er! She's allus pretennin' to be things what she ain't, too. One Sat'dy arf'noon she said she was a steam-injun. An' she got 'old of a little boy, BOB COLLINGS, and said 'e was the tender. An' BOB COLLINGS 'ad to foller close be'ind 'er all that arf'noon, else she'd a'nigh killed 'im. 'E got rather tired, because she kept runnin' about, bein' a express an' 'avin' cerlishuns. Lawst of all she wived 'er awms about, and mide a kind o' whooshin' noise. 'Now,' she said, 'my biler's bust, an' I'm done for!' So she lay flat on the wet groun', an' the tender went 'ome to 'is tea."

"What's she like to look at?"

JULIA SANBY confessed, with apparent reluctance, that GAZEY was very pretty. "She's prettier nor I am, nor any of the other children roun' 'ere. She's got golding 'air, an' blue eyes. But I 'ite 'er, 'cos she's so bad, an' 'cos she mikes the other children bad. I don't never listen to none of 'er mike-ups now."

"Would she let me make a sketch of her?"

"Dunno. You wouldn't like 'er. She's low in the wye she talks. The new curick don't like 'er. Nobody don't like 'er."

Now, just in this sentence, I fancied that the sanctimoniousness of JULIA SANBY had become mixed with some real feeling. I also reflected on the fact that, although most children are egoists, JULIA SANBY seemed to take more pleasure in talking about GAZEY than in discussing herself. I had distinct suspicions.

"Could you remember any of GAZEY's stories?"

"Might, p'raps."

"Go on, then. Tell me one."

She began a story, which was obviously an improvisation, with little incidents taken from other stories added to it. It was full of the wildest imaginings. She told it without the least nervousness or embarrassment. Her assumption of demureness and sanctity

vanished utterly. She became vivid and dramatic. "An' I'd tike my gorspil oath it's all true," she added, at the conclusion, as if from force of habit.

"JULIA SANBY," I said, "GAZEY has not got golden hair nor blue eyes, neither is she pretty. You are GAZEY."

"I swear I ain't. I'm a good girl, and knows my colics; GAZEY's something orful."

"Very well," I answered, and went on finishing the sketch, as though I took no interest in her. After a few seconds' silence, she added, quite calmly,

"Owdjer know? I can pretend proper, cawn't I? But I 'adn't never talked about myself as if I was someone else afore. That pickshur ain't much like me."

"It will be when it's finished. Come to-morrow at the same time."

"Do you think I'm a liar?"

"You're either a liar or an artist, but I'm not sure which."

GAZEY put on her exceedingly frowsy hat. "The new curick needn't a bin so cock-sure about it then. G' mornin'."

THE LATEST FROM BOBBY.

(An intercepted letter.)

Schoolhouse, Swishborough.

Thursday.

DEAREST DARLING MOTHER,

I WAS so glad to get the hamper, and it has done me much good, all the fellows were pleased with the cake, and the sardines were first-rate, and the potted stuffs were awfully good. I am sorry you forgot the bottles of acidulated drops, but you can send them in the next hamper as soon as you like. There are only sixty-two days to the holidays—1688 hours including nights! Isn't that jolly!

And now, my dear Mother, I want to write most seriously to you upon a matter of great importance. You know I have been doing "Music" as an "extra." Well, it does not agree with me. The fact is, it is an hour every week in my playtime, when the Doctor says it is good for my health that I should be enjoying myself. And "Music" is an extra, like "Sausages for breakfast." And, of course, one has to think of all that. How hard dear Papa works to get his living; and, of course, I oughtn't to waste anything, ought I? Well, I really think I could give up "Music." After all, it's awful rot, and only fit for a pack of girls! So this is the great favour I'm going to ask you—and mind you say "Yes." May I give up "Music," and take up "Sausages for breakfast" instead?

Always your most loving Son,

BOBBY.

IF THE FASHION SPREADS.

SCENE—Interior of a Fashionable Church. The Incumbent has read the Banns of Marriage between JOHN PLANTAGENET DE SMITH and MARY STUART DE BROWN, and asks the usual question.

Counsel (rising in pew). I beg to object.

Incumbent (surprised, but self-possessed). You will be good enough to communicate with us in the Vestry, at the end of the service.

Counsel. But I prefer to raise my objections at once. I may say, Reverend Sir, that I am here on behalf of Mr. JOHN PLANTAGENET DE SMITH, who is my client. I am instructed by the Messrs. CAPIAS of Bedford Row, and I contend that since the Members of the London County Council have instructed counsel to appear on their behalf at meetings in which they themselves act judicially, the right extends to Places of Public Worship.

Incumbent. Perhaps we might hear you later. If you were kind enough to raise your objections in the Vestry, it would be—

Counsel (interrupting). Pardon me, that would scarcely be satisfactory. We do not wish any hole-and-corner agitation. I am instructed by my client to say, that he courts the fullest investigation. Now, the facts are these:—

[Gives the facts, and ends an eloquent speech with a magnificent peroration.]

Incumbent. In consequence of the rather long argument of our dear and learned brother, the customary quarter of an hour's sermon will not be given on this occasion. [Curtain.]

AL FRESCO OPERA.—*Caralleria Rusticana* at the Royal Shaftesbury, and *Le Réve* in the Winter (Covent) Garden kept by Ex-Sheriff DRURIOLANUS. "About the latter," says Sir DRURIOLANUS, "some enthusiasts quite rave. See?" (Exit Ex-Sheriff, to note this down for the forthcoming Pantomime.)

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. VI.—TO VANITY.

DEAR VANITY,

I THINK I can see you smirking and posturing before the abstract mirror, which is your constant companion. It pleases you, no doubt, to think that anybody should pay you the compliment of making you the object and the subject of a whole letter. Perhaps when you have read it to the end you will alter your mood, since it cannot please you to listen to the truth about yourself. None of those whom you infect here below ever did like it. Sometimes, to be sure, it had to be endured with many grimaces, but it was extraordinary to note how the clouds caused by the aggravated truth-teller passed away as soon as his departure had enabled the object of these reproaches to recover his or her false self again. What boots it, after all, to tell the truth? For those whom you protect are clad in armour, which is proof against the sharpest lance, and they can thus bid defiance to all the clumsy attacks of the merely honest and downright—for a time; but in the end their punishment comes, not always in the manner that their friends predict, but none the less inevitable in one manner or another. For they all fashion a ridiculous monster out of affectations, strivings and falsehoods, and label it "Myself;" and in the end the monster takes breath, and lives and crushes his despised maker, and immediately vanishes into space.

Permit me to proceed in my usual way, and to offer you an example or two. And I begin with HERMIONE MAYBLOOM. HERMIONE was one of a large family of delightful daughters. Their father was the well-known Dr. MAYBLOOM, who was Dean of Archester Cathedral. His massive and convincing volumes on *The Fauna and Flora of the Mosaic Books in their Relation to Modern Botanical Investigation*, must be within your recollection. It was followed, you remember, by *The Dean's Duty*, which, being published at a time when there was, so to speak, a boom in religious novels, was ordered by many readers under the impression that it was likely to upset their mature religious convictions by its assaults on orthodoxy. Their disappointment when two stout tomes, dealing historically with the *status* and duties of Deans, were delivered to them, was the theme of cheerful comment amongst the light-hearted members of the Dean's own family.

Was there ever in this world, so delightful a family circle as that of the Deanery? The daughters were all pretty, but that was their smallest merit. They were all clever, and well-read, without a tinge of the blue-stocking, and most of them were musical to the tips of their slender fingers. How merrily their laughter used to ring across the ancient close, and how playfully and gently they used to rally the dear learned old Dean who had watched over them and cared for them since Mrs. MAYBLOOM's death, many years before, with all the tender care of the most devoted mother. And of this fair and smiling throng, "my only rosary," as the Dean used to call them, HERMIONE was, I think, the prettiest, as she was certainly the most accomplished. Every kind of gift had been showered upon her by Nature. When she played her violin, accompanied by her elder sister on the piano, tears trickled unbidden down the aquiline nose of the militant Bishop of Archester, the chapter stood hushed to a man, and the surrounding curates were only prevented by a salutary fear of ruining their chances of preferment from laying themselves, their pinnacles, and their garnered store of slippers at her pretty feet. Then in a fit of charming petulance, she would break off in the middle of the piece, lay down her violin, and, with a pretty imperiousness, command a younger sister to fetch her zither, on which to complete the subjugation of her adorers. And then her caricatures—summer-lightning flashes of pencilled wit, as I heard the Reverend SIMON CORP describe them in a moment of enthusiasm after she had shown us her sketch of his rival, the Reverend STEPHEN HANKINSON.

But even in those days, while she still had about her all the fascinations of peerless beauty and fresh and glowing youth, I mistrusted her. Alone of all the sisters she seemed to me to be wanting in heart. I heard her several times attempt to snub her father, and once I noted how she spent a whole evening in moody silence, and refused to play a note, for no other reason that I could

see except that Captain ARBLAST, of the 30th Lancers, the dashing first-born of the Bishop, who happened to be spending a few days of his long leave in Archester, devoted himself with all the assiduity of his military nature to twirling his heavy moustache in the immediate neighbourhood of SOPHY MAYBLOOM, and not in that of HERMIONE. Indeed, I have reason to know that, after the guests had departed, poor SOPHY had to endure from her sister a dreadful scene, the harsh details of which have not yet faded from her memory. And then I remembered, too, how it was a matter of family chaff against HERMIONE that once, not very long after she had entered upon her teens, she had sobbed convulsively through a whole night, because she had discovered that her juvenile arms were thin and mottled, and she imagined that she would never be able to wear a low dress, or shine in Society.

Such, then, was the beautiful HERMIONE, who for some years rode rough-shod over the hearts of all the males in Archester. Space fails me to enumerate all her engagements. She broke them one after another without a thought, and cast her admirers away as if they had been dresses of last year's fashion. Most of them, it must be said, recovered quickly enough, but the miserable COFE became a hopeless hypochondriac, and never smiled again. He died the other day, and HERMIONE's sketch of HANKINSON was found, frayed and soiled, in an ancient pocket-book which he always carried about with him. HANKINSON's fate seemed at first to be worse. He took to poetry, morbid, passionate, yearning, unhealthy poetry, of the skimmed SWINBURNE variety, and for a time was gloomy enough.

Having, however, engaged in a paper conflict with one of his critics, he forgot his sorrows, and though he still declares an overwhelming desire for death and oblivion about six times a year, in various magazines, he seemed, when I last saw him, fairly comfortable and happy. But, of course, he has never secured a vicarage.

To return to HERMIONE. She at last married a certain Mr. PARDOE, a barrister practising on the Archester Circuit, and established herself in town. Shortly afterwards she became the rage.

Her beauty, her wit, her music, her dinners, her diamonds, were spoken of with enthusiasm. All the elderly *roués*, whose leathery hearts had been offered up at hundreds of shrines, became her temporary slaves. She coaxed them, cajoled them, and fooled them, did this innocent daughter of a simple-minded Dean, to the top of their various bents. She schemed successfully against countless rivals, in order to maintain her pre-eminence in the admiration of her circle. Her ambition knew no bounds. She changed her so-called friends every week; she cultivated grand passions for actors, authors, musicians, and even for professors. Sometimes she played to select audiences with all her old ravishing skill, but this happened more and more rarely, until at last she utterly declined, and even went so far as to flout H.S.H. the Duke of

KALBSKOPF, who had been specially invited to meet her.

Then suddenly came the crash. She left her husband, in company with CHARLIE FITZHUBERT, the heir presumptive to the wealthy earldom of Battersea. On the following day Mr. PARDOE blew out his brains, leaving ten thousand pounds of debt and three young children. Six months afterwards the venerable Dean died, and sentimental people spoke of a broken heart. Then the Earl of BATTERSEA, in a fit of indignation, married, and was blessed with a son, the present Earl. CHARLIE FITZHUBERT married HERMIONE, but they are as poor as curates, and he hates her. I saw her two days ago in a shabby hired carriage. She is getting prematurely old, and grey, and wrinkled, and everybody avoids her, except her sister SOPHY, who still visits her, and suffers her ill-humour.

Charming story, isn't it? I shall write again soon.

Yours, in the meantime,

DIAGENES ROBINSON.

NIGHT-MAILING.—"Night Mail between London and Paris" has been recently announced in all the papers as now ready and willing to take night-mailers from Victoria, L. C. & D., to the French Capital. It is to be a Third-class Night Mail, though a Knight of the First Class can, of course, travel by it should he be so disposed. Thirty shillings through fare for "a single;" but as the tariff doesn't explicitly inform us whether the passenger will be asked the question, "Married or single?" and so be charged accordingly, we may presume that a margin is left for a little surprise. The train of Night Mails—a kind of gay bachelor train, no females being of the party—is to start at 8.15 P.M., and to be in Paris at 5.50 A.M.



DRAWING THE BADGER.

(A Natural History Note.)



THE Badger (*Moles-Taxus*) is at once one of the most inoffensive and (in one sense) offensive of our few remaining British Carnivora. He is described by NAPIER of Merchiston, in his *Book of Nature and of Man*, as a "quiet nocturnal beast, but if much 'badgered' becoming obstinate, and fighting to the last, in which it is a type of a large class of Britons, who like to be let alone, but when ill used can fight."

That great new authority on Natural History, Mr. G. A. HENTY (author of *Those Other Animals*), should be able to tell us much about the Badger. Therewith he would be able, in his own favourite fashion, to "point a moral" (against the Demogorgon Democracy),

and "adorn a tale" (of laboured waggery). He might find the subject as suggestive of sardonic chaff as American women and Republican institutions.

What says the popular WOOD? He describes the Badger as "slow and clumsy in its actions," and as "rolling along so awkwardly that it may easily be mistaken for a young pig in the dusk of the evening." Woe, however, to whomsoever *does* take the creature for "a young pig." "Being naturally as harmless an animal as can be imagined, it is a terrible antagonist when provoked to use the means of defence with which it is so well provided."

We tax the patience of poor *Meles-Tarus*,
Until he turns with tooth and claws and whacks us.
The natural home of *Tarus*—the Exchequer—
Harbours a creature that keeps up its pecker.

"For the purpose of so-called 'sport,' the Badger used to be captured and put into a cage ready to be tormented at the cruel will of every ruffian who might chose to risk his dog against the sharp teeth of the captive animal."

This particular sort of "sport" is a little out of date. But "drawing a Badger" is not unknown even in these humanitarian days. Dogs will sometimes voluntarily rush in to risk their hides and muzzles against the afore-said sharp teeth, &c. Look at those in the picture!

The two small, if aggressive, terriers seem unequally matched against the "clumsy" but strong-jawed and terribly-toothed Badger. They have drawn him, indeed, out of his hole, and one of them, at least, seems rather sorry for it, if you may judge by the way in which he turns tail and makes for his protector, the big Bull-Terrier. The ventripotent broken-haired tyke looks more valorous—for the moment. Yap! yap! yap! *Meles-Tarus* takes little notice of him, however. His eyes are on that sturdy specimen of *Canis familiaris* there, whose bold eyes in turn are on him. Both, perhaps, experience—

"That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

"Drawn by those two tiny yelpers? Not a bit of it! But *you*, my complacent canine Colossus—come on if you dare!" And he *does* dare, evidently. Whether he'll regret his daring remains to be seen.

The Memory of Milton.

MILTON forgotten? Nay, my BESANT, nay;
Not wholly, even in this petty day,
When learning snips, when criticism snaps,
And the great bulk of readers feed on scraps.
Still, still he finds his "audience fit, though few,"
The rest *forget* not since they never knew.

The Off-Portsmouth Phrase-Book.

HAVE you caught a fish?
No, but I have bagged a cannon-ball.
Is the sea too rough for your boat?
No, the sea is not too rough, but the Torpedoes are decidedly embarrassing.

Is that a pretty shell that you are going to carry home to your children?

No, it is a live one, that, if it bursts a yard nearer, will blow us into smithereens.

Do you propose returning to your lodging to-night?

That is a matter that will be decided by the Commander of the nearest practising gun-boat.



THE RESULT OF TOO MUCH GREEK.

First Classic. "BY THE WAY, HADN'T DANTE GOT ANOTHER NAME?"

Second Classic. "YES; ALFIERI, I THINK—OR ELSE ALIGHIERI."

First Classic. "AH, PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAD A NOTION IT WAS GABRIEL ROSSETTI, OR SOMETHING!"

CUTTING REMARKS.

MR. HENRY AUTHOR JONES has taken a theatre wherein to play his own plays to his own taste. On the first night of *The Crusaders* this taste was not exactly the taste of the audience. Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES seemed to object to be tied to time, and the result was the prompt appearance of that terrible conqueror of things terrestrial, General Boredom. Since the initial performance, it is reported that matters have gone on more smoothly. According to the "usual sources of information" the dramatist has been cheered on leaving his theatre, and heartily congratulated. On one occasion he actually supplemented his piece with a speech! Apparently he was under the impression that there could not be too much of a good thing—JONES for choice! It may be that since the first performance, there has been some curtailment made in the play. To judge from appearances it was a question of cutting—either the author the play, or the public the theatre!



Tied to Time.

QUITE A NEW SPEC.—We have just received a prospectus of a Company entitled "*The Monarch Insurance Society*." Of course, all the Crowned Heads of Europe will be in it. We haven't yet read it, the title being sufficient for the present. *Ca donne à penser*. Will it provide New Monarchs for old ones? Will it give good sovereigns in exchange for bad ones? If so—where will the profit come in?

FRENCH AS SHE IS "WRIT."

THE *Standard's* own Vienna Correspondent, when reporting the unpleasant incident in the life of the Duc d'ORLÉANS, told us how the Prince, on unwittingly "accepting service," said to the astute lawyer's clerk, "Mais, Monsieur, ce n'est pas le moment." To which the clerk replied, "also in French," says the *Standard*, "One time is as good as another." But why was not the lawyer's clerk's French as she is spoke given as well as that of M. le Duc? And how much more telling it would have been had M. le Duc been served well and faithfully by a clerk like *Perker's Mr. Lowten*, fresh, very fresh, from a carouse at the "Magpie and Stump," or even by one of *Messrs. Dodson and Fog's* young men who enjoyed themselves so much when "a twiggling" of the virtuous *Mr. Pickwick*.

"Mais, Monsieur, ce n'est pas le moment," says the Duke, to which our *Mr. Lowten* would have replied in Magpie-and-Stumping French, "Eggskewsy moy, Mossou, le Dook, ung Tom is aussy bong qu' ung autre. Mossou ler Dook ar maintenong pèrusé ler documong; voici le copy et voilà two. Bonsoir, il faut que je l'accroche."

Whereupon he would have "hooked it," as it appears this particular lawyer's clerk did, and was not seen again. No doubt he joined a circle of admiring friends in the legal neighbourhood (some Magpies-and-Stumps still exist), where, over a glass and a cigar, he recounted the merry tale of how he had served a Duke.

THE relation of Hypnotiser to the Hypnotised at the Aquarium may be simply described as "GERMANE to the subject."

SONG AND CHORUS FOR THE COUNTY COUNCIL ON NEXT DEBATE ON THE WATER SUPPLY.—"Young BENN he was a nice young man."

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XIV.

SCENE—Gardens belonging to the *Hôtel du Parc, Lugano*. Time, afternoon; the orchestra is tuning up in a kiosk. CULCHARD is seated on a bench in the shade, keeping an anxious eye upon the opposite door.

Culch. (to himself). She said she had a headache, and made her father and VAN BOODELER go out on the lake without her. But she certainly gave me to understand that she might come out when the band played, if she felt better. The question is, whether she means to feel better or not. She is the most tantalising girl! I don't know what to make of her. Not a single reference, as yet, to that last talk we had at Bingen. I must see if I can't recall it to her memory—if she comes. I'll wait here, on the chance of it—we are not likely to be dis—. Confound it all—PODBURY! (with suppressed irritation as PODBURY comes up). Well, do you want anything in particular?

Podb. (cheerfully, as he sits down.) Only the pleasure of your society, old chap. How nicely you do put things!

Culch. The—er—fact is, I can't promise to be a particularly lively companion just now.

Podb. Not by way of a change? Ah, well, it's a pity—but I must put up with you as you are, I suppose. You see—with a grin—I've got that vow to work out.

Culch. Possibly—but I haven't. As I've already told you—I retire.

Podb. Wobbled back to Miss TROTTER again, eh? Matter of taste, of course, but, for my part, I think your first impression of her was nearer the truth—she's not what I call a highly cultivated sort of girl, y' know.

Culch. You are naturally exacting on that point, but have the goodness to leave my first impressions alone, and—er—frankly, PODBURY, I see no necessity (now, at all events) to take that ridiculous—hum—penance too literally. We are travelling together, and I imagine that is enough for Miss PRENDERGAST.

Podb. It's enough for me—especially when you make yourself so doosid amiable as this. You needn't alarm yourself—you won't have any more of my company than I can help; only I must say, for two fellows who came out to do a tour together, it's—

(Walks away, grumbling.)

Later. The band has finished playing; Miss TROTTER is on the bench with CULCHARD.

Miss T. And you mean to tell me you've never met anybody since you even cared to converse with?

Culch. (diplomatically). Does that strike you as so very incredible?

Miss T. Well, it strikes me as just a little too thin. I judged you'd go away, and forget I ever existed.

Culch. (with tender reproach). How little you know me! I may not be an—er—demonstrative man, my—er—feelings are not easily roused, but, once roused, well—(wounded)—I think I may claim to possess an ordinary degree of constancy!

Miss T. Well, I'm sure I ought to feel it a vurry high compliment to have you going round grieving all this time on my account.

Culch. Grieving! Ah, if I could only tell you what I went through! (Decides, on reflection, that the less he says about this the better.) But all that is past. And now may I not expect a more definite answer to the question I asked at Bingen? Your reply then was—well, a little ambiguous.

Miss T. I guess it's got to be just about as ambiguous now—there don't seem anything I can say. There's times when I feel as if it might be sort of elevating and improving to have you shining around; and there's other times when I suspect that, if it went on

for any considerable period, likely I'd weaken. I'm not just sure. And I can't ever make myself believe but what you're disapproving of me, inside of you, most all the time!

Culch. Pray dismiss such—er—morbid misgivings, dear Miss TROTTER. Show that you do so by accepting me as your guide and companion through life!

Miss T. My! but that sounds like a proposal?

Culch. I intended it to bear that—er—construction. It is a proposal—made after the fullest reflection.

Miss T. I'm ever so obliged. But we don't fix things quite that way in my country. We want to feel pretty sure, first, we shann't get left. And it don't seem to me as if I'd had opportunities enough of studying your leading characteristics. I'll have to study them some more before I know whereabouts I am; and I want you to understand that I'm not going to commit myself to anything at present. That mayn't be sentiment, but I guess it's common-sense, anyway. And all you've got to do is, just to keep around, and kind of impress me with a conviction that you're the vurry brightest and best man in the entire universe, and I don't believe you'll find much difficulty about that. And now I guess we'll go into table d'hôte—I'm just as ravenous!

Culch. (to himself, as he follows her). Really, this is not much better than RUSKIN, after all. But I don't despair. That last remark was distinctly encouraging!

SCENE—A large Salle à Manger, decorated in the Pompeian style. Table d'hôte has begun. CULCHARD is seated between Miss TROTTER and a large and conversational stranger. Opposite are three empty chairs.

Culchard's Neighbour. Then you're going on to Venice? Well, you take my advice. When you get there, you ask for tunny. Don't forget—tunny!

Culch. (who wants to talk to Miss T.) Tunny? Thank you. I—er—will certainly remember his name, if I require a guide.

His N. A guide? No, no—tunny's a fish, Sir, a coarse red fish, with flesh like a raw beefsteak.

Culch. Is that so? Then I will make a point of asking for it—if I want raw beefsteak.

(Attempts to turn to Miss T.)

His N. That's what I did when I was at Venice. I sent for the Manager. He came. I said to him. "Look here, I'm an Englishman. My name's BELLERBY. (CULCHARD bows in patient boredom.) I've heard of your Venetian tunny. I wish to taste it. Bring me some!"

Culch. (crushingly). A most excellent method of obtaining it, no doubt. (To Waiter.) Numéro vingt-sept, demi bouteille de Chianti, et siphon!

His N. You don't wait till I've done, Sir! I didn't obtain it—not at first. The man made excuses. I was prepared for that. I told him plainly, "I know what you're thinking—it's a cheap fish, and you fancy I'm ordering it out of economy!"

Culch. (raising his eyebrows for Miss T.'s benefit). Of course, he naturally would think so. And that is how you got your tunny? I see. [Mr. BELLERBY stares at him suspiciously, and decides to suppress the remainder of his tunny.]

Miss T. This hotel seems to be thinning some. We've three ghosts right in front of us this evening.

Culch. (turning with effusion). So we have! My friend is one, and he'll be here presently, but I much prefer myself to see every seat occupied. There is something so depressing about a vacant chair, don't you think?

Miss T. It's calculated to put one in mind of Macbeth's little dinner-party, certainly. But you can cheer up, Mr. CULCHARD, here comes a couple of belated Banquos. My gracious, I do like that girl's face—she has such a perfectly lovely expression, and looks real superior too!



Culch. (who has just dropped his glasses into his soup). I—ah—which lady are you referring too? (He cleans and adjusts his glasses—to discover that he is face to face with Miss HYPATIA PRENDERGAST.) Oh... I—see—precisely, quite so! (He turns to BELLERBY to cover his confusion and avoid meeting Miss PRENDERGAST's eye.) I beg your pardon, you were describing how you caught a tunny? Pray continue.

Mr. Bellerby (stiffly). Excuse me, I don't seem fortunate enough to have secured your undivided attention.

Culch. (with intense interest). Quite the contrary, I assure you! You were saying you always ordered it out of economy?

Mr. B. Pardon me—I was saying nothing of the sort. I was saying that I told the Manager I knew that was why he thought I ordered it—a rather different thing! "You're quite wrong," I said. "You may pay twopence-halfpenny a pound for it, and charge me half-a-crown, if you like, but I mean to taste that tunny!" I was determined not to be done out of my tunny, Sir!

Culch. (breathlessly). And what did the tunny—I mean the Manager—say to that?

Mr. B. Oh, made more difficulties—it wasn't to be got, and so on. At last I said to him (very quietly, but he saw I was in earnest), "Now I tell you what it is—I'm going to have that tunny, and, if you refuse to give it me,—well, I shall just send my courier out for it, that's all!" So, with that, they brought me some—and anything more delicious I never tasted in all my life!

Culch. (to himself). If I can only keep him on at this tunny! (Aloud.) And—er—what does it taste like exactly, now?

Mr. B. (pregnantly). You order it, Sir—insist on having it. Then you'll know what it tastes like!

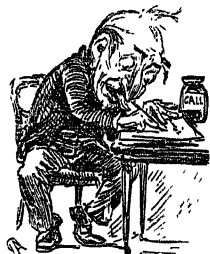
(He devotes himself to his soup.) Culch. (with his eyes lowered—to himself). I must look up in another minute—and then! *(He shivers.)*

"TYPICAL DEVELOPMENTS."

ONE of our very occasional contributors, whose valuable time is mainly occupied by the composition of successful novels, sends us the following, written by his type-writer. From this specimen it will be gathered what a real economy in correcting letter-press a type-writer must be.

Dear Editor

I send you my new book to reed and if you likit please give me a legup. The story of my other book was anti-turkish but has not yet been probited in Constanple though it has reachd its tetenth edition, at least the ninth is neraly all shrubshcribed before it is rereaddy. If my pullisher is not sasfide oughthe. Never use pen now only typ-writr so much quicker in tellgible convenient an leshble Yours S SMUGGYNS



It strikes us that either the machine stammers, or that it was, at the time of writing, somewhat the worse for liquor, or that it is a very truthfully phonetic-writing but somewhat indiscreet amanuensis. At the same time herewith and hereby every success to our friend SMUGGYNS's new book.

HARD LINES FOR HIM.—When the first stone of a new theatre in Cranbourne Street was laid the other day by some Magnates of the Theatrical Profession—beg pardon, "the Profession," we should have said—Mrs. BANCROFT made a telling impromptu speech, and then Mr. YARDLEY, ancient Cricketer and Modern Dramatist, was hit on the head—accidentally, of course—by the bottle which is in use on these occasions. "Very YARDLEY treated," observed Sir DRUGIOLANUS, in his happiest vein. Not the first literary gent who, according to the ancient slang of the Tom-and-Jerry period, has been "cut" by ill-use of the bottle. But the unfortunate author's sorrows did not end with this sad blow, as, very soon afterwards, his dear friends the Critics, with profuse apologies for being compelled to handle him so severely, were down upon him for his new version of a French piece, entitled *The Planter*. So the logical sequence of events was, that first a blow was planted, and then appeared *The Planter*.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL LAYMAN.—At a meeting in Rome, the "Duke di SERMONETA" took the chair. If ever there were a staunch Churchman, this by his name, rendered in English as "Sermon-devourer," should be he.

OUR OWN FINANCIAL COLUMN.

Telegraphic Address—"Cressus, E.C."

SIR,—Let me first express my financial acknowledgments to the teeming millions who have honoured me, and benefited themselves by seeking my advice since my first letter appeared last week. Communications containing cheques, postal orders, and stamps, have poured in upon me in one unceasing torrent. The consignors have, in every case, been good enough to say that they handed all they possessed over to me, in the full confidence that I would invest the proceeds to the best advantage in some of the countless undertakings in which I wield a paramount influence. Their trust is fully deserved.



Investors will remember that, in the course of the last German Expedition to Central Africa, a tract of country, rich in every mineral deposit, and admirably fitted for the operations of husbandry, was discovered in lat. 42°, long. 65°. The Germans at that time had not a single handkerchief left, and were unable, therefore to hoist the German flag over the palace of the native king, GUL-GULL. Private information of this was conveyed to me. I at once fitted out an Expedition at my own expense, placed myself at the head of it, and after terrible hardships, in the course of which no less than two hundred of my comrades either succumbed outright to the bite of the poisonous *contango* fly, or had to be mercifully dispatched by the hammer (a painless native form of death), in order to end their tortures, I succeeded in reaching the capital, where I was hospitably received by the king. After a negotiation of three weeks, His Majesty agreed, in the kindest and most affable manner, to concede to me his whole country together with all its revenues, minerals, royalties, timber, water-power, lakes, farm-houses, stock and manor-houses, the whole beautifully situated in the heart of a first-class sporting country, within easy reach of ten packs of hounds; the old residential palace replete with every modern comfort, and admirably adapted for the purposes of a gentleman desiring to set up in the business of kingship. It matters not what I had to pay for this. The secret is my own, and shall go to Westminster Abbey with me. The point is, that with the funds entrusted to me, I have formed the Cent-per-Central African Exploration and Investment Syndicate, and have allotted shares to all those whose contributions have come to hand. As to profit, I have calculated it on the strictest actuarial principles, and find it cannot be less than £100 for every £100 invested. This may seem small, but in these matters moderation is the soul of business. I shall have more to say on this subject next week.

Answers to Correspondents.

DISMAL JEMMY.—Why do you suggest that the motto of my new company should be, "*Stealer et fraudax*"? Is it a Latin joke? If so, don't write to me any more. Those who deal with me must be British to the backbone.

ANXIOUS.—You can't do better than send me those £50,000. I guarantee secrecy and quick returns. The Eyeoyu Land Trust is best for your purposes (Pref. deb. 492; stk. 18. 2. 3). Send money at once to CRESSUS, E.C. Delay might be fatal.

CAPITALIST.—No doubt, as you say, Consols are Consols; but take my advice and don't give GOSCHEN your money. Why not try the *United Bladder Mortgage Company*? Bladders are bound to go up. They were floated at 10 and are now at 96. *Verb. sap.* No; £20,000 would not be too much.

POTTER.—Something good may be done in Land Rails, if you can get near enough. Have a shot at them by all means.

PRACTICAL JOKER.—Quite right. Sell them.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER wishes to be informed what is the difference between Preferred and Deferred. If he will tell us how much he expects to receive in each case, the mere calculation of the difference will be an easy matter; but to receive it is quite another affair. If he wishes to know the "distinction" between these two classes of securities, it may be summed up in the answer to the question, "Will you have it now, or wait till you get it?"

A PUZZLED ONE.—Sell everything.

MEET ME BY MIDNIGHT.—Yes. A Loan.

LAMBKIN.—Part with No. 2, &c., but take care of No. 1.

INSIDER.—Get out.

TOTTIE TOTS.—Here for private consultation from 5 to 7 P.M.

RICHARD.—Buy Bizzy B's, Sell Early P's, and Spoiled Fives. Buy Jingoos.

BRUNO.—"Bear" your burdens.

ADA WITH THE GOLDENHAIR.—Send photo at once. Cannot advise until we know your figure. "CRESSUS, E.C."



CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Miss Fitzgore. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, PERCIVAL, AND BE A GOOD BOY!"

Percival (a very good boy, who has just been specially warned not to make personal remarks about People in their presence). "GOOD-BYE. I'LL NOT TELL NURSE WHAT I THINK OF YOUR NOSE TILL YOU'RE GONE!"

A JUBILEE GREETING!

(Set to a Song from Sir Walter Scott.)

NOVEMBER 9, 1891.

Mr. Punch (for self and everybody) loquithur :-

My Prince, 'tis for our coming King
We all lift glass in hand;
For him that loud hurrahs do ring
To-day all round the land,
My Prince,
All round a loyal land!
Let sycophantish slave kotoo;
You love not such display;
Let courtiers cringe and creatures "boo."
'Tis not our English way,
My Prince,
'Tis not our English way.

As FLORA to Prince CHARLIE bent
It is no shame to bow;
And you're a man to be content
With man's respect, I trow,
My Prince,
With man's respect, I trow.

For Fifty Years we've known you, Sir,
And liked you. Love is free!
That's why the land is all astir,
To hail your Jubilee,
My Prince,
To hail your Jubilee.

In Forty-Six Punch pictured you,
"A Sailor every inch,"*

* See Cartoon, "Every Inch a Sailor," p. 129, Vol. XI., Sept. 26, 1846.

Toasting "Mamma!" in a stiff brew
Without a sign of finch,
My Prince,
Without one sign of finch.
In Seventy-One he stood beside
Your door in sad "Suspense."†
We saw the turn in that dark tide
With thankfulness intense,
My Prince,
With gratitude intense.
From stage to stage your course he's marked
Abroad as eke at home;
Where'er you've travelled, toiled, skylarked;
And now mid-age has come,
My Prince,
And now mid-age has come.
Come as it comes to all. Most true!
But, "let the galled jade wince,"
Still Punch's pencil pictures you
As every inch a Prince,
My Prince,
Yes, every inch a Prince!
And now your Jubilee we greet,
With hearty English joy,
Who, as those Fifty Years did fleet,
Have watched you, man and boy,
My Prince,
Have watched you, man and boy.
When all is done that Prince can do,
All is not done in vain.
That's why we drink Good Health to you
Again and eke again,
My Prince,
Again and eke again!

† See Cartoon, "Suspense," p. 263, Vol. LXI., Dec. 23, 1871.

Punch turns him round and right about,
And leads the British roar
Which rises in one loyal shout,
"Health to the Prince once more!"

My Prince,
Health to him evermore!
And health to her, the unfading flower
From Denmark, o'er the foam.
Ad multos annos, grace, and power,
Love, and a Happy Home,
My Prince,
Love, and a Happy Home!
Now youth has gone, and manhood come,
Your Jubilee we keep,
Good-will shall strike detraction dumb,
And sound from deep to deep,
My Prince,
From white-cliff'd deep to deep!

AN APPARENTLY HARD CASE.—Miss Print is responsible for a great deal. The other day a tender-hearted person read in a daily paper, that a stranger "arriving in Paris, did not even know where to go and die." How sad! But the compositor had only omitted the "n" from the last word of the sentence. So it wasn't so bad after all, though for the stranger bad enough.

"MUSIC'S THE FOOD."—At the Savoy Hotel the band of Herr WURMS is advertised to perform during dinner. The name of the dinner might follow suit, and be entitled "The Diet of Wurms, for Gentle and Simple." Of course the band of Herr WURMS is an attraction; "Wurms for bait," eh?



A JUBILEE GREETING!

MR. PUNCH (*for self and everybody*). "HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS, SIR!—KNOWN YOU FIFTY YEARS,
AND LIKE YOU BETTER THAN EVER!!"



A KINDLY VIEW OF IT.

First Rustic (to Second Ditto). "OH, I SAY! AIN'T HE FOND OF HIS HORSE!"

IO TRIUMPHE!

OR, GREEK FOR HEIFER!

(By an Old Boy.)

THEE, Camus, reverend renown
Thy grateful votaries seek,
Foil'd are the Vandals who'd "send down"
The Genius of Greek.

For Culture's jewell'd master-key
They cupboard pick-locks tend,
And in the cult of Mammon see
Learning's true aim and end;

Pit shallow youth's impatient fuss
Against the grit of CATO,
Set IBSEN up for ÆSCHYLUS,
And OLLENDORFF for PLATO;

For songs august of heroes sung,
And epic hosts embattled,
Enforce some pidgin-Latin tongue
By every waiter prattled;

For nymphs, where o'er the fragrant pines
A sea-bright sun uprises,
Their fancy plays round primmest lines
Of prigs receiving prizes.

From SIR JOHN CHEKE to DR. JEBB,
From CALVERLEY to MILTON,
Clear spirits burst the Sophist-web,
And rent the rock they built on.

WELLDON is falsely named in this,
For sure, in slighting Greek, he
Will Learning's final blessing miss,
Her καλὸς πεποίηκε.

What though the urchin deem it "rot"
(Such hasty views we stoop'd to,

Not seeing how on earth they got
Tetummenos from *Tupto*)

Still let us learn, not beastly facts,
The field of any booby,
But how thought acts and interacts,
And contraries can true be.



Though on oblivion's barren shores
He give it quick sepulture,
Still through reluctant passman's pores
Instil the dew of culture.

Still give us of the rills divine
That flow from haunted Helicon,
Nor rend thyself to feed the swine,
Like a perverted Pelican.

Keep far the time when every bee
That booms in every bonnet,
Shall find a chair of Apiary,
And drone long lectures on it.

Still the large light and sweetness seek
Of KEATS's raptured vision,
(Or KEATE's)—till Greek at last meets Greek
In brotherhood Elysian.

A NEW TREASURE FOR THE TREASURER OF BARTHOLOMEW'S.—*Mr. Punch*, G.P.E., General President of Everything, begs to congratulate Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.M.A., on his admirable portrait of Sir SYDNEY HEDLEY, and now, not only HEDLEY, but Full-Lengthly WATERLOW, Bart., of "Bart's," which H.R.H. correctly described as "a very fine work of Art, painted by one of our most eminent artists." Such approbation of Sir HUBERT HERKOMER is praise indeed! *Mr. Punch*, G.P.E., prefixes the "Sir" prophetically. For the present it may be taken as the last syllable, detached, of "Profes-sir."

"WELLS, I NEVER!"—"Mr. WELLS," says the *Times* Correspondent, "has made 250,000 francs" (up to now), and "last year he made £20,000." Talk of the waters at various drinking or health-resorts abroad, why, their fame is as nothing compared with the unprecedented success of the WELLS of Monte Carlo. How the other chaps who lose must be like LERCH's old gent "a cussin' and a swearin' like hanythink." So the two extremes at Monte Carlo may be expressed by the name of a well-known shopkeeping London firm, *i.e.*, SWEARS AND WELLS.



ON TOUR. MR. PUNCH AT THE POTTERIES.

NOTHING LIKE LABOUR.

(A Pleasant Prospect suggested by the evidence taken before the Royal Commission.)

AND so the Unemployed rose from the ditch in which he had passed the night, and made for the town. It was early morning, and he thought he could possibly get something to do at the baker's.

"Want to work?" cried the foreman. "Why, my good fellow, it is all over for the next two days. The trade only allows four hours, so we begin at eight on one night, and carry it on until four on the following morning. People get their loaves a little stale, but old bread is said to be good for the digestion!"

So the Unemployed went on until he came to a half-built house. The workmen had left, but there was still a watchman on the premises.

"Want to work! Why *what* are you thinking about! Why, our trade only allows two hours a day, so we build a house by laying foundation-stones. It is rather slow, but very sure."

So the starving man continued his journey. He was unsuccessful at every trade centre. One industry allowed its members to work only for three hours a day, another two, a third four, and so on. There was only one exception to the rule, and this (so the doctor thinks) was caused by necessity. The undertakers were fully employed twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Even the public-houses were closed at noon. The work-houses and casual wards were never empty.

But being of a sanguine temperament, the Unemployed cheered his drooping spirits by murmuring, "Better luck to-morrow!" Then he retired to his rather damp quarters in the country ditch!

Literary Intelligence.

Airy opening of article by Mr. GINLEY SCORCHSAM, a rising young author. "Asked by Editor of *Magasin des Louvres* to let him have a paper on Art as Applied to Drapery—"

Note by the Agonised Editor (who has been struggling with MS. for several hours). "And he did let me have it, with a vengeance!"



A SCENE AT THE "LUCULLUS."

Mrs. Bhunderby. "Now, my dear Monty, let me order the Luncheon ar-la-fraingsy. GASSONG! I wish to begin—as we always do in Paris, my dears—with some *CHEF-D'ŒUVRES*—YOU UNDERSTAND—SOME *CHEF-D'ŒUVRES*."

[Emile, the Waiter, is in despair. It occurs to him however, presently that the Lady probably means "Hors d'œuvres," and acts accordingly.]

LIGHT CONDUCT IN HEAVENLY BODIES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

WHAT on earth, or rather what in the starry Heavens' name, is the meaning of this heading to a paragraph in the *Times* of Tuesday, Nov. 3:—

"APPARENT DUPLICITY OF JUPITER'S SATELLITE No. 1."

Except that the stars are given to wink, I have never before heard of the Heavenly Bodies being accused, of immorality. It is true that the duplicity is said to be only "apparent" or alleged, but this is doubtless due to the precaution of the scientist to escape an action for libel. Flatterers have often been accused of this vice, and Satellites are not much better. A "Star" on the stage might perhaps thus acknowledge the presence of a friend and admirer in the Stalls or in the charmed Circle. But for a Heavenly Body to be guilty of duplicity, and above all for a "Number One" Heavenly Body, is too much. No more will the simple lines

"Twinkle, twinkle, little Star!"

be true. No; if "Jupiter's Satellite No. 1" takes to such light conduct, then shall we have to read

"Wink, O wink, you little Star!"

Henceforth let astronomers be very careful what observations they make. To what a state of things are we coming, when at night all the sublunary world is nodding, and the Stars above are winking. If there's duplicity in a Satellite of Jupiter, how about Jupiter itself? Can we henceforth put any trust in the Planets? Are they in league with deceitful soothsayers, astrologers, and fortune-tellers? I cannot further pursue the painful subject. We owe a debt of gratitude to the *Times* for exposing duplicity in the highest places. Imagine treachery in *Aurora Borealis*! What an awful flirt she would be!! How she'd "wink the other eye!"

Yours,

AN ASTRONOMER LOYAL.

FROM MASHONALAND.—Inspired by the success of ARTHUR B., of DE GORSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM, and of Sir KETTLE-DRUMMOND WOLFF, our GRANDOLPH meditates a surprise return to his own native land and to Parliamentary life. He announces his intention of changing his name, and will call himself "Lord NIL DESPERANDUM CHURCHILL." Hail to the modern *Cœur-de-Lion*!

FINAL.—The *Daily Chronicle* says it does not regard Mr. GOSCHEN as one of the Puritans of finance. Well, no, perhaps, GEORGE JOACHIM's finance—like his manner—is rather *Cavalier*!



ONLY FANCY!

MR. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., attending the American Methodist Conference, has been supplying the United States with interesting illustrations of House of Commons manners. Incidentally he



Farmer Atkinson.

observed that Primitive Methodists, members of which body were largely represented in his audience, are "impostors." This led to some misunderstanding, and Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., found it necessary to explain that he had used the term "simply in a Parliamentary sense." We learn by special Zadkiel telegram that, on emerging from the Hall after the meeting, the Rev. HERCULES EBENEZER (Omaha), bringing down his clenched fist on the crown of the hat of Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., altered its situation in a direction that temporarily obscured the vision of the Hon. Member.

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, M.P., struggling out of the wreck of his hat.

"I mean it in a purely Pickwickian sense," said the Rev. HERCULES EBENEZER (Omaha), with a seraphic smile that disarmed controversy.

The GERMAN EMPEROR has lately rearranged his scheme of work for weekdays. From six A.M. to eight A.M. he gives lectures on Strategy and Tactics to Generals over forty years old. From eight to ten he instructs the chief actors, musicians and painters of Berlin in the principles of their respective arts. The hours from ten to twelve he devotes to the compilation of his Memoirs in fifty-four volumes. A limited edition of large-paper copies is to be issued. From twelve to four P.M. he reviews regiments, cashiers colonels, captures fortresses, carries his own dispatches to himself, and makes speeches of varying length to all who will listen to him. Any professional reporter found taking accurate notes of His Majesty's words is immediately blown from a Krupp gun with the new smokeless powder. From four to eight he tries on uniforms, dismisses Ministers and officials, dictates state-papers to General CAPRIVI, and composes his history of "How I pricked the Bismarck Bubble." From eight to eleven P.M. His Majesty teaches schoolmasters how to teach, wives how to attend to their families, bankers how to carry on their business, and cooks how to prepare dinners. The rest of the day he devotes to himself. On Thursday next His Majesty leaves Berlin on his tenth visit to the European Courts.

There is no truth in the report that the Lord CHANCELLOR is arranging a Christmas party, to which shall be invited all the members and connections of his family for whom he has found places during his term of office. It is well known that the accommodation at Lord HALSBURY's town residence is comparatively limited.

We regret to hear that Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, M.P. (known in the House of Commons as "Long John"), has decided to retire from political life. His personal experience during the Cork Election has convinced him that no man over 5 ft. 3 in. can safely take part in active politics.

"Bricks, dead cats, sections of chimney-pots, which flew harmless over the heads of the crowd, invariably struck me," said Mr. O'CONNOR, toying with the bandage over his left eyebrow.

It is quite true, as reported in the newspapers, that Dr. GUTTERIDGE was not present when the final result of the polling in the Strand was made known, and that it was explained to the reporter he had been "called out to see a patient." The suggestion that the undertaking of this hopeless contest was designed solely to lead up to this incident, is one worthy only of the diseased imagination of a professional rival, who has no patients to call him out—even from Church.

It is stated (and has been denied) that Herr VON DER BLOWITZOWN-TROMP is about to retire from his supervision of universal affairs exercised through the Special Paris Wire of a contemporary. We are glad to learn that this intention does not in any case imply absolute disappearance from the European Stage. It is no secret in diplomatic circles that the Herr has been approached on the ques-

tion of his ascending the throne of Bulgaria. His keen insight into European politics has convinced him that this arrangement would afford a settlement of an ever-ruffled question. He has, we understand, stipulated that the Principality shall be raised to the status of a Kingdom. "I have," he said to the Emissary of the Powers who approached him on the subject, "been so long accustomed to associate with Crowned Heads, that in a Principality should feel like a fish out of water."

With his usual considerateness, Herr VON DER BLOWITZOWN-TROMP has recognised the inconvenience that would be imposed on his subjects, if, in daily use, they were obliged to refer to him by his full title. He will, therefore, deign to be known on coins, postage-stamps, and in semi-official communications, as TROMP THE FIRST.

There is no truth in the report that, on behalf of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT waited upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and asked him to name a friend; that the Right Hon. Gentleman "mentioned" Mr. JESSE COLLINGS; and that the two seconds have arranged a meeting at Boulogne. The idle rumour doubtless arose out of the fact that an acrimonious correspondence between the two former friends has been carried on in the columns of the *Times*.

According to the newspaper reports, during the ceremony of acceptance by the Prince of WALES, as President of Bartholomew's Hospital, of "the portrait of Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, the Treasurer," the portrait "occupied a prominent position on the platform, and the Hon. Baronet sat immediately in front of it." We learn that this arrangement led to some misunderstanding, people, on entering, not at first knowing which was the portrait, and which was Sir SYDNEY.

ECHOES FROM THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

First Voice. I hear that you wish to give your evidence before this Commission?

Second Voice. Certainly, that is my desire. I am here to speak in the name of my fellow-labourers, and—

First V. Yes, thank you, that will do. You are in favour of Trade Unions?

Second V. I am. I feel that when rich and poor meet in mighty conflict, there is only—

First V. Yes, thank you, that will do. And you believe that strikes are beneficial?

Second V. I do consider them beneficial, most beneficial. I feel that labour must have its rights, and that the white dove of liberty has only to—

First V. Yes, thank you, that will do. And you are in favour of arbitration?

Second V. No, I am not. For when DRIVES meets the beggars, then the cry of labour rises on the stilly night, and—

First V. Yes, thank you, that will do. And may I ask to what trade you belong?

Second V. I belong to none. Every thinking and right-minded man should care for his fellows as himself. Like an eagle on a snow-capped mountain, he should—

First V. Yes, thank you, that will do. Then may we ask, if you belong to no trade, what is your occupation?

Second V. My occupation is to talk, to—

First V. Yes, thank you, that will do!



Paddy Rewski, the Pianist, makes his bow, and escapes to America from an enthusiastic audience, who might have torn him into musical pieces at St. James's Hall.

NOTICE TO PROBABLE IRISH OBJECTORS ON BOTH SIDES.—The Novel that *Mr. Punch* so recently praised, entitled *Tim*, is neither Irish nor political. Both sides can buy and enjoy it. A Parnellite author is thinking of adapting DICKENS, and bringing out a new version of an old Christmas book, to be entitled *Tiny Tim*.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.—The New Lord Mayor. Gracious EVANS!! "And," asks a middle-aged Correspondent, "during this Mayoralty will the Munching House be known as EVANS'S?"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



CARS, IN HONOUR OF THE WELSH LORD MAYOR,
STRANGELY ENOUGH OMITTED FROM THE PROCESSION ON THE NINTH.

CANCEL, OR RECALL.

THE *World* last week sounded a note about the compulsory retirement, by reason of age, from one of the large Revenue Departments, of a gentleman who has the great honour to be the son of "the most distinguished Irishman of this century." If this sentence has really been passed authoritatively, which *Mr. Punch* takes leave to doubt, then said "Authority" will do well to recall it in favour of the son of the Liberator, which his name is also "DAN." And, to give the well-known lines so often quoted,—

"When DAN'L saw the writing on the wall,
At first he couldn't make it out at all."

And the sooner the official writing on the wall—if it exists—be obliterated, the better for the public service, as, when the public, like the Captain in the ballad of "*Billy Taylor*," "Comes for to hear on 't," the said British Public will "werry much applaud what has been done" in suppressing, not issuing, reconsidering, or revoking the order. So says "Mr. P.," and the "B. P." will agree with him.

THE ANCIENT MILLINER.

(His Reminiscences of the Recent Gale.)

PART I.

It was the Ancient Milliner
Stood by his open door;
The tale he told was something like
A tale I'd heard before.

I called forthwith a Hansom, and
"Now, Cabman, drive!" I cried;
"For I must get this bandbox home
Before the eventide."



Raining Cats and Dogs.

He tossed his head, he shook his mane,
And he was big and black;
He wore a little mackintosh
Upon his monstrous back.
I mused upon that mackintosh,
All mournfully mused I;
It was too small a thing to keep
So large a beastie dry.
And on we went up Oxford Street
With a short, uneasy motion;
What made the beast go sideways I
Have not the faintest notion,
But we ran into an omnibus
With a short, uneasy motion.
All in a hot, improper way,
The rude 'bus-driver said,

"The bride a-
pacing up
the aisle
Mad as a dog
would be,
Without this
sweet confec-
tion of
Silk and pas-
sementerie."
Westward the
good cab flew.
The horse
Was kick-
some, wild,
and gay;
He tossed his
head from
side to side
In an offen-
sive way.

That them what couldn't drive a horse
Should try a moke instead.

Never a word my cabman spoke—

No audible reply—

But, oh, a thousand scathing things
He thought; and so did I.

"What ails thee, Ancient Milliner?

What means thy ashen hue?

Why look'st thou so?"—I murmured,

"Blow!"

And at my word it blew.

PART II.

The storm-blast came down Edgware
Road,
Shrieking in furious glee,
It struck the cab, and both its doors
Leaped open, flying free.

I shut those doors, and kept them close
With all my might and main;
The storm-blast snatched them from my
And forced them back again. [hands,

It blew the cabman from his perch

Towards the hornéd moon;

I saw him dimly overhead

Sail like a bad balloon.

It blew the bandbox far away

Across the angry sea;

The English Channel's scattered with
Silk and passementerie.

The silly horse within the shaft

One moment did remain;

And then the harness snapped, and he

Went flying through the rain;

And fell, a four-legged meteor,

Upon the coast of Spain.

First Voice.

"What makes that cab move on so fast
Wherein no horse I find?"

Second Voice.

"The horse has cut away before;
The cab's blown from behind."

Then just against the Harrow Road

I made one desperate bound—

A leprous lamp-post and myself

Lay mingled in a swoond!

And cables snapped, and all things
snapped;

When the next morn was grey,

The *Telegraph* appeared without
Its "Paris Day by Day."

PART III.

Oh, cheapness is a pleasant thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To get a thing at one-and-four,
For which your friend pays twopence
more,

Is balm unto the soul.

And cheaper than that Hansom cab

Whose tale I've told thee thus,

Far cheaper it had been to take

The stately omnibus!

To take the stately omnibus

Where all together sit;

Each takes his ticket in his hands,

Obeys the Company's commands,

And pays his pence for it.

And if you would not find yourself

Wrecked in the Edgware Road,

Do not be vulgar and declare

You wish you may be blowed!

THE "MASHER'S" ANSWER.

[Dr. ARABELLA KENEALY, in the *Westminster Review*, is severe on the young men of the day for not dancing, and avoiding matrimony.]

Bless me, Doctor ARABELLA,
Hard a lady's hand can strike!

Do you really mean a fella'

Is to dance just when

you like?

Why so savagely sar-

castic,

That we will not

"take the floor,"

And account the "light

fantastic"

An unmitigated bore?

You avow we're shy of

marriage.

Is not that too hard again?

When a maiden wants a carriage,

And a mansion in Park Lane,

Diamonds, furs, and opera-boxes:

Although ardently one loves,

All the balance I've at Cox's

Wouldn't keep a girl in gloves.



"WILL YOU, WON'T YOU?"

(A Lay of the Lord Chancellor. Very latest Version, NOT from "Iolanthe.")

Lord Halsbury (to Bill Sikes). "IF YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING, IT WILL GO AGAINST YOU; AND IF YOU DO, IT WILL BE ALL UP WITH YOU!"

["The LORD CHANCELLOR declares himself the foe of any 'technical system' which excludes 'anybody who knows anything about the facts from the opportunity of stating what is the truth.' . . . We may take it that very soon we shall see that which may appear strange to English lawyers, but really is most reasonable—the accused stepping out of the dock into the witness-box, and giving his evidence, subject to the ordeal of cross-examination. It may be a bad look-out for rogues, but for nobody else."—*Times*.]

THE Law *should* be the embodiment
Of everything that is excellent.
But I fancy I've found one diminutive
flaw
In that else impeccable thing, the Law.
As its constitutional guardian, I

Must extract that mote from the legal eye.
It seems a preposterous paradox
To exclude the accused from the Witness's
Box.
To alter that is a duty for
A very unprejudiced Chancellor.

Here's the Box, my SIKES! With particular
I invite you, WILLIAM, to—step inside. [pride
Some peculiar things, things rich and rare,
I shall have to show you when you are there.
"Will you walk into my par—" dear me!
What a curious matter is memory!

What, *what* has that old song to do
With the little matter 'twixt me and you?
I apologise for the irrelevance, for
I *am* such a logical Chancellor!

If you step inside—as I trust you will—
We shall worm out the Truth with forensic
skill;

And if you decline—as I hope you won't—
We shall know there are reasons, friend, why
you don't.

So the Truth must benefit any way,
My beloved BILL. *What* is that you say?
You don't care a cuss for the Truth? Oh,
fie!

Truth makes one a free man. *Step in and
try!*

The triumph of Truth is a triumph for
A highly inquisitive Chancellor!

'Twill be most instructive to Judge and Jury
To hear you give evidence. Why this fury?
We can judge, you see, by the way he'll
behave,

'Twixt a simpleton and a clever knave.
The *Times* says so. Eh! *Confound the
Times?*

Oh, *don't* say so, BILL! A man of crimes
Might funk the ordeal; but this is the plan
To help the Law—and the Honest Man;
And therefore the plan of all plans for
A highly compassionate Chancellor!

ROBERT ON THE LORD MARE'S SHO.

WELL, I've had the grate good luck to
have seen praps as menny Lord Mare's Shos
as most people, praps more—not so menny, in
course, as that werry old but slitley hex-
adgerating Lady, as bowsted as she had
seen hunderds on 'em—but for sum things,
speshally for Rain, and mud, and slush, the
last one beats 'em all holler! What poor
little Whales could have done to put the
Clark of the Whether into sitch a temper,
in course I don't know, but if he'd have had
a good rattling attack of the gout in both
big Tos, like some past Lord Mares as we has
most on us heard on, he couldn't possberly
have bin in a wuss one.

Praps them as most excited my reel pity
was the LORD MARE's six genelmen in their
lully new State liveries, and their bewtiful
pink silk stockings a showing of their manly
carves, all splashing along through the horful
mud, and made crevel fun of by the damp
and thoughtless crowd. The fust reel staggerer
was the reel Firemen, about a thowsand on
'em, a marching along as bold as their brass
Helmets. What did they care for the rain
and the mud! and didn't they look as it they
was a longing for a jolly grand Fire to bust
out, jest to show us how easy it was to put it
out, tho' they had lost their jolly Captin.
Then there was the pretty Welch Milk Maids,
in their chimbley-pot Hats, and their funny-
looking custooms, all a being drawn by six
horses, and having some Bards and Arpers to
take care on 'em, and lend 'em humberrellars
to keep off the rain. Ah! won't they have
sum nice little stories to tell all their frends
when they gits back to Whales, incedwinding
their singing of wun of their hold Welch
songs afore the LORD MARE and all his nobel
gests in the evening. No wonder that they
was so estonished and bewilderd that they
quite forgot to take off their chimbley-pot
Hats wile they was a singing. But their
LORD MARE and countryman kindly forgave
'em all, and away they went rejoycing.

Upon the hole, I'm quite redly to bear my
testimony to the fact that, if we could by
any possberility have left out the horful
rain, and the mud, and the pore soaked and
dismal-looking mothers and children, it wud
have been about the werry finest looking Sho



A STAGGERER!

Rector's Wife (instructing an *Aspiring Buttons*, who has answered her advertisement). "YOU 'LL
HAVE TO OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THE HALL-DOOR, SEE TO THE STUDY FIRE, PUT THE
THINGS READY IN THE BATH-ROOM, THEN CALL YOUR MASTER PUNCTUALLY AT SIX, CLEAN
HIS BOOTS AND BRUSH HIS CLOTHES, CLEAN ALL THE CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, AND
BRUSH THEIR CLOTHES, LAY THE BREAKFAST PUNCTUALLY AT EIGHT, AFTER WHICH YOU 'LL
HAVE TO GET THE PONY AND TRAP READY TO DRIVE THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL, AND BE
BACK IN GOOD TIME. AFTER YOU 'VE DRESSED THE PONY AND CLEANED YOUR KNIVES AND
SILVER, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, AND THEN YOU 'LL LAY THE LUNCH—"

Aspiring Buttons (gasping). "PLEASE, 'M—BEG PARD'N—PLACE WON'T DO FOR ME. WHY,
I SHOULD WANT A NEW SUIT O' CLOTHES BEFORE YOU 'VE FINISHED TELLING ME WHAT I 'VE
GOT TO DO, AND THEN I SHOULDN'T FIND TIME TO BE MEASURED FOR 'EM! GOOD MORN'N."
[Exit *Aspirant*.]

ewer seen. The Bankwet at nite was jest as good as ushal, and indeed rayther better, and
just to sho how thuroly everyboddy had recovered from his morning's drenshing, the
compy acshally larfed at the LORD CHANCELLOR's Speech, and cheered the LORD MARE
to the Hekko!

ROBERT.

RATHER VAGUE.—Sir EDWARD BRADFORD, Commissioner of Police, informs the Public,
through a paragraph in the *Times*, about a meeting at the Marylebone Vestry, that, when-
ever in the Metropolis a street is found to be dangerously slippery, some one (probably a
policeman) is to telegraph to the "local authority" (who? what? which? where?) and
inform him, her, them, or it (whatever represents the aforesaid "local authority"), of
the fact. Well, and what then? Who's to do what, and when is it to be done? And
what is the penalty for not doing whatever it is?

SHORTLY TO APPEAR.—*Amiable Almonds*, by the Authoress of *Cross Currents*. To
be followed by *Rum Raisins*, *Delightful Dates*, and *Polly Peach*. Also, *Dolt Care What
Apples to Me!* being the Story of "A Mal wil a Cold id is Ed."

BIGOTED.—An Anti-Ritualistic old Lady objected to paying her water-rate, when she
was informed that she would be patronising "a High Service."

MEMORANDUM FOR MINOR POETS.—It is an elegant thing to write ballades and *rondeaux*,
but it is tyrannous to read them to your visitors.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XV.

SCENE—*The Table à Hôte at Lugano; CULCHARD has not yet caught Miss PRENDERGAST's eye.**Culchard (to Mr. BELLERBY). Have you—ah—been up Monte Generoso yet?**Mr. B. No. (After reflecting) No, I haven't. But I was greatly struck by its remarkably bold outline from below. Indeed, I dashed off a rough sketch of it on the back of one of my visiting cards. I ought to have it somewhere about me now. (Searching himself.) Ah, I thought so! (Handing a vague little scrawl to CULCHARD, who examines it with the deepest interest.) I knock off quite a number of these while I'm abroad like this. Send 'em in letters to relatives at home—gives them a notion of the place. They are—ar—kind enough to value them. (CULCHARD makes a complimentary mumble.) Yes, I'm a very rapid sketcher. Put me with regular artists, and give us half an hour, and I—ar—venture to say I should be on terms with them. Make it three hours, and—well, I daresay I shouldn't be in it.**Podbury (who has dropped into the chair next to Miss PRENDERGAST and her brother). BOB, old chap, I'll come in the middle, if you don't mind. I say, this is ripping—no idea of coming across you so soon as this. (Lowering his voice, to Miss P.) Still pegging away at my "penance," you see!**Miss Prend. The pleasure is more than mutual; but do I understand that Mr. —?**So tiresome, I left my glasses up in my room!**[She peers up and down the line of faces on her own side of the table.**Miss T. (to Culch.) I want you should notice that girl. I think she looks just as nice as she can be, don't you?**Culch. (carefully looking in every other direction). I—er—mumble—mumble—don't exactly—**[Here a Waiter offers him a dish containing layers of soles disguised under thick brown sauce; CULCHARD mangles it with an ineffectual spoon. The Waiter, with pitying contempt, "Tut-tut—tut!" Pesce, Signore—feesh!"]**CULCH. eventually lands a sole in a very**Podb. (to Miss P.) No—not this side—just opposite. (Here CULCH., in fingering a siphon which is remarkably stiff on the trigger, contrives to send a spray across the table and sprinkle Miss PRENDERGAST, her brother, and PODBURY, with impartial liberality). Now don't you see him? As playful as ever, isn't he! Don't try to make out it was an accident, old fellow. Miss PRENDERGAST knows you!**Miss P. (graciously). Pray don't apologise, Mr. CULCHARD; not the least harm done! You must forgive me for not recognising you before, but you know of old how provokingly shortsighted I am, and I've forgotten my glasses.**Culch. (indistinctly). I—er—not at all... most distressed, I assure you... really no notion—**Miss T. (in an undertone). Say, you know her, then? And you never let on!**Culch. Didn't I? Oh, surely! yes, I've—er—met that lady. (With grateful deference to Mr. BELLERBY, who has just addressed him.) You are an Art-Collector? Indeed? And—er—have you—er—?**Mr. B. I've the three finest Bodgers in the kingdom, Sir, and there's a Gubbins—a Joe Gubbins, mind you, not John—that's hanging now in the morning-room of my place in the country that I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for! I go about using my eyes and pick 'em up cheap. Cheapest picture I ever bought was a Prout—thirty-two by twenty; got it for two pound ten! Unfinished, of course, but it only wanted the colour being brought up to the edge. I did that. Took me half a day, and now—well, any dealer would give me hundreds for it! But I shall leave it to the nation, out of respect for PROUT's memory.**Bob Pr. (to PODBURY). Yes, came over by the St. Gothard. Who is that girl who was talking to CULCHARD just now? Do you know her? I say, I wish you'd introduce me some time.**Miss T. (to CULCHARD). You don't seem verry bright this evening. I'd like you to converse with your friend opposite, so I could get a chance to chip in. I'm ever so interested in that girl!**Culch. Presently—presently, if I have an opportunity. (Hastily, to Mr. B.) I gather that you paint yourself, Sir?**Mr. B. Well, yes. I assure you I often go to a Gallery, see a picture there that takes my fancy, go back to my office, and paint it in half an hour from memory—so like the original that, if it were framed, and hung up alongside, it would puzzle the man who painted it to know t'other from which! I have indeed! I paint original pictures, too. Most important thing I ever did was—let me see now—three feet by two and three-quarters. I was most successful in getting an effect of rose-coloured snow against the sky. I sponged it up, and—well, it came right somehow. Luck, that was, not skill, you know. I sent that picture to the Royal Academy, and they did me the honour to—ar—reject it.**Culch. (vaguely). An—er—honour, indeed.—(In despair, as Mr. B. rises.)—You— You're not going!**Mr. B. (consolingly). Only into the garden, for coffee. I observe you are interested in Art. We will—ar—resume this conversation later.**[Rises; Miss PRENDERGAST rises too, and goes towards the garden.**Culch. (as he follows, hastily). I must get this business over—if I can. But I wish I knew exactly how much to tell her. It's really very awkward—between the two of them. I'm afraid I've been a little too precipitate.**In the Garden; a few minutes later.**Miss Prend. (who has retired to fetch her glasses, with gracious playfulness). Well, Mr. CULCHARD, and how has my knight performed his lady's behests?**Culch. May I ask which knight you refer to?**Miss P. (slightly changing countenance). Which! Then—you know there is another? Surely there is nothing in that circumstance to— to offend—or hurt you?**Culch. Offended? (Considers whether this would be a good line to take.) Hardly that. Hurt? Well, I confess to being pained—very much pained, to discover that I was unconsciously pitted—against PODBURY!**Miss P. But why? I have expressed no preference as yet. You can scarcely have become so attached to him that you dread the result of a successful rivalry!**Culch. (to himself). It's a loop-hole—I'll try it. (Aloud.) You have divined my feeling exactly. In—er—obeying your commands, I have learned to know PODBURY better—to see in him a sterling nature, more worthy, in some respects, than my own. And I know how deeply he has centred all his hopes upon you, Miss PRENDERGAST. Knowing, seeing that as I—er—do, I feel that—whatever it costs me—I cannot run the risk of wrecking the—er—life's happiness of so good a fellow. So you must really allow me to renounce vows accepted under—er—an imperfect comprehension of the—er—facts!**[Wipes his brow.**Miss P. This is quite too Quixotic. Reflect, Mr. CULCHARD. Is such a sacrifice demanded of you? I assure you I am perfectly neutral at present. I might prefer Mr. PODBURY. I really don't know. And—and I don't like losing one of my suitors like this!**Culch. Don't tempt me! I—I mustn't listen, I cannot. No, I renounce. Be kind to PODBURY—try to recognise the good in him... he is so devoted to you—make him happy, if you can!**Miss P. (affected). I—I really can't tell you how touched I am, Mr. CULCHARD. I can guess what this renunciation must have cost you. It—it gives me a better opinion of human nature... it does, indeed!**Culch. (loftily, as she rises to go in). Ah, Miss PRENDERGAST, don't lose your faith in human nature! Trust me, it is—er—full of**"I knock off quite a number of these while I'm abroad like this."*

surprises! (*Alone.*) Now am I an abominable humbug, or what? I swear I felt every word I said, at the time. Curious psychological state to be in. But I'm out of what might have been a very unpleasant mess at all events!

Miss T. (*coming upon him from round a corner.*) Well, I'm sure, Mr. CULCHARD!

Culch. You are a young lady of naturally strong convictions, I am aware. But what are you so sure of at the present moment?

Miss T. Well, I guess I'm not just as sure of *you* as I should like to be, anyway. Seems to me, considering you've been so vurry inconsolable away from me, you'd a good deal to say to that young lady in the patent folders. And I'd like an explanation—you're right down splendid at explaining most things.

Culch. (*with virtuous indignation.*) So you actually suspect me of having carried on a flirtation!

Miss T. I guess girls don't use their pocket-handkerchiefs that way over the weather. Who is she, anyway?

Culch. (*calmly.*) If you insist on knowing, she is the lady to whom Mr. PODBURY has every prospect of being engaged. I hope your mind is at ease *now*?

Miss T. Well, I expect my mind would have stood the strain as it was—so it's Mr. PODBURY who's her admirer? See here, you're going to introduce me to that girl right away. It's real romantic, and I'm perfectly dying to make her acquaintance!

Culch. Hum—well. She is—er—*peculiar*, don't you know, and I rather doubt whether you will have much in common.

Miss T. Well, if you don't introduce me, I shall introduce myself, that's all.

Culch. By all means. (*To himself.*) Not if I can prevent it, though!

ONLY FANCY!

WE are in a position to give an emphatic contradiction to the rumour, put forward with much assurance, that the King of SPAIN has entered upon negotiations of a matrimonial character with reference to the grand-niece of the Crown Prince of ROUMANIA.

No one familiar with His Majesty's views on the Triple Alliance, and his openly-expressed opinion with respect to the occupation of Egypt, could for one moment give credence to a report so intrinsically absurd.

RYMUND has been imposed upon by one of his young men. Our friend, whose susceptibility to the wiles of impostors, though an amiable weakness, somewhat militates against his perfect success in life, has printed a paragraph announcing that the QUEEN will leave Balmoral on

Friday the 20th inst. at half-past two in the afternoon, Her MAJESTY reaching Windsor at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. It is *twenty-five minutes to three* when the Royal train will start, and Windsor will not be reached till five minutes after the hour mentioned by RYMUND. It is crass inaccuracies like these that lower the weekly press in the estimation of an observant public.

HENED has been at it again. Two months ago we published the intelligence that the Princess FREDERICA of Hanover would pass the winter months at Biarritz, a well-known watering-place almost on the border-land between Spain and France. This news was received with gratifying tokens of interest at every Court of Europe, and has been noted in innumerable communications passing privately between high personages. Then HENED comes upon the scene, and pompously makes an identical announcement as a piece of news! Far be it from us to take advantage of infirmity imposed upon a man by the idiocy of his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism. But we are compelled to ask, What can be expected from a man named HENED?

Sir HENRY WOLFF still lingers in town, Bucharest, in the meantime, having to get along as best it may without a British Minister. In private circles likely to be well-informed, the delay is understood to arise directly out of the fact that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is now "beyond the reach of regular postal arrangements."

"I wrote to tell GRANDOLPH about ARTHUR BALFOUR stepping into his old shoes as Leader of the House of Commons," says WOLFFY, showing his white teeth; "and, begad, I shall not leave Pall Mall till I hear what he says on the subject."

What is this scandal we hear about the THINGUMMIES? The family are naturally reticent on the subject, but WHOSETHIS has furnished us with some particulars which we believe may be relied on. On Wednesday afternoon, at five minutes to three (as nearly as we can fix the time), Mrs. THINGUMMY was walking down Bond Street, when, just as she reached the point where, as the Directory says, "Here is Bruton Street," who should pass her but WHATSHIS-NAME. THINGUMMY, who, by a strange chance, happened to be passing in a Hansom cab, was a witness to the *rencontre*, and following up the clue, came upon particulars which WHATDYECALLIT informs us is likely to make a stir. Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, being a friend of all parties concerned, will not accept a retainer from either side.

The *Daily News*, in its report of the opening of the Food and Cookery Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, remarks:—

"It will not be the least attractive feature of the exhibition that samples may be tasted at nearly all the stalls. The exhibition includes samples of gas and asbestos stoves and kitchen ranges."

We have brought this announcement under the notice of a friend who knows what's what when he's out to luncheon, and are disappointed at his lack of enthusiasm. He says he doesn't care about taking his gas that way, and as for asbestos stoves he knows nothing more indigestible, unless it be a kitchen range.

BALDER THE FAIR.

(*A Head-Piece.*)

[Eminent Physiologists assert that the most intellectual types of the future will be completely bald.]

Do'st imagine all Poets by locks hyacinthine
Distinguished from Lawyers, Physicians, and Aldermen,
By capillary cataraacts, thick as are thin thine?—
Bald, sooth to say, few undeniably balder men
Can be found, for the comfort of heads without hair,
Than that exquisite troubadour, BALDER the Fair.

Yes, the times are gone by
when a SWINBURNE or
BYRON

Were loved for their love-
locks and famed for
their frizziness,

When Olympian craniums,
worthy of MYRON

Or ANGELO, bowed to the
hair-dresser's business,
When Macassar's luxu-
riant essences fed

At once metrical foot and
symmetrical head.

DULCINEA, who dotes on that pure, polished surface
(Like ivory turned to the billiard-room's spheroid),
BALDER's occiput glassing bewitchingly her face,
The face of his Dear, *by herself in her hero eyed*—
DULCINEA would deem it profanity, were
It in nature to beg for a tress of his hair!

So take warning, ye Minstrels whose looks are a feature,
Be bald, e'en as bald as your verse peradventure is;
To be bald is the crown of the civilised creature,
And barbers are relics of barbarous centuries:

Still, howe'er you may strive, you will never compare,
For perfection of baldness, with BALDER the Fair.

A WARNING.—After the recent gale, the papers reported "WHOLE-SALE DESTRUCTION OF HOARDINGS." Very hard that hoardings couldn't be saved. Still, after all, the fact must be taken as a providential warning to Misers.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A REFLECTIVE GOURMET.—"The only thing your friend has a right to saddle you with is . . . fine five-year old mutton."





THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

He. "THE FACT IS, I NEVER GET ANY WILD FOWL SHOOTING—NEVER!"

She. "OH, THEN YOU OUGHT TO COME DOWN TO OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD IN THE WINTER. IT WOULD JUST SUIT YOU, THERE ARE SUCH A LOT OF GEESE ABOUT—A—A—I MEAN WILD GEESE, OF COURSE!"

THE "EGYPTIAN PET."

"We desire that Egypt should be strong enough of herself to repel all external attack, and to put down all internal disturbance."

Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall.

Professor of the Noble Art of Self-Defence (the "Pet's" Trainer), loquitur:—

CHANGE in my attitude? Nay, not a bit of it!
Like JOAN's true DARBY I'm "always the same."
Parties may flout, but I can't see the wit of it;
Surely they ought to be fly to my game.
Such "disquisitions" are strangely unfortunate,
Pain us extremely, delighting our foes;
Worry one too, like a busy, importunate
Fly on one's nose.

Don't know the play of our pugilist system, "Pet,"
Parties abroad who give heed to such chat.
Rival lot out of it; nobody's missed 'em, "Pet,"
(Nobody ever knew what *they* 'd be at).
Now, in position of much "greater freedom," "Pet,"
Fancy they'll badger *me* into a hole.
One thing is certain, nobody will heed 'em, "Pet,"
Poor little soul!

They were nice trainers and backers for you, my lad.
Pretty nigh muffed any small chance you'd got.
Square up those shoulders a little bit, *do*, my lad!
That form won't put in a slommocking shot.
Their fumbling style and contemptible flabbiness
Clings to you yet. Ah! thanks be, you've changed hands.
They'd crab our swim, but the Old Scuttler's shabbiness
BULL understands.

We didn't bring you out, put you in training, "Pet,"
Or crack you up as the Coming Young Copt.
(Straighten up, boy! Such corkscrewing and craning, "Pet,"
Never a rib-roasting wunner in-popt.)

No, you're a legacy! Would not deceive you, "Pet,"
You are a stick, and have cost a good bit.
Still we have charge of, and don't mean to leave you, "Pet,"
Till you are "fit."

Biceps? Ah, verily, feeling your muscle, "Pet,"
Isn't a job that brings SANDOW to mind.
Where would you be in a real hard tussle, "Pet"?
You're not a Pug of the wear-and-tear kind.
Foes many menace you. Champions, boy, you know,
Challenge all comers; they *have* to—you bet.
When you can do so, I'll leave you with joy, you know.
But—'tisn't yet!

Thanks to our care, you're improving, my "Pet," a bit.
Promising Novice, of that there's no doubt.
But up to Champion form? No, not yet a bit.
Just try that on, and you'll soon get knocked out.
Can't say exactly how long we must bide with you,
Help you develope grit, muscle, and pipe;
But we must own you to-day—(though we side with you)—
Not "Cherry Ripe!"

[Left putting the "Pet" through his paces.]

VERY NEAR.—"The man who never makes a mistake, never makes anything," said Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, in the course of a farewell after-dinner speech. Happening to be re-reading Mr. SURTEES' inimitable *Soapy Sponge*, we find that Mr. Bragg, when applying for the situation of Huntsman to Mr. Puffington, remarked, "He, Sir, who never makes an effort, Sir, never risks a failure," which is just the premiss to Mr. PHELPS' celebrated conclusion.

A NUPTIAL PENEDITION.—"Pless you, my children!" as Sir CORNWALLIS WEST will say in his best Principality-English to the happy Bride and Bridegroom on December 8 next.



THE "EGYPTIAN PET."

PROFESSOR OF THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE. "NOT UP TO IT YET, YOUNG 'UN."

"We desire that Egypt should be strong enough of herself to repel all external attack, and to put down all internal disturbance."

Lord Salisbury's Speech at the Guildhall, November 9th.

"BY JINGO!"

(A Military Sketch according to precedent.)

SCENE—Sanctum of the Coming General. To him enter Intelligent Foreigner.

Intelligent Foreigner (politely). I trust you will forgive me for intruding upon you, but the fact is I am very anxious to obtain a few useful hints for the Government I have the honour to represent.

Coming General (effusively). Oh, certainly. Only too glad to lay down any work I may have in hand, to tell you everything. Of course you have been over Woolwich Arsenal and the Dockyards, and no doubt you have—



Int. For. (interrupting). Yes, thanks, I have seen everything, and had everything explained to me. I do not believe that there is a single official secret that has not been revealed to me in the kindest manner possible.

Com. Gen. (heartily). Come, that is as it should be! We like to tell the whole world what we can do.

Int. For. (dryly). Exactly, and teach your neighbours how to do it?

Com. Gen. (gazing at his neglected work). But if you know everything, why do you come to me?

Int. For. Well, I thought if I got it first hand from the Commander of the Future, it would strengthen the opinion I have already formed of the unpreparedness of the British Empire. For I take it that the British Empire is unprepared?

Com. Gen. (amused). Why, certainly! I thought everybody knew that! If war were declared now, according to all the rules of the game, we ought to be absolutely ruined.

Int. For. Dear me! I am sorry to hear it! But surely your Fleet is fairly strong?

Com. Gen. (laughing). What a joke! Oh, I dare say, ship for ship and gun for gun, we are more powerful than any other nation. But if hostilities broke out, our Fleet would be valueless. We should want every vessel to guard our island shores, and our commerce and colonies would have to shift for themselves.

Int. For. (with concern). Dear me! This is very sad! But then you have an Army?

Com. Gen. (with another burst of laughter). What! Call our wretched force an Army! Why, to quote a writer, whose letters have been published in our leading journal, "Nobody could tell the Secretary of State for War how a force of forty thousand men, if it had to be supplemented for defensive purposes by Volunteers, could be supplied with ammunition for six weeks." Call our force an Army! Why, my dear Sir, the notion is absolutely ridiculous!

Int. For. But does not such a state of things make you uneasy?

Com. Gen. Uneasy! Of course it does! Why, at a moment's notice, this grand old country might disappear for ever! Why we all feel that we are on the point of dissolution! We know that only a ninth-rate Power has to send a fleet to invade us, and we should have to submit—that we should be absolutely effaced, and be known in future as merely a geographical expression!

Int. For. But surely this is lamentable—demoralising?

Com. Gen. I should rather think it was!—awfully demoralising!—(Sound of telephone bell.)—But will you pardon me? Some one wishes to speak to me from Head Quarters. I won't be a second.

Int. For. Certainly. Pray see what it is.

Com. Gen. (listening, and speaking through telephone). What! Not really? Hurray!

Int. For. Why, what is the news?

Com. Gen. (excitedly). Splendid! The Great Powers of Europe have simultaneously declared war against us! This will be grand!

Int. For. (in a tone of deep commiseration). My poor fellow, this means ruin!

Com. Gen. Ruin! Rot! (Through telephone.) All right, will start to-night, and should be in Paris by Thursday, and at St. Petersburg at latest by the end of week. We can take Vienna and Berlin on our way home! I will be with the men at Portsmouth within an hour. Never mind our baggage; send it on afterwards.

Int. For. (astounded). But what are you going to do?

Com. Gen. (with determination). Going to do! Why give them another thrashing! By-by, no time for talking! See you again soon!

[Exit hurriedly to beat the foe, and, strange to say, the object is subsequently attained—somehow!]

AN ANTI-ONIONIST LIBERAL.—MR. LEAKE lately made a radically plucky speech, and is in future to be known in the North as Cocky Leakey.

OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

Telegraphic Address.—"Cresus," Everywhere.

Of course I knew perfectly well what would happen after I had put forth the programme of my financial operations. I said at the time to my friend GUS BRUMMAGE, "Mark my words," I said, "I shall have all the Crowned Heads of the world grovelling at my feet and imploring, actually imploring me to allow them to hand over their money and their ancestral regalia to me for investment. They're bound to do it. I know the beggars well, and a more grasping lot you couldn't find within a day's march of Holloway Gaol." Dear old Gus (Beau Gus he is always called on account of his singularly attractive appearance) went so far as to pooh-pooh what I said. I don't bear him any ill-will. Gus was always a bit of a courtier, and got his head turned for good, when the Japanese Prince CHU IKAH invited him to stay a week at his country house, and to act as godfather to the infant prince, KA CHOOKAH, the necessary ceremony having been postponed for six months in order to allow Gus to get there in time. That, as I say, was the ruin of Gus, and since that time he has had an offensive way of giving himself not merely airs, but what I may call regular blasts in the company of men better than himself. He ought to recollect that he owes his start in life to the lucky chance that threw him in my way. If I hadn't appointed him Chairman of the Turp, Pin and Bolt Company, and Managing Director of the New Gatefringe Syndicate, Limited, he might still be engaged in sweeping out the tenth-rate office which was formerly the scene of his labours. But I never expect gratitude. I am content to do good to my fellow-creatures without the least hope of merely temporal reward. On this particular occasion I was right, as usual. Telegrams stamped with the coats-of-arms of all the principal dynasties of the world have been inundating me. For instance, H. R. H. the Hereditary Grand Duke of LEBWEH has wired to me in the following terms, of which I have caused an accurate translation to be executed by my staff of paid short-hand clerks:—"Have on my faithful and with-joy-inspired subjects a tax of ten reichsgulden each after great on the part of my ministers reluctance imposed. Invest proceeds for me in the best to your wisdom known company, and without delay. Perfect confidence." Now I can assure His Royal Highness, who will look in vain for any other answer than this, that no power on earth, and least of all the cajoleries or menaces of the great and highly-placed shall induce me to depart by one jot or tittle from the course I have marked out for myself. And I take this occasion to assure all other potentates that I do not propose by any effort of mine to bring wealth to the foreigner. The welfare of the British people is my only care. For them, but for no others, my investments are open; to them alone I devote my unrivalled experience. And after this I trust I shall be troubled with no further importunities from abroad.

I have to announce this week that I have formed 'The Cresus Club Company. I have, at immense expense, secured a splendid site in the very heart of the fashionable quarter of London. Building operations will begin immediately, and within the next three weeks the members will be housed in a Club-house unrivalled for comfort and luxury. Ten French chefs will preside over the kitchen, and house dinners at a minimum price of £5 a-head will be served in the Ruby Hall to the strains of the Brass Potsdammer Buben Hussar Band, specially retained for the exclusive service of the Club. The first list of members will consist of 2000, and, in order to insure exclusiveness, the subscription will be fixed at £500 without any entrance fee. A list of the Provisional Committee, containing a Duke as Chairman and four Peers as ordinary members, will be issued at once. I have the authority of the Committee to receive subscriptions.

I may point with pride to the fact that all the investments recommended by me have prospered, and the list of British millionaires has been heavily increased. Canadian Boodlers fairly firm, but with a tendency to cross the border-line. No returns. I say, "Sell." M. T. Coffey Co. not very promising. (294 stk.; lim. pref., 19; mortg. deb., 44.) Clear out, if possible. Tight Rates Ry. Co. must be bought. But enough of this. All that is necessary is that correspondents should send remittances. The rest may be left to me.

CRESUS.





THE FLOODS. A FARMER'S DREAM.

QUITE A LIBEL'Y PROSPECT!

(Or what may be expected after a recent Verdict.)

SCENE—An Editor's Room. Editor and Chief Sub. discovered in conversation.

Editor. And I think you have asked the Solicitors who have threatened us with proceedings to be in attendance?

Chief Sub. Yes, Sir. They are below—shall I send them up?

Ed. If you please. One by one; and kindly impress upon them the value of my time.

Chief Sub. Certainly. But I think you will find they will get over their business pretty speedily. After they have gone, no doubt you would like to look at the Contents Bill, Sir?

Ed. Yes, please; and now send up the Lawyers.

[Exit Chief Sub., when the Editor returns to his writing, until interrupted by First Solicitor.

First Solor. Sorry to intrude upon you when you seem to be busy, but it was your own idea that I should look you up.

Ed. Entirely. And now, Sir, perhaps you will kindly explain of what your client has to complain.

First Solor. Certainly. You said of the senior member of the Bounding Brothers of Bohemia, that, "although a very marvel of strength and grace, he could scarcely, after fifty years' service in the ring, be described as a trapèze-practising acrobat."

Ed. Well, surely that is a most complimentary allusion to his personality! What does he want more than to be "a marvel of grace and strength"?

First Solor. You say he can scarcely be described as a "trapèze-practising acrobat."

Ed. Well, can he? Does he ever practise on the trapèze?

First Solor. Well, no. But he might if he liked! You see his chief business is to stand at the base of the pyramid, at the apex of which is his smallest and lightest Bounding Brother. But he might use the trapèze, I repeat, if he liked.

Ed. If what I hear is correct—it would have to be a strong one?

First Solor. Certainly—an extra strong one. We don't deny that our client weighs over twenty stone. But there, as we can accept no explanation, will you kindly tell me the name of your Solicitor?

Editor. Certainly.

[Gives the requisite information, and returns to his work, until interrupted by Second Solicitor, who has taken the place of the First.

Second Solor. I am afraid this interview is absolutely useless. Our client can accept no apology. You announced that you believed that JOHN SNOOKS had ceased to be in the employment of the Universal Cab and Fly Company.

Editor. Who is John SNOOKS?

Second Solor. He is a driver in the service of the organisation I have just named—and we act for the organisation. We complain that you have seriously injured us by telling the public that you believed we had lost the services of one of our thousand drivers.

Editor. But if we did believe it?

Second Solor. That is your business and not ours; and so, Sir, we shall be glad of the names of your Solicitors.

[The information is afforded, and the Editor returns to his work, until interrupted by Third Solicitor.

Third Solor. Sorry to disturb you, but you have been libelling one of our clients. He objects to your putting his Christian name in the paper—says that even with another surname it will injure him with his neighbours. He doesn't want his Christian name to be figuring in the public prints.

Ed. And what is his Christian name?

Third Solor. ZOZIMUS.

Ed. Why, that is mine! I thought I was the only man in the world with that name, with the solitary exception of my godfather!

Third Solor. Very likely you are—your godfather is our client.

Ed. Then mustn't I print my own name?

Third Solor. Certainly not without running the risk of an action for libel. The address of your Solicitors, please?

[The Editor gives the desired information, and then sends up "the Pleasure of Editing" to the Composing Room as a line for the Contents Bill as the Scene closes in.

An Elevating Exhibition.

At the Alhambra, the Little GEORGIA MAGNET ought to attract thousands. Three heavy swells seated on a chair she can lift, chair and all, so that the little lady's exhibition of power must have a wonderfully elevating effect on all who come within the reach of her influence. At all events, there can be no doubt that her magnetic force will give the Alhambra itself a tremendous lift.

"I CAN'T write seasonable verses," replied Our Festive Poet, "until I've had my Christmas dinner, and then I'm mincepie-r'd!"



EXCELSIOR!

She. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A MUSICIAN, HERR MÜLLER."
He. "A MUSICIAN? ACH, NO—GOTT VORPIT! I AM A WAGNERIAN!"

AN IMPERIAL STAGE-MANAGER.

"GUILLAUME DEUX," says the *Figaro*, "prend très au sérieux sa tâche de moralisateur." He is his own Licensor of plays, and, it may be presumed, collars the fees for doing the official Licensor's work; that is, if there be a department of this nature in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. And His Imperial Highhandedness not only is his own licensor, but is a self-appointed Stage-Manager, for, continues the *Figaro*, "Il a prescrit que, dans une pièce moderne, LE NOUVEAU MAÎTRE, une scène un peu violente ne fût pas jouée à l'avant-scène, mais au fond du théâtre." If His Imperial Majesty should permit some of IBSSEN's plays to be performed, *Ghosts* for example, or *Hedda Gabler*, no doubt most of the dialogue would be given right at the back of the stage, out of ear-shot of the audience. In ordinary dramas the Villain who may have to use strong language, or in farce the Eccentric Comedian who frequently has to utter more or less playfully a meaningless



Only in Play!

"big big D." would by Imperial command be compelled to "retire up" to deliver himself of the expletive, and then would have to "come down to the front" and continue the stage-business. But, not satisfied with merely giving the above stage-directions, His Imperial Majesty "est allé samedi s'assurer en personne que ses ordres étaient bien exécutés." No dodging such an Emperor as this. How would Herr Von IRVING and Herr TOOLE like this personal supervision? And how about Herren JONES, PINERO, W. S. GILBERT and a few others, who would not particularly enjoy having their stage-directions upset by even an Imperial amateur. The next move of GUILLAUME DEUX will be to make himself honorary prompter, and it may be to cast himself for the leading parts.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*DICKENSII nihil à me alienum puto*," quoth the Baron, taking up *A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land*. By W. K. HUGHES, F.L.S., with Illustrations by F. G. KITTON, and Others, published by Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL. Ahem! The frisky KITTON, having several tales to play with (probably some relation to the Cat-o-nine-tails, eh?), has done his work well; and the same may be said for Others. The work can be recommended as a book of pictorial reference for Dickensian students, but otherwise it is—ahem—superfluous. If this kind of trading on the name of DICKENS continues, we shall probably become HUGHES'd to seeing such announcements as, "Shortly to appear,—*The Collected Bills of the Butcher and Baker of Charles Dickens; Upper Storeys of Houses in whose Neighbourhood Charles Dickens resided; Some Tradesmen's Accounts, Receipted and Returned with Thanks, Autographically, to Charles Dickens, &c., &c.*"

A sad story, picturesquely commenced, and powerfully ended, is RUDYARD KIPLING's *The Light that Failed*. But, between these two extremes, the conversations have the deadly fault of being wearisome, and, as to the manner of their conversation, were the Baron compelled to listen to much of it, life would indeed not be worth living. The women-kind in it are all detestable; there is none of them that doeth good in the novel, no, not one. It becomes gradually gloomier and gloomier, and, indeed, it is well styled *The Light that Failed*. Since DAUDET's *Jack*, the Baron calls to mind no book more pitiful, no characters more heartless, and no sadder ending. Clever, of course; artistic, equally so; but—well, the Baron's advice to his enemies is, Go in heavily for Christmas festivities, have an orgy of plum-pudding, creams, sweets, and mince-pies, and, on the day after Boxing Day, stay in-doors, and read *The Light that Failed*.

The Light that Failed; or, a Thief in the Candle.

In the Baron's office there are several departments, where SAM the Skipper for novels, CHIL'D HAROLD for children's books, and PETER the Salt for tales of the sea, are specially busy at Christmas time. To quote the ancient song of the "*Mistletoe Bough*":—

"The Baron's retainers were Blythe and Gay;"

and so are they now, as the Ladies BELINDA BLYTHE and GRISELDA GAY undertake a considerable proportion of such seasonable reviewing as is more or less expected from the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS about this season of the year. But the Baron reviews the reviewers, and presents the public with only the pick of the basket. Now, once for all, the Baron gives notice hereby and herewith nevertheless and all to the contrary notwithstanding, that neither he nor his retainers will take notice of Christmas puzzles, such as, for example, the bilious-looking "Spots Puzzle," which ought to be dedicated to *Little Red Riding Hood*, as it is brought out by "WOLF." The Baron cannot listen to "the cry of WOLF." Let that be understood. Now, in the way of Books, what is there for Christmas fare? There is



Blackie and Son introducing themselves to the Baron de Book-Worms.

friend BLACKIE, who doesn't keep himself dark, but comes out with *Henty* in Plenty, whose *Dash for Khartoum* will be appreciated even by those who don't ordinarily care a dash for anything. Ask for HENTY, and see that you get him. MR. MANVILLE FENN ought long

ago to have changed his name to BOYVILLE FENN, as he is so associated with Books for Boys, and his *Brownsmith's Boy* is more boyant than ever. "A capital book" says the Baron's chief adviser. Find out *The Rover's Secret*, by HARRY COLLINGWOOD; it is worth knowing, and make friends with ANNIE ARMSTRONG's *Three Bright Girls*.

Angling Sketches, by ANDREW LANG—*Andrew L'Angler*—are delightful reading. The Baron pictures to himself the thoughtful and Balfour-like ANDREW on a bank by the river, rod stuck into ground, pencil and note-book in his hand. "What is he doing, my boy?" inquires the Baron, of the hook-baiting boy. "He's ketching sumthink," whispers the urchin. Is it Historical Notes on the *Diet of Wurms*? Is it necessary to show that the fish have no consciousness of Pain? Or, is he composing *Lines to my Rod*? Or is it a disquisition on "ingratitude," showing how the stream goes on murmuring? And does he classically remind it how silent it ought to be,—*Dumb defuit annis*? Or does the stream murmur because our ANDREW the Fisherman has been "whipping" it? Should he betake himself to fly-fishing, let his motto be "Strike and spare not!" and if he would be wise above his fellows in the gentle art of catching fish, let him consult *The Incomplete Angler*, says, disinterestedly, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MEMS FROM MONKEY-LAND.

(Being a Report made to the "Royal Simian Society" by Professor Hairy Myas, F.R.S.S., with compliments to Professor Garnier, who continues his articles on "a Simian Language" in "The New Review" for this month.)

I HAVE for some time past paid considerable attention to the sounds uttered by the Human Beings who are permitted to observe our movements, in the wire house which the Proprietor of these gardens has so obligingly placed at our disposal, rent free. My object has been to discover whether the Human Species, though belonging to a rather low form of animal life, can be said to have anything corresponding to the language which is the recognised means of communicating between Apes.

I have been much assisted in my investigations by the kind help afforded me by the great Anubis Baboon, who has frequently abandoned the consumption of nuts to come and make experiments on our human visitors; the elder members of the Chimpanzee Family have also been most useful, and have often restrained the young of their household from interrupting my inquiries by ill-timed pleasantries. Only once in the whole course of these scientific labours have I had seriously to complain of my tail being made use of as a swing.

It was not long before I came to the conclusion that men do really mean something by the extraordinary gibberings and chattering in which they indulge. My first experiment was on a female of the species, with a blue feather in her bonnet. At a sign from me, a young Chimpanzee suddenly and adroitly snatched the bonnet from her head. The sound she uttered was, as nearly as I can put it, *wh-oo-w!* ending in a shrill scream. I therefore take the *oo* sound to indicate alarm, or dissatisfaction. Exactly the same vowels were used by the Male.

The mischievous young of the Human Species, we have discovered, also have this *oo* sound, and use it when they wish to frighten us.

The three conclusions which I have drawn from my inquiries are:—

1. That Human Beings understand the sounds they utter to each other, and therefore possess a language, as we do.
 2. That Human Beings have, in a very imperfect and rudimentary shape, the faculty of reason.
 3. That Apes have descended from Men! In other words, that a Monkey is only a highly-developed and more agile Man.
- These, no doubt, are startling conclusions, and I expect them to excite controversy. In fact, an Ourang-Outang friend of mine, to whom I mentioned them, was so shocked, that he has declined all nourishment ever since. But I rely on the scientific spirit of this great society to do me justice; and I venture to add a request that it will see fit to endow research by voting an extra supply of apples and nuts to the Chimpanzees, the Anubis Baboon, and myself, while we are at work on this very fatiguing field of inquiry.



LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. VII.—TO VANITY.

DEAR VANITY,

IMAGINE my feelings when I read the following letter. It lay quite innocently on my breakfast-table in a heap of others. It was stamped in the ordinary way, post-marked in the ordinary way, and addressed correctly, though how the charming writer discovered my address I cannot undertake to say; in fact, there was nothing in its outward appearance to distinguish it from the rest of my everyday correspondence. I opened it carelessly, and this is what I read:—

RIDICULOUS BEING.—In the course of a fairly short life I have read many absurd things, but never in all my existence have I read anything so absurd as your last letter. I don't say that your amiable story about HERMIONE MAYBLOOM is not absolutely true; in fact, I knew HERMIONE *very slightly* myself when everybody was raving about her, and I never *could* understand what all you men (for, of course, you are a man; no woman could be so foolish) saw in her to make you lose your preposterous heads. To me she always seemed *silly* and *affected*, and *not in the least* pretty, with her snub nose, and her fuzzy hair. So I am rather glad, not from any personal motive, but for the sake of *truth* and *justice*, that you have shown her up. No; what I do complain of is, your evident intention to make the world believe that only women are vain. You pretend to lecture us about our shortcomings, and you don't seem to know that there is no vainer creature in existence than a man. No peacock that ever strutted with an expanded tail is one-half so ridiculous or silly as a man. I make no distinctions—*all men are the same*; at least, that's my experience, and that of every woman I ever met.

How do you suppose a woman like HERMIONE succeeds as she does? Why she finds out (it doesn't take long, I assure you) the weak points of the men she meets, their wretched jealousies, affectations and conceits, and then artfully proceeds to flatter them and make each of them think his particular self the lord of creation, until she has all the weak and foolish creatures wound round her little finger, and slavishly ready to fetch and carry for her. And all the time you go about and boast of your conquest to one another, and imagine that *you* have subjugated her. But she sits at home and laughs at you, and *despises* you all from the flinty bottom of her heart. Bah! you're a pack of fools, and I've no patience with you. As for you personally, if you *must* write any more, tell your fellow men something about their own follies. It won't be news to *us*, but it may open *their* eyes. If you can't do that, you had better retire into your tub, and cease your painful barking altogether. I've got my eye on you, so be careful. I remain (thank goodness) A WOMAN.

Now that was not altogether an agreeable breakfast dish. And the worst of it was that it was so supremely unjustifiable. Had my indignant correspondent honoured me with her address, I should have answered her at once. "Madam," I should have said, "your anger outstrips your reason. I always intended to say something about men. I had already begun a second letter to my friend VANITY on the subject. I can therefore afford to forgive your hard words, and to admit that there is a certain amount of truth in your strictures on us. But please don't write to me again so furiously. Such excessive annoyance is quite out of keeping with your pretty handwriting, and besides, it takes away my appetite to think I have even involuntarily given you pain. Be kind enough to look out for my next letter, but don't, for goodness' sake, tell me what you think about it, unless it should happen to please you. In that case I shall, of course, be proud and glad to hear from you again."

I now proceed, therefore, to carry out my intention, and, as usual, I address myself to the fountain-head. My dear VANITY, I never shall understand why you take so much trouble to get hold of men. They are not a pleasing sight when you have got them, and after a time it must cease to amuse even you to see yourself reproduced over and over again, and in innumerable ridiculous ways. For instance, there is Dr. PEAGAM, the celebrated author of *Indo-Hebraic Fairy Tales: a new Theory of their Rise and Development, with an Excursus on an Early Aryan Version of "Three Blind Mice."* Dr. PEAGAM is learned; he has the industry of a beaver; he is a correspondent of goodness knows how many foreign philosophical, philological, and mythological societies; his record of University

distinctions has never been equalled; his advice has been sought by German Professors. Yet he carries all this weight of celebrity and learning as lightly as if it were a wideawake, and seems to think nothing of it. But he has his weak point, and, like Achilles, he has it in his feet.

This veteran investigator, this hoary and venerable Doctor, would cheerfully give years off his life if only the various philosophers who from time to time sit at his feet would recognise that those feet are small, and compliment him on the fact. They *are* small, there is no doubt of it, but not small enough to be encased without agony in the tiny, natty, pointed boots that he habitually wears. Let anybody who wants to get anything out of Dr. PEAGAM lead the conversation craftily on to the subject of feet and their proper size. Let him then make the discovery (aloud) that the Doctor's feet are extraordinarily small and beautiful, and I warrant that there is nothing the Doctor can bestow which shall not be freely offered to this cunning flatterer. That is why Dr. PEAGAM, a modest man in most respects, always insists on sitting in the front row on any platform, and ostentatiously dusts his boots with a red silk pocket-handkerchief.

Then, again, who is there that has not heard of Major-General

WHACKLEY, V.C., the hero who captured the ferocious Ameer of Mudwallah single-handed, and carried him on his back to the English camp—the man to whose dauntless courage, above all others, the marvellous victory of Pilferabad was due? Speak to him on military matters, and you will find the old warrior as shy as a school-girl; but only mention the word poetry, and you'll have him reciting his ballads and odes to you by the dozen, and declaiming for hours together about the obtuseness of the publishing fraternity.

I don't speak now of literary men who value themselves above LAMB, DICKENS, and THACKERAY, rolled into one; nor of artists who sneer at TITIAN; nor of actors who hold GARRICK to be absurdly overrated. Space would fail me, and patience you. But let me just for a brief moment call to your mind ROLAND PRETTYMAN. Upon my soul, I think ROLAND the most empty-headed fribble, the most affected coxcomb, and the most conceited noodle in the whole world. He was decently good-looking once, and he had a pretty knack of sketching in water-colours.

But oh, the huge, distorted, overweening conceit of the man! I have seen him lying full length on a couch, waving a scented handkerchief amongst a crowd of submissive women, who were grovelling round him, while he enlarged in his own pet jargon on the surpassing merits of his latest unpublished essay, or pointed out the beauties of the trifling pictures which were the products of his ineffective brush. He will never accomplish anything, and yet to the end of his life, I fancy, he will have his circle of toadies and flatterers who will pretend to accept him as the evangelist of a glorious literary and artistic gospel. For unfortunately he is as rich as he is impudent and incompetent. And when he drives out in a Hansom he never ceases to simper at his reflected image in the little corner looking-glasses, by means of which modern cab-proprietors pander to the weakness of men. Such is your handiwork, my excellent VANITY. Are you proud of it?

Yours, &c.,

DIODENES ROBINSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

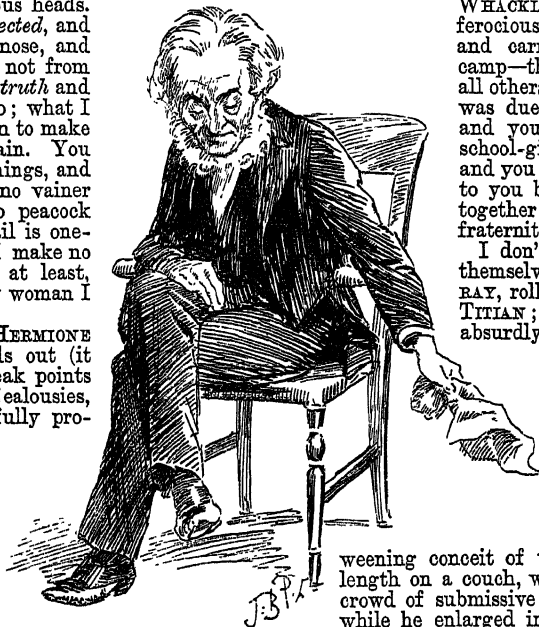
"ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW EVERYTHING."—You ask, What are the duties of "the Ranger"? Household duties only. He has to inspect the kitchen-ranges in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Osborne. Hence the style and title. He also edits Cook's Guides.

"ANOTHER IDIOT" wishes to know if there is such an appointment in the gift of the Crown as the office of "Court Sweep." Why, certainly; and, on State occasions, he wears the Court Soot, and his broom is always waiting for him at the entrance! At Balmoral and Osborne there is a beautiful sweep leading the visitor right up to the front door.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE" writes us,—"Sir, in what poem of MILTON's does the following couplet occur?"

"I'll light the gas soon,
To play the *bas*-soon."

How are the lines to be scanned? *Ans.*—On internal evidence, we question whether the lines are MILTON's. In the absence of our Poet, who is out for a holiday, we can only reply, that if short-sighted, you can scan them by the aid of a powerful glass—of your favourite compound.



"THE SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT."

(Modern Version, as it must be.)



[“The Associated Chambers of Commerce ask that the Coastguard stations, shore-lighthouses, rock lighthouses, and light-ships of the United Kingdom, should, as far as possible, be connected by telegraph or telephone with the general telegraph system of the country, ‘as a means for the protection of life and property, as well as for national defence.’ . . . France and America, Holland and Denmark, provide their seamen with this great safeguard in the hour of their utmost need. Is England content to let her sailors die by hundreds for want of a little money, or for want of a little care?”—*Times*.]

Prospero. Why, that’s my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel. Close by, my master.

Prospero. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish’d.

Tempest, Act I., Scene 2.

CONTENT? There’s many an English heart will hear with fierce
That England lags so far behind in these electric days—

[amaze]

England, whose seamen are her shield, who vaunts in speech and song,

The love she bears her mariners! Wake, CAMPBELL, swift and strong

Of swell and sweep as the salt waves you sang as none could sing!

Rouse DRIDGIN, of the homelier flight, but steady waft of wing!

Poetic shades, *this* question, sure, should pierce the ear of death,
And make ye vocal once again with quick, indignant breath.

Content? Whilst round our rocky coasts the souls who guard them
sink, [brink,
Death clutching from the clamorous brine, hope beaconing from the
With lifted hands toward the lights that beam but to betray,
Because dull Britons fail to think, or hesitate to pay? [went,
No! With that question a fierce thrill through countless listeners
And, hoarse with indignation, rings the answer, "Not Content!"

When the Armada neared our coast in days now dubbed as "dark,"
Pre-scientific Englishmen, whom no Electric Spark
Had witched with its white radiance, yet sped from height to height
Of Albion's long wild sea-coast line the ruddy warning Light.
"Cape beyond Cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of
fire"

Reveillé shot from sea to sea, from wave-washed shire to shire;
Inland, from hill to hill, it flashed wherever English hand,
Helpful at need in English cause, could grip an English brand.
To-day? Well, round our jutting cliffs, across our hollowing bays
Thicker the light-ship beacons flash, the lighthouse lanterns blaze.
From sweep to sweep, from steep to steep, our shores are starred with
light,

Burning across the briny floods through the black mirk of night,
Forth-gleaming like the eyes of Hope, or like the fires of Home,
Upon the eager eyes of men far-straining o'er the foam.
Good! But how greatly less than good to fear, to think, to know
That inland England's less alert against a whelming foe
Than when bonfire and beacon flared mere flame of wood and pitch,
From Surrey hills to Skiddaw!

Science-dowered, serenely rich,
Safe in its snugly sheltered homes, our England lies at ease,
Whilst round her cliffs gale-scourged to wrath the tiger-throated seas
Thunder in ruthless ravaging rage, with rending crash and shock,
Through the dull night and blinding drift on leagues of reef and rock.
More furious than the Spaniards they, more fierce, persistent foes,
These deep-gorged, pallid, foaming waves. Yes, bright the beacon
glows,

Warmly the lighthouse wafts its blaze of welcome o'er the brine;
The shore's hard by, but where the hands to whirl the rescuing line?
To launch the boat?—to hurl the buoy? The lighthouse men look out
Upon their wreck-borne brethren there, their hearts are soft as stout,
But signals will not pierce this dark, shouts rise o'er this fierce roar,
Rescue may wait at hand, but—there's no cable to the shore!

Content with this? Nay, callous he whom this stirs not to rage,
Punch pictures, with prophetic pen, a brighter cheerier page,
Which must be turned, and speedily:

Good Mr. PROSPERO BULL,
Your *Ariel* is the Electric Sprite, DIBDIN, of pity full
For tempest-tost Poor JACK, descried a Cherub up aloft
Watch-keeping o'er his venturesome life. That symbol, quoted off,
Must find new form to fit the time. The *Ariel* of the Spark
Must watch around our storm-lashed coast in tempest and in dark,
Guardian of homeward-bound Poor JACK, to spread the news of fear,
And tell him, battling with the storm, that rescuing hands, though
Are not made helpless in his hour of agonising need, [near,
By ignorance that heeds not, and neglect that fails to heed.

* MACAULAY'S *Armada*.

ALL BERRY WELL.

SIR,—As there is so much talk just now about the best way
in which to make Coffee, I will mention the plan I adopt, in the
hope that some of your readers may imitate it in their own homes.
It is very simple. You take some of the excellent "Coffee Mixture,"
sold by the "Arabo-Egyptian Pure Parisian Berry Company,
Limited," at sixpence the pound. You need not give more than
one tea-spoon to every four persons, as the coffee is very good and
thick. Add condensed milk, and fill with water, after which, let
the pot stand on the hob an hour before use. You would be sur-
prised at the quality of the fluid which results. It gives general
satisfaction in my own circle. My nephew, who lives with me,
declares that it is the only genuine coffee he has drunk since he
returned from the East. He usually, however, has his breakfast out.
My General Servant says that "she prefers it to beer" (though she
takes both), and has asked me for some to send to an Aunt of hers
with whom she has quarrelled. I think this very nice and forgiving
of her, and have allowed her a quarter of a pound for that purpose.
My son-in-law, who unfortunately is rather addicted to drink, says
it is "the finest tap he ever tasted," and adds that if he could be
sure of always having such Coffee, he would join the Blue Ribbon
Army at once. Hitherto he has not joined.

Yours humbly,

MARTHA HUSWIFE.

SIR,—At my "Home for Elderly Orphans of Defective Brain
Power," I give an excellent Coffee, made of five parts chicory, and
one of Mocha, supplied at a cheap rate by a House in the City, which



NATURAL HISTORY.

"OH, LOOK, MUMMIE! NOW IT'S LEFT OFF RAINING, HE'S
COME OUT OF HIS KENNEL!"

owes me money, and is paying it off in this way, with skim-milk
added, in moderation, and no sugar. None of the orphans has ever
complained of my Coffee. I should like to catch them doing so. It
is nonsense to say the art of coffee-making is unknown in England.

Yours, indignantly,

CLEOPATRA JONES.

SIR,—Here is the recipe for Coffee which we use at this Buffet:—
"Place one pound of the 'Nonpareil Turkish Pasha's Special Brand
Extract of finest Mocha' in the urn in the morning. Pour on boiling
water to half-way up. Let it stew all day. Draw off as wanted, and
dilute with 'Anglo-African Condensed Cows' Milk.'"

Strange to say, we do not find great demand either for Coffee or
Tea (made on similar principles); but it is as well that the Public
should know that we have, both in constant readiness, and of first-
class quality. The traveller who has drunk a cup of this Coffee in
conjunction with one of our celebrated Home-made Pork Pies, does
not require anything else till the end of the very longest journey, and,
probably, not even then.

KEEPER OF THE REFRESHMENT ROOM, STARVEM JUNCTION.

THE GEORGIAN ERA AT THE ALHAMBRA.—MRS. ABBOTT is an
electric wonder. Not strong muscularly, but with sufficient electric
power to support four or five of the inferior sex heaped anyhow on a
chair. Such a woman is a crown to a husband—nay, any amount of
crowns at £200 per week—and capable of supporting a family, how-
ever large, all by her own exertions, or indeed, with scarcely any
exertion at all. At present, though married, she is a *femme seule*:
but how long will she remain the only electric wonder in
London? Many years ago there was a one-legged dancer
named DONATO. Within sixteen weeks there were as many one-
legged dancers. We don't speak by the card, of course, but one-
legged dancers became a drug in the market. Already we hear of
"A Dynamic Phenomenon" at the Pavilion. Little Mrs. ABBOTT is
an active, spry little person, yet her "*vis inertia*" is, at present,
without a parallel.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XVI.

SCENE—Terrace and Grounds of the Grand Hôtel Villa d'Este, on Lake Como. PODBURY and CULCHARD are walking up and down together.

Podbury. Well, old chap, your resigning like that has made all the difference to me, I can tell you!

Culchard. If I have succeeded in advancing your cause with Miss PRENDERGAST, I am all the better pleased, of course.

Podb. You have, and no mistake. She's regularly taken me in hand, don't you know—she says I've no intelligent appreciation of Italian Art; and gad, I believe she's right there! But I'm pulling up—bound to teach you a lot, seeing all the old altar-pieces I do! And she gives me the right tips, don't you see; she's no end of a clever girl, so well-read and all that! But I say—about Miss TROTTER? Don't want to be inquisitive, you know, but you don't seem to be much about with her.

Culch. I—er—the feelings I entertain towards Miss TROTTER have suffered no change—quite the reverse, only—and I wish to impress this upon you, PODBURY—it is undesirable, for—er—many reasons, to make my attentions—er—too conspicuous. I—I trust you have not alluded to the matter to—well, to Miss PRENDERGAST, for example?

Podb. Not I, old fellow—got other things to talk about. But I don't quite see why—

Culch. You are not required to see. I don't wish it, that is all. I—er—think that should be sufficient.

Podb. Oh, all right, I'll keep dark. But she's bound to know sooner or later, now she and Miss TROTTER have struck up such a friendship. And HYPATIA will be awfully pleased about it—why shouldn't she, you know? . . . I'm going to see if there's anyone on the tennis-court, and get a game if I can. Ta-ta!

Culch. (alone). PODBURY knows very little about women. If HYP—Miss PRENDERGAST—once found out why I renounced my suitorship, I should have very little peace, I know that—I've taken particular care not to betray my attachment to MAUD. I'm afraid she's beginning to notice it, but I must be careful. I don't like this sudden intimacy between them—it makes things so very awkward. They've been sitting under that tree over there for the last half-hour, and goodness only knows what confidences they may have exchanged! I really must go up and put a stop to it, presently.

Under the Tree.

Hypatia. I only tell you all this, sweetest one, because I do think you have rather too low an opinion of men as a class, and I wanted to show you that I have met at least one man who was capable of a real and disinterested devotion.

Maud. Well, I allowed that was about your idea.

Hyp. And don't you recognise that it was very fine of him to give up everything for his friend's sake?

Maud. I guess it depends how much "everything" amounted to.

Hyp. (annoyed). I thought, darling, I had made it perfectly plain what a sacrifice it meant to him. I know how much he—I needn't tell you there are certain symptoms one cannot be deceived in.

Maud. No, I guess you needn't tell me that, love. And it was perfectly lovely of him to give you up, when he was under vow for you and all, sooner than stand in his friend's light—only I don't just see how that was going to help his friend any.

Hyp. Don't you, dearest? Not when the friend was under vow for me, too?

Maud. Well, HYPATIA PRENDERGAST! And how many admirers do you have around under vow, as a regular thing?

Hyp. There were only those two. RUSKIN permits as many as seven at one time.

Maud. That's a vurry liberal allowance, too. I don't see how there'd be sufficient suitors to go round. But maybe each gentleman can be under vow for seven distinct girls, to make things sort of square now?

Hyp. Certainly not. The whole beauty of the idea lies in the unselfish and exclusive devotion of every knight to the same sovereign lady. In this case I happen to know that the—a—individual had never met his ideal until—

Maud. Until he met you? At Nuremberg, wasn't it? My! And what was his name? Do tell!

Hyp. You must not press me, sweetest, for I cannot tell that—even to you.

Maud. I don't believe but what I could guess. But say, you didn't care any for him, or you'd never have let him go like that? I wouldn't. I should have suspected there was something behind!

Hyp. My feelings towards him were purely potential. I did him the simple justice to believe that his self-abnegation was sincere. But, with your practical, cynical little mind, darling, you are hardly capable of—excuse me for saying so—of appreciating the real value and meaning of such magnanimity!

Maud. Oh, I guess I am, though. Why, here's Mr. CULCHARD coming along. Well, Mr. CULCHARD?

Culch. I—ah—appear to have interrupted a highly interesting conversation?

Maud. Well, we were having a little discussion, and I guess you're in time to give the casting vote—HYPATIA, you want to keep just where you are, do you hear? I mean you should listen to Mr. CULCHARD's opinion.

Culch. (flattered). Which I shall be delighted to give, if you will put me in possession of the—er—facts.

Maud. Well, these are the—er—facts. There were two gentlemen under vow—maybe you'll understand the working of that arrangement better than I do?—under vow for the same young lady. [HYPATIA PRENDERGAST, sit still, or I declare I'll pinch you!]. One of them comes up and tells her that he's arrived at the conclusion the other admirer is the better man, and, being a friend of his, he ought to retire in his favour, and he does it, too, right away. Now I say that isn't natural—he'd some other motive. Miss PRENDERGAST here will have it he was one of those noble unselfish natures that deserve they should be stuffed for a museum. What's your opinion now?

Culch. (perspiring freely). Why—er—really, on so delicate a matter, I—I—

Hyp. MAUD, why will you be so headstrong! (In a rapid whisper.) Can't you see . . . can't you guess? . . .

Maud. I guess I want to make sure Mr. CULCHARD isn't that kind of magnanimous man himself. I shouldn't want him to renounce me!

Hyp. MAUD! You might at least wait until Mr. CULCHARD has—

Maud. Oh, but he did—weeks ago, at Bingen. And at Lugano, too, the other day, he spoke out tolerable plain. I guess he didn't wish any secret made about it—did you, Mr. CULCHARD?

Culch. I—ah—this conversation is rather . . . If you'll excuse me— [Escapes with as much dignity as he can command.]

Maud. Well, my dear,—that's the sort of self-denying hairpin he is! What do you think of him now?

Hyp. I do not think so highly of him, I confess. His renunciation was evidently less prompted by consideration for his friend than by a recollection—tardy enough, I am afraid—of the duty which bound him to you, dearest. But if you had seen and heard him, as I did, you would not have doubted the reality of the sacrifice, whatever the true reason may have been. For myself, I am conscious of neither anger nor sorrow—my heart, as I told you, was never really affected. But what must it be to you, darling!

Maud. Well, I believe I'm more amused than anything.

Hyp. Amused! But surely you don't mean to have anything more to do with him?

Maud. My dear girl, I intend to have considerable more to do with him before I'm through. He's under vow for me now, anyway, and I don't mean he should forget it, either. He's my monkey, and he's got to jump around pretty lively, at the end of a tolerable short chain, too. And I guess, if it comes to renouncing, all the magnanimity's going to be on my side this time!



In an Avenue.

Culch. (to himself, as he walks hurriedly on). I only saved myself in time. I don't think MAUD noticed anything—she couldn't have been so innocent and indifferent if she had . . . And HYPATIA won't enlighten her any further now—after what she knows. It's rather a relief that she *does* know . . . She took it very well, poor girl—very well. I expect she is really beginning to put up with POBBURY—I'm sure I *hope* so, sincerely!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I DEARLY love reading a ghost-story," quoth the Baron, "when, as the song says, 'The lights are low, And the flickering shadows, Softly come and go.' And I did hope that *Cecilia de Noël* was going to be just the very sort of book for a winter's fireside. Disappointed.



There is a ghost in it, and there's *Cecilia de Noël* (good Christmassy name, isn't it?) who instructs the ghost in his neglected Catechism; for the ghost is as much an Atheist as the unbelieving Sadducee in this same story, who, after all, is not converted. 'Alas! Poor Ghost!' Very poor ghost! Bring me another ghost!' cries the Baron. No other ghost is forthcoming to the invocation, but a book is placed in his hands entitled *Fourteen to One*. The Baron was about to dismiss it as a betting

book—judging by its title—when his eye caught the name of ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS as authoress. So he read many of the short stories therein. She has in many places the touch of DICKENS. All are good; but for pathos, keen observation, and dramatic surprise, "give me," says the Baron, emphatically, "the short story of *The Madonna of the Tubs*." Admirable! Those who take and act upon the Baron's tip, will do well to ask for *Fourteen to One*, and see that they get it.

What are the Baron's sentiments as to Christmas things? He refused to have anything to say to games and cards. Cards—well, we all know whose books some puritanical party said *they* were. But these comic and artistic Christmas Cards of RAPHAEL TUCK do not come into that category; and same is to be said of Messrs. HILDESHEIMER's, so there's an end on 't. Henceforth, says the Baron, "No Cards."

"Come to me, O ye children!" as some one sings—ARTHUR CECIL for choice—and it might be adapted for the occasion by the Publishers of *Chatterbox*, in which box there's a prize. Messrs. ROUTLEDGE go in for the old, old tales. They've kindly given *Mother Hubbard* a new dress; and as for their Panorama of the "Beasteses," it is like a picture-walk in the Zoo. Some *Historic Women*, well selected by DAVENPORT ADAMS, who should have styled it *Christmas Eves by Adams*. With Mrs. MOLESWORTH's *Bewitched Lamp* the Baron's Assistant is much pleased. Pictures ought to have been in oil, and there should have been a Wicked Fairy in it,—but there isn't.

My "Co." reports that Mrs. GRIMWOOD's long-expected book, *My Three Years in Manipur* (BENTLEY), is worthy of the theme, and adds a fresh laurel to the chaplet worn by the lady on whose breast the QUEEN pinned the Red Cross. The moving story is told with a simplicity that looks like the development of the highest art. But the heroine of Manipur is unmistakably artless. She is content to jot down, as if she were writing a letter home, her impressions of what she sees, and her account of what passes before her eyes. She has the gift of reproducing with a few strokes of the pen, portraiture of anything that has struck her. The only thing missed is detailed report of her own brave bearing through the fearful night when the Residency was attacked, and during the dreadful days that followed on the flight towards Cachar. No one reading Mrs. GRIMWOOD's narrative would guess what splendid part she played in that tragedy. Fortunately that has been told elsewhere, and the omission is an added charm to a book that has many others—including a portrait of the author.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS AND Co.

CIVIL SERVICE EXHIBITION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Military Exhibition was such a success, and the Naval Exhibition was such a successor, that we Government Clerks invoke your powerful aid to help us to establish next year a Civil Service Exhibition. The Public have really no idea what wondrous curiosities there are in the Civil Service, and would, I feel sure, be amused and instructed at a well-organised and representative Exhibition. At 10.15 a.m. they would see real live Clerks sign real Attendance-Books, and insert (real or unreal) times of arrival. In the course of the morning there might be an Exhibition of Civil Servants over sixty-five years of age, who didn't want to retire, with a similar number of Civil Servants, of fifty-five years of age, who didn't want them to stay. In the afternoon, in the Arena, would daily be attempted the difficult feat of proceeding from the Second Division to the Higher Division. The obstacles would be represented by real Treasury Clerks and Civil Service Commissioners, holding Orders in Council and Treasury Minutes; and the Clerk successful in performing the feat might be created a Duke.

In one of the kiosks a lecture on "*Sick Leave and how to spend it*," by the *Earl and the Doctor*, might be delivered hourly. In another kiosk, official C.B.'s would be on show; Jubilee C.B.'s being classed together on one side, and special prominence being given to those C.B.'s who hadn't applied for the honour, and to those who had obtained it for real services otherwise unrecognised. After dark the "Treasury Ring" might join hands and dance round the flashing light of their own unassisted intellect.

The different refreshment rooms (furnished by the Office of Works) would be classified according to the varying rates of Subsistence Allowance in force in the Service. Here the dinner for the £1-a-day man—there the tea for the 10s.-a-day man. Special luncheon rates for those not absent from home at night, but absent for more than ten hours.

Visitors might be searched on arrival and departure by real Custom House Officers. This would be sure to make it popular. Please, dear Mr. Punch, do help us. Yours, &c., A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

ENGLISH OPERA AS SHE ISN'T SUNG.

It seems impossible to support a Royal English Opera House with its special commodity of English Opera, that is, Opera composed by an Englishman to an Englishman's libretto, and played by English operatic singers. *Ivanhoe*, a genuine English Opera, by a genuine English Composer (with an Irish name), produced with great *éclat*, has, after a fair run and lots of favour, been *Doyl-écarté*,



"Very sorry, my dear Sir Ivanhoe, but you're rather too heavy for this Carte. We shall get along better with a lighter weight."

in order to make room for the *Basoche*, an essentially French Opera, by French Composer and Librettists, done, of course, into English, so as to be "understanded of the people." The *Basoche* has "caught on," and our friends in front, including Composer, Librettist, and Middlemen—DRURIOLANUS, who bought it, and DOYLE CARTY, who bought it of Sir DRURY—are all equally pleased and satisfied. Considered as a matter of business, what signifies the nationality as long as the spec pays?—*tout est là*. Only why retain the differentiating title of "English" for the establishment? Why not call it "The Cosmopolitan Opera House"? Of course this applies, nowadays, to Covent Garden Theatre, which is no longer the Italian Opera House, but simply the Covent Garden Opera during the Operatic Season, when French, English, Italian, and German Operas are played by a Babel of singers. By the way, while on the subject of nomenclature, why not "The Royal Babel Opera House"?



A LUCID INTERVAL.

(Things one would rather have expressed differently.)

Doctor. "HOW IS THE PATIENT THIS MORNING?"

Nurse. "WELL—HE HAS BEEN WANDERING A GOOD DEAL IN HIS MIND. EARLY THIS MORNING I HEARD HIM SAY, 'WHAT AN OLD WOMAN THAT DOCTOR IS!'—AND I THINK THAT WAS ABOUT THE LAST REALLY RATIONAL REMARK HE MADE."

THE LITTLE GERMANIA MAGNATE;

OR, TRYING TO SWAY THE SCEPTRE.

["*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*"] Words reported to have been written by the German Emperor in the Visitors' Book of the City Council at Munich.]

No more let men chatter of such a small matter

As Ladies Magnetic, with mystical forces,
Whose billiard-cue business strikes with sheer
dizziness

Muscular Miloes who 're game to lift horses.

As MITCHELL the bulky was made to look
sulky

By slight Mrs. ABBOTT, the Georgian
She is struck silly by Behemoth BILLY,
That young Teuton Titan, the toughest in
history.

O Oracle Mighty (though vocally flighty),
Great Creature, omniscient (if a bit youth-
ful),

Panjandrum-plus-CÆSAR, Herculean Teaser
Of tendencies vicious, or tame, or un-
truthful!

You mastered the Moral while sucking your
coral—

You set the world right—in idea—in your
cradle.

Omnipotent Bumble, our pride let us humble,
And take our opinions—like soup—from
your ladle!

You *are* such a fellow! The sages turn yellow,
The wits all go pallid, and so do the heroes;
Big Brontes grow jealous when *you* blow the
bellows,

A fig for your CÆSARS, ISKANDERS, and
NEROS!

You lick them all hollow, great Vulcan-Apollo.
Sole lord of our consciences, lives, arts, and
armies!

But (like Mrs. A., Sir) 'twould floor you to say,
Where, what, in the mischief the source of
your charm is!

Say, how *do* you do it? That Georgian's cue, it,
Compared with your sceptre, is just a mere
withy.

You quietly front in with that calm "*Volum-*
(Expressed for our guidance in epigrams
pithy)

You hint you can rule us, and guide us, and
school us,

"All off your own bat," without Clergy or
Minister,

Giving swift gruel to stage-prank, or duel,
Or anything else *you* think stupid or sinister.

O Autocrat fateful, we ought to be grateful
For such an infallible, all-potent party,
At *this* time of day too, to show us the way
to—

Wherever you'd lead us, with confidence
And as for those duffers, your confidence
suffers

To tug at the sceptre, with vain thoughts
of swaying it,

What can it matter? "The Magnet" can
shatter

Their strength; at its pleasure controlling
or staying it.

In vain "Blood and Iron," with foes that
environ

Your sceptre, smart Press-man, or Socialist
spouter,

May struggle together; you hold them in
Or so you proclaim, you, whom foes call
"the Shouter."

The pose is imposing, if ere the scene's
closing,

The "Little Germania Magnate" gets
Well, put at the worst, Sir, you are not the
first, Sir,

Who playing the Thraso has humble-pie
eaten!

"DINNER FORGET."—Lord RANDOLPH is
coming home by a Union Company's Steamer.
The distinguished Unionist is to have a special
cook to attend to him. Does this mean that
he returns as a Special Cook's Tourist?

An Election Echo.

GLADSTONIAN LAMBERT,

Of course, as he should,

This last bye-election

Considered was good.

But Unionist BULLER

Has said, on reflection,

That to him it seemed rather

A Good-Bye election!

NEW WORK.—*A Merry England in a Cat's
Cradle*, by the Author of *Across England in
a Dog-Cart*.

A VERY REVOLTING PLACE.—Brazil.



THE LITTLE GERMANIA MAGNATE;
OR, TRYING TO SWAY THE SCEPTRE.



JONES, SHOOTING IN NEW BOOTS, IS KNOCKED OUT SIX MILES FROM HOME, AND ACCORDINGLY IS TOLD OFF TO "MARK" FOR THE PARTY. WIND N.N.E., VERY FRESH. THERMOMETER 28°.

OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

I HAVE been forced by the enormous increase of my business to take larger offices, and to engage two hundred additional clerks to carry on my immense correspondence. I merely mention this as it may be satisfactory to my countless well-wishers. But of course the old address—"CRESUS: London" will still find me. I publish below a selection from the letters received during the week.

(1.) SIR,—You informed me in a private communication, that the Patent Spills Manufacturing Co. stock was a splendid investment. Acting on this, I bought. From that moment, Spills have fallen steadily. Kindly explain.

Yours, INDIGNANT.

[To this I can only answer, that the complaint is ludicrous, and preposterous. If you had bought on the day I advised, and sold out ten minutes afterwards, you would have realised a handsome profit of one farthing a share. Moreover, how can anything fall steadily? I never did, which shows what a fool "INDIGNANT" must be.

CRESUS.]

(2.) SIR,—I send £22,000 19s. 8½d., which I wish tied up as tightly as possible in the Unlimited Packthread Stock Company, which you say is as safe as a house. Let me know which particular house you mean. The money belongs (or belonged) to my Maiden Aunt. Yours sincerely, BALIK RASH.

[Consider it done, my dear Sir; consider it done. I return the three farthings, for which I have no possible use. The rest is invested. Transfers await your signature at my new office.

CRESUS.]

(3.) SIR,—I have saved £4 5s. 2d during the last twenty years, and now send it to you in the Automatic Toast and Muffin Distributor Co., which I see guarantees a return of 500 per cent., with an anticipated increase of 200 per cent. from the sale of concessions in suburban districts. "The Muffins," you say, "will always be kept at toasting point, and, by a novel and ingenious arrangement, a perpetual supply of the best butter will spread itself over every Muffin as it is distributed to the Public." I like this very much. Pray, therefore, place me on toast to the enclosed amount.

Yours,

ONE IN THE SLOT.

[Have done what you wish. You have already cleared profit of over £500. We shall add buns and crumpets to our business to-morrow, and tea-cakes on the fol-

lowing day, so as to place it in everybody's power to take the cake, if he wants to.

CRESUS.]

I have little more to add this week, but I think it only right to hint that I am engaged in perfecting the details of a scheme which will revolutionise finance. I am not allowed, at present, to enter into full particulars, but I may say that I have been in close conference with the very highest person in the world of finance, and that he is to submit my plan to the next Cabinet Council. Briefly, when my scheme is floated, Consols will immediately go to par, and will be converted into a security bearing ten per cent interest—and this without a single penny being added to the tax-payers' burdens. I have been authorised by the officials of the Treasury to receive any investments that my readers may offer. Now, therefore, is your time. Next week I may have to take a short holiday, owing to the strain on my nerves, caused by my numerous anxieties. But the good work will go on as before. "CRESUS LONDON."

GLORY AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

[THERE is nothing whatever to hinder a civilian from organising and managing an efficient army, and there are at any given moment a score of men in the City of London, who could carry out the work with perfect ease.—*Daily Paper, November 19, 1891.*]

SCENE—*The Army Universal Provision Company Limited (Managing Director, Mr. BLACKLEY). Enter Recruit in Department No. 1. He looks round him surprised at the business-like activity that greets him on every side.*

Foreman (politely). Anything I can do for you, Sir, to-day? We have an assortment of Queen's Shillings fresh from the Mint. Curiosities, Sir, quite out of date, but interesting. Can I tempt you?

Recruit (with some hesitation). Well, I thought of joining the Army, and—

Foreman (interrupting). Certainly, Sir. Doctor in that room. Magistrate in that. Be medically passed and sworn to allegiance while you wait. (*Ushers Recruit into various Departments—whence he emerges duly enrolled.*) And now, Sir, which branch of the Service would you like to see?

Recruit. Well, I did think of the Tenth Hussars.

Foreman (promptly). Quite right, Sir. First-class Regiment, commanded by His Royal Highness Field Marshal the Prince of WALES. (*To Assistant.*) Show this gentleman the way to the outfitting-room—Tenth Hussars.

[Recruit in less than no time is fitted out. On his return to the Central Hall he is once more greeted by a principal official.

Foreman. Now, Sir, you would like to learn your drill?

Recruit. Well, yes—

Foreman. Quite so. We teach it in six easy lessons, at twelve shillings a lesson. You can pay for it either out of your reserved pay, or now. If the latter, we allow five per cent. discount.

Recruit (without hesitation). I think I will pay it later.

Foreman (putting up his receipt-book). Certainly, Sir. No difference to us. And now, Sir, perhaps you will take your lessons.

[Recruit goes through a course which soon puts him to-rights. At the end he shakes Foreman warmly by the hand.

Recruit. You are sure that I really know my drill?

Foreman. Quite. Why, Sir, you are letter perfect. And now, is there anything more we can do for you?

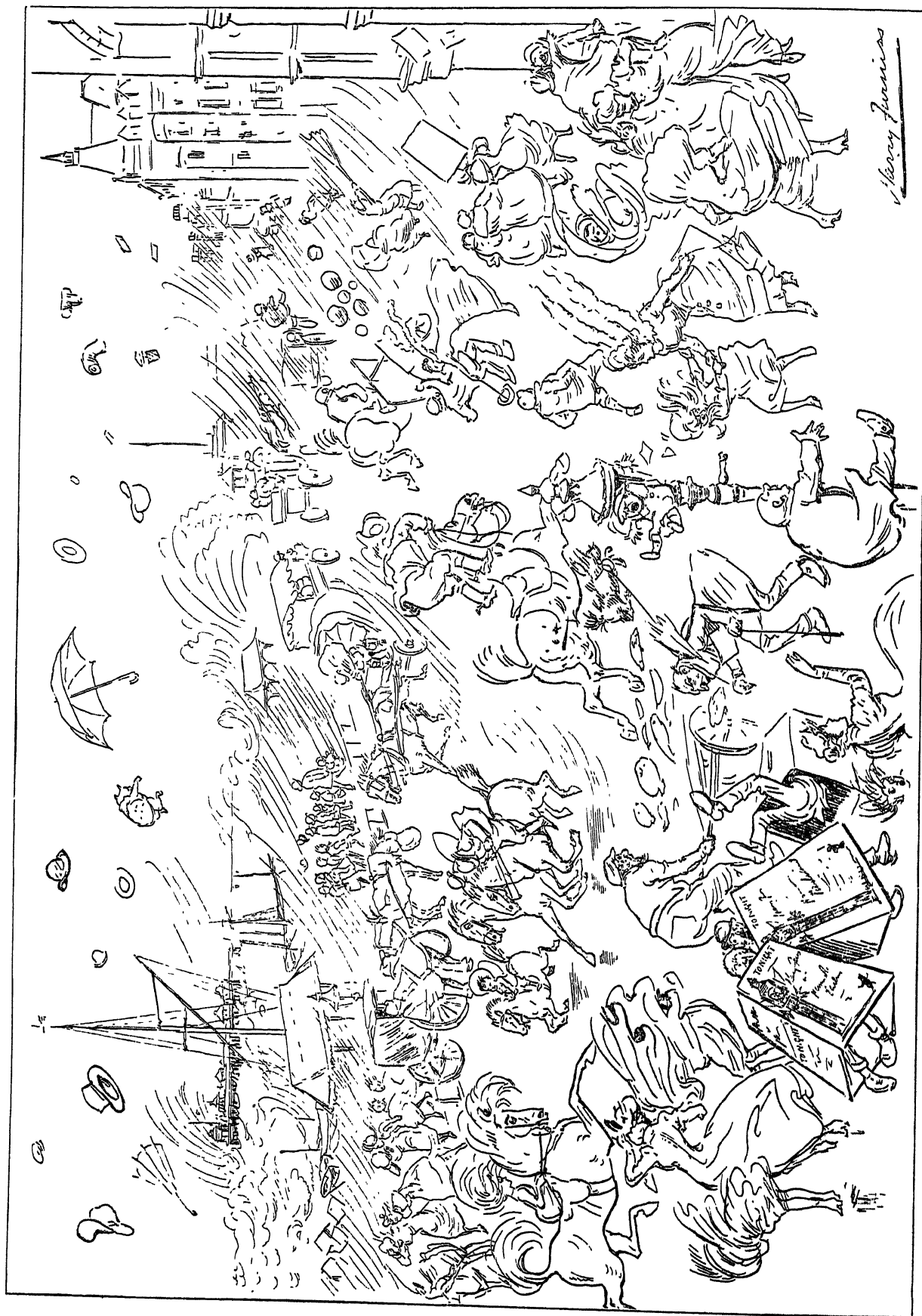
Recruit. Well, I did join the Army with the intention of going to the wars.

Foreman (apologetically). Very sorry, Sir, but we haven't the article on hand just at present. Sure to have some by-and-by. Is there anything else we can do for you, Sir?

Recruit. Well, failing a war, I should like a passage to India.

Foreman (in a deprecatory tone). Well, Sir, frankly, we cannot recommend it. But if you have made up your mind, we must ask you to step over to the Waste Department. They settle such-like matters there. See over yonder, Sir, where that venerable General on crutches is. He has just got a Colonelcy, but he can't hold it very long, as he is over eighty! And now I must say adieu, as I have other pupils claiming my assistance. Good day!

[Starts off, and prepares food for powder in other quarters. Curtain.]

*Henry Furniss*

"BREEZY BRIGHTON."



THE REVOLT OF THE RATEPAYERS AGAINST KING KOUNTY KOUNCIL THE FIRST.

(TEMPLE, WEMYSS, AND SAVORY LEAD THE ATTACK.)

THE BOARD ON BOTH SIDES.

SCENE—A Railway Carriage. Present two Passengers discussing the Topics of the Day.

First Passenger. And then there's the School Board! I am on my way to record my vote.

Second Pass. And so am I. I hope, Sir, we are of both of the same way of thinking?

First Pass. I hope so, too. My idea is to give the children of the poor every possible advantage. Let them learn all they can. Yes, Sir, let them learn all they can.

Second Pass. (excitedly). But, my dear Sir, what can be the good of that? It will be of no use to them in their future, and will only make them dissatisfied with their position.

First Pass. (calmly). Ah, my dear Sir, you evidently take a narrow view of the subject. Why should not the poor enjoy equality with the rich? It is only the accident of birth that divides the peasant from the Peer.

Second Pass. (obstinately). I do not care about the cause, I only look to the result—the rich are divided from the poor. It is ridiculous that an orange-girl should play the piano, and a ploughman paint a picture.

First Pass. (smiling). I do not see why. Surely the poor should have their little amusements? And do we not have it on decent classical authority, "that Art polishes the manners, and renders them less ferocious!"

Second Pass. (contemptuously). Ah! You take a sentimental view of it! Believe me, the people would be all the better were they to receive a practical—a technical education—say were they to be taught how to sweep chimneys, or to black boots!

First Pass. (complacently). They will engage in both those useful industries with the greater gusto if they know that when they are at leisure they can understand MACAULAY or enjoy BEETHOVEN.

Second Pass. (with conviction). But you must admit that there is a good deal of waste. Consider Mr. FORSTER calculated that the rate would be threepence in the pound, and now it's a shilling, and will go higher still! Remember that Londoners pay far more dearly than citizens of many provincial towns, for an article not one whit better.

First Pass. (with a genial smile). Ah, I see you are quoting from the Press.

Second Pass. (earnestly). And why not? Is it true, or is it not, that money is squandered upon rotten buildings, upon excessive salaries to teachers, and upon the provision of refinements in education?

First Pass. (smiling). Still quoting! But if I admit that there is something in what you say, is it not always the case? Have we ever unmixed good, or unmixed evil? And I contend that the advantages derivable from a School-Board education entirely compensate for a little loss.

Second Pass. (rather out of temper). Well, you take it calmly enough.

First Pass. (amiably). Why not? It is my theory that every child should have the best possible education. The infant should have enough mental food to last him for life. It is our duty that he should get it.

Second Pass. (with irritation). Well, at least you take an unselfish view of the case.

First Pass. (smiling sweetly). I don't see that! As a matter of fact, I am sufficiently successful not to care for competition. I believe that I am first-rate in my own walk; and, however the School Board may educate, they will not reach my standard.

Second Pass. (drily). I was not thinking of that, although it is a consideration. But how about the rates, my dear Sir—the rates?

First Pass. (with a good-humoured laugh). Oh, bother the rates! I don't see where they come in.

Second Pass. (with ghastly jocularity). But I do—by the front door.

First Pass. (condescendingly). Tut, tut! But what have the rates to do with the matter?

Second Pass. (astonished). Why, at a shilling in the pound and more to follow, you must admit they make a hole in a modest income?

First Pass. (enthusiastically). And what if they do, Sir—what if they do? Have we no duty to our fellow man? Ought we not to sacrifice something on his behalf—for his sake? And, my dear Sir, I speak all the more dispassionately, because my rates are paid—by my Landlord!

[Curtain.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"HISTORICAL GARDENER."—Yes, certainly—it was "The Gallows-tree," from which "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon" took their name. Any school-boy knows this.—"INQUIRING BUOY."—No; the Nore Light is not a candelabrum.

HOW IT'S DONE!



Was invented and made to exist on the pleasure
Of dragging to light other people's affairs.
She would forward you scandalous tales by the dozen—
There's no one like *her* if you want any news.

DEAREST MADGE,
You have asked me
to tell you some
scandal!
You seem to for-
get how I hate
such a theme—
How I loathe and
detest every girl
who's a Vandal,
Destroying that
fine work of Art,
Nature's Scheme.
Why, I *never* talk
scandal, you goose,
and you know it;
It's no fascination
whatever to me.
I could tell some, of
course, for we
county folk grow it
Like so many apples
and pears on a
tree.
I repeat, I detest
such a thing be-
yond measure.
I'm not like dear
MAUD, who my
husband declares

I declare she's as bad as her wretch of a cousin,
Who's bolted with Major FITZ-DASH, of the Blues.
Now, for instance, she told me (in confidence, mind you)
That Captain BLANK CARTRIDGE, when playing at Nap,
Has an odious habit of getting behind you,
And calling according to what's on your lap.
(By the way, we have only just heard that the Major,
Who gave Lady B. such a beautiful horse,
Is a perfect *Don Juan*, and quite an old stager
At playing a prominent part in divorce.)
More than that, she assures me (although I don't doubt it)
That D., though apparently sober and staid,
Is a flirt, and that people are talking about it
Indignantly here. And it's true, I'm afraid;
For I heard Mrs. PARSONS, the wife of the Vicar,
Inform Countess C. (who's forgiven, you know)
That each day she appears to get thicker and thicker
With N., though engaged to be married to O.
MAUD has written to mother, and said in her letter
(Marked "private") that T., who has taken to drink,
And been sent to a sort of a home, is no better,
And quenches his thirst, when he can, with the ink.
And the Dowager Duchess of M. (the old sinner!)
Has dropped all the money she had backing gees;
While the Colonel, who's said to have spotted the winner,
Owns most of the horses that *lost*, if you please!
But dear MAUD is the one for the news that's exciting.
You've wasted your paper in sending to me.
I would just as soon think, love, of flying as writing
One word of the scandal of afternoon tea.
Give my love to your mother, and kisses to DORA—
(She's doing the season with you, I presume?)
And believe me your ever affectionate,
FLORA.
P.S. Mrs. K. has eloped with her groom!
Scandal Hall, Torking.

ONLY FANCY!

We find the following paragraph in a contemporary:—

A meeting on the Somersetshire floods has been summoned by the Earl of CORK, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, for to-morrow, at Bridgewater.

We are bound to observe that this arrangement displays a lamentable lack of consideration for others on the part of the noble convenor. It is all very well for the Earl of CORK to select the Somersetshire floods for a place of meeting. But whilst CORK is bobbing up and down, buoyantly enjoying himself, what is to become of ordinary persons foregathered in such circumstances? We presume that boats, or at least life-belts, will be provided for the movers and seconders of the various resolutions. Or does Bridgewater cover everything?

Walking down St. James' Street the other day, whom should we meet but the Earl of PORTSMOUTH, long known in the House of Commons as Lord LYMMINGTON. Opportunity was taken to inquire whether a recent event in South Molton had led to any estrangement between his Lordship and his former constituents.

"No, TOBY," said the belted Earl; "I think I may say, that, between me and my old constituents, the wing of friendship has not Molton a feather."

In the foregoing paragraph, the phrase "belted Earl" is used advisedly. At the period of which Sir WALTER SCOTT wrote (*vide* any of his novels) it will be found that members of this rank of the Peerage are all spoken of as belted. For some time the fashion fell out of use. The belt was appropriately revived by the late Earl of BEACONSFIELD, and is now quite a common thing with the aristocracy. The Earl of SELBORNE is very particular about the fit and cut of his.

Mr. BOYCE, in his interesting and picturesque work, *Snowdon and Rained Upon*, insists on the desirability of taking only a light uncheon when engaged upon a pedestrian tour. He adds, "I walked up Snowdon on two hard-boiled eggs." The remark seems scarcely relevant, but it records a notable achievement. Considering the height of Snowdon, and the occasional stoniness of the path, to walk up it on two eggs, howsoever hard-boiled, is a feat that puts in the shade the Music-hall trick of riding up an inclined plane of rope on a bicycle. Mr. BOYCE does not say what he came down upon. Probably his back.

We hear from Munich that underneath the motto, *Suprema lex est voluntas*, written in the Visitors' Book by the Emperor of GERMANY, there now appears the following line—*Rex est major sin-*

gulis, minor universis. HERR HITHERCLIFT, the well-known German authority, having made a careful examination of the page, states his opinion that the handwriting is that of Prince BISMARCK, or is an excellent imitation.

A WARLIKE TALE FROM THE PACIFIC.

(Fragment from the Possible Diary of a Realistic Novelist.)

WELL, now I think I have got matters pretty straight. The question is, whether the Baron will accept my last message as chaff, or resent it. Let me see, how does it read—"It is suggested, for the President's consideration, that rumours uncorrected or unexplained acquire almost the force of admitted truth." Quite so—so they do. Let me see—"That any want of confidence between the governed and the Government must be hurtful"—well, to us both. Yes! That's all right. So it will! Lastly, "That the rumours, in their present form, tend to damage the white races in the native mind, and to influence for the worse the manners of the Samoans." Now, that *ought* to fetch him! A wink is as good as a nod to a blind pig! However, he is quite ass enough to do nothing! Everybody saying that he is going to blow us all up, himself included! Why it's enough to make the natives rise and kill every white man in the place. Still, good idea for a story.

Later. The idiot! Instead of promptly denying the facts, he says he won't have anything to do with us, because "we care so little for the correctness of the facts we deal with." We only asked for information. Are we going to be blown into smithereens, or are we not? That's the point, and he won't tell us! Wants to know what business it is of ours? The situation is decidedly dramatic—but unpleasant!

Later Still.—Have replied that "the matter very much concerns us." Tell him, we wrote, not for protection, but for information. "Are we going to be blown up, or are we not?" An answer will oblige.

A Little Later.—No, he is not to be drawn. Won't swerve an inch. So now we are trying another dodge. Will he resign his dual office? He says he will resign one. But he knows that won't do. If he remains chief adviser to the King, we shall be nowhere. His last idea is to resign the Presidentship of the Municipal Council. Why, we are the Council, and we should have kicked him out if he hadn't! Very funny, but it's hard to laugh when one's within an ace of a massacre or an explosion.

Latest.—Still in doubt. However, have a subject for something in the dramatic line. What the entertainment will be, depends upon the future development of the plot. At present it may turn out a Tragedy—or an *Opéra-bouffe*.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope.

QUITE FABULOUS!

(A Story of the Times, dedicated to Professor Munro.)

KING COLE, although described as a "merry old soul," was in reality a tyrant. He had a number of subjects who used to work underground, and their labour was to bring to the surface the black diamonds of the earth. It was not altogether a pleasant occupation, but still, the task had to be accomplished. His Majesty was fond of ferocious practical jokes, and perchance this may have been the origin of the jocular description attached to his name. One day, some of his subjects complained that their hours of labour were too many.

"How long do you work?" asked the King.

"May it please you, Sire, sixteen," was the reply.

"Try what you can do with twelve," and they were about to depart rejoicing, when the Monarch called them back and added, "But mind you, I shall expect just as many black diamonds to be unearthed as before."

So the King's subjects worked only twelve hours, and strange to say, quite as many black diamonds were produced as in the olden days. Then the workmen began to grumble once more, and the King again interviewed them.

"Do you still work twelve hours?" he asked the deputation.

"Certainly, Your Majesty; but we think half would be quite enough," returned the spokesman.

"By all means—why not make it three hours?" and again his subjects were departing, rejoicing, when once more he added, "But I shall expect just the same output as before."

And he got it, for the men worked harder than ever. And then they came yet again to him. Once more they considered the hours of labour excessive. They thought sixty minutes plenty.

"So do I," replied the Monarch, "not only plenty, but too many. But as it is scarcely worth while employing you only half an hour a day, I shall make other arrangements."

And from that time forth he brought up his black diamonds from the centre of the earth by machinery!

NOT "HALF A CHAP."—A well-known Clergyman, who "does nothing by halves," i.e., Dean HOLE.



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 4.

WHEN HE JUST BEGINS TO REALISE WHAT A SUFFERING HE WOULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF, IF HE HAD ONLY HAD THE COURAGE TO SAY "MEDIUM" INSTEAD OF "HARD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the Christmas Numbers of the numerous picture-papers it is at first rather difficult to discover which is the genuine article illustrated, and which the advertisement, likewise illustrated. In the outside picture of the Christmas Number of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, which represents a couple dancing together, I am not yet quite sure that the handsome Hebraic gentleman, dancing with a fair Anglo-Saxon girl, is not assuring his frightened-looking partner that



"Epps's Cocoa is Grateful—Comforting," as stated in the paragraph immediately beneath the afore-said picture. On the next page is a sad illustration entitled, "The Curse of Revenge. Lost to

Human Aid," which turns out to be not a Christmas story at all, but an advertisement for Fruit Salt. Then opposite this commences a story by GEORGE R. SIMS; and at the foot of this page some one replies, "Mr. DOOLAN! There's no one of that name here now, Sir." Whereupon, being interested, the reader turns over page 1 to find at the head of page 2, not the continuation of the above interesting story in the shape of some remark on the

part of the inquirer, nor any account of what happened after this reply had been given, but simply "Benson's Watches" followed by "Fry's Chocolate," then a picture (not an advertisement) facing that, and then on page 4 the remainder of the dialogue. It doesn't much matter perhaps, as the excitement aroused by the story is not violent, and the mistake of giving somebody else's card for your own does not occur here for the first time as the motive of a plot. CUTBERT BEDE's name is to a "Christmas Carol," and Mr. JOHN LATEY's to a dramatically told tale called "Mark Temple's Trial," in which the imaginary heroine pays a visit to a very real person of the name of Madame KATTI LANNER, whose pupils are represented as all assembled, with bouquets and posies, to do honour to the birthday of their "well-loved mistress," who is at the same time, "the acknowledged mistress of the choreographic art." In this story, the author is to be complimented on his invention of the name, "Lord Morgagemoore" as an ancient-looking and highly aristocratic Irish title.

"Up to any game at Christmas, if it's not too high," says the Baron of Hampshire, who detests all game that is lofty, but is glad to welcome a Shakspearian Revival by MYERS & Co. in the shape of a *Nine Men's Morris*, a title the Baron recommends to the notice of Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, who, I believe, "BILLY," when he is making another bouquet of posies. By the way, BIRN BROS.' Almanac Cards, one of the Baron's Lady Helps describes as "decidedly dainty." Christmas is specially a card-playing season, a time of *Pax* to everybody.

From the *Gordon Stables* of HUTCHINSON & Co. issues the nightmare tale of *The Cruise in the Crystal Boat*; when finished, try their *Family Difficulty*, by SARAH DOUDNEY. Send to the Deanery of DEAN AND SON, ask for *Baby's Biography* and *The Little One's Own Beehive*. The Spindleside department of the Baron's Booking-Office recommends both the above for the Tiny Trots; while the Spearside tells the boys to go in for MANVILLE FENN's *Burr Junior* and Mrs. R. LEE's *Adventures in Australia*. Then for all-comers, procure BEATRICE HARRADEN's *New Book of Fairies*, for, our "Co," thus puts it, "This is all concerning those poor little Fairies, about whom no one takes any trouble, and who are left out in the cold at Christmas time." Thus for this week conclude the duties of Mesdames BLYTHE and GAY, the Baron's Lady Assistant Perusers. "I trust my gentle Public will benefit by their advice," quoth,

Theirs truly, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"NOW YOU'RE QUITE THE GENTLEMAN!"

(A Ballad of Birmingham.)

["You will not find an alliance in which the weaker side has been so loyal, so straight, so single-hearted, so patriotic as the Liberal Unionists have been during the last five years . . . Birmingham is the centre, the consecration of this alliance." *Lord Salisbury at Birmingham.*

"Now I neither look for nor desire reunion" (with the Gladstonian Liberals.)—*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham.*]



To the pretty, winsome Primrose girls,
Who buttonhole
Brum JOE.

Ye Gentlemen of England,
Whom once he did deride,
How safe ye are, and how serene,
With JOSEPH on your side.
He talks no more of "Ransom"
('Tis P-e-n-s-i-o-n rather now),
Brum JOE will not go
Where the Hawarden winds do blow;
Where HARCOURT thunders loud and long,
And Gladstonians blare and blow.

The Orchid from his button
JOE's willing to displace,
To take the Primrose posy
That's proffered by Her Grace.
O gentle dame (and dainty,
What man could answer "No!")
As you prest to his breast
The most blessed flowers that blow,
The blossoms loved by BRACONSFIELD
The bravest blooms that blow?

O (Brummagem) Tory Beauty,
'Tis yours to consecrate
The holiest Alliance
Our land hath seen of late.
Shall he reject its symbol,
Or answer "Not for JOE!"?
Nay, sweet girl, such a churl
Were no "Gentleman" you know;
And JOE is "quite the Gentleman,"
Brum BRUMMEZ in full blow!

Then courage, all brave Unionists,
And never be afraid
Whilst Brummagem Republican
Is witched by Primrose Maid.
There is soft fascination
In radiant rank, we know;
And a posy, though primrosy,
From soft hands makes soft hearts glow,
Lilies—though they toil not nor spin
Are beauteous—in full blow!

AIR—"Ye Gentlemen of England."
Ye Gentlemen of England,
Who follow SALIS-BU-RY,
How little did you count upon
Assistance from J. C.!

* Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was once reported to have congratulated himself upon his co-operation with "English Gentlemen."

Give ear unto his speeches
old,
And they will plainly show
Once he'd scorn to be borne
Where the Tory breezes blow,
Where the Lilies and Primroses bloom,
And the Tory zephyrs blow.

If once he did oppose you,
To-day he is at war
With GLADSTONE and his Items.
Faith, JOE has travelled far!
The Primrose Dames shall teach him
True patriot "form" to know.
He is leal, and will kneel
To the "Lilies" in fair row;



Chappie (after missing his fourth Stag, explains). "AW—FACT IS, THE—AW—WAVING GRASS WAS IN MY WAY."
Old Stalker. "HOOT, MON, WAD YE HAE ME BRING OUT A SOYTHE?"

Lord Lytton.

BORN Nov. 8, 1831. DIED Nov. 24, 1891.

WERE clever wise, were grandiose great,
 How many a servant of the State
 Had left a more enduring name.
 But all is not for all; 'tis far
 From flaming meteor to fixed star,
 From notoriety to fame.

Picturesque son of brilliant sire,
 It wanted but the touch of fire
 Prometheus only knows to bring
 The flame divine in him to wake
 Who moved our plaudits when he spake,
 But stirred no passion when he'd sing.

The Orient pageantry he loved,
 The histrio not the hero moved,
 The dilettante not the sage.
 Hence in our England's East his hand
 Turned, in a story sternly grand,
 A motley mock-heroic page.

He by the Seine found fitter place
 For courtly wit and modish grace,
 Than by the Indus. There right well
 His facile talent served his Chief;
 And England hears with genuine grief
 That sudden-sounding passing bell.

New Name.

Who prizes Literature? All sorts and sizes
 Of literary wares now hang on "prizes."
 'Tis not prose fictionists or poem-spinners
 The public rush for; no, 'tis "all the
 winners!"
 Letters in lotteries find support most sure—
 Let us be frank, and call them *Lotteryture*!

SUITOR RESARTUS.

A Sentimental Dilemma.

How can I woo you in this ancient suit?
 You do not notice it, of course; I know it.
 My soul is burdened with a shapeless boot,
 Your heart is singing welcome to your poet.



Here in the shadowy settle I can sit [tial,
 And sparkle with you, brightly confiden-
 But when into the lamp-bright zone you flit,
 I shrink into some corner penitential.
 A well-dressed crowd, their tailors all un-
 paid, collars glisten;
 Throng round you there, and cuffs and
 Of pity's blindness, as of scorn, afraid,
 I shun the merry fray, and darkling listen,
 For who could urge the timidest of suits,
 Conscious of such indifferent clothes and
 boots?

You think me quite as good as other men;
 Nay, more, I think you think me vastly
 better;

Your candid glances seem to ask me when
 I'll seek to bind you in a willing fetter.
 Is this presumption? Not from friend to
 friend, [lovers;

Whose souls unite like clasping hands of
 Yet can I breathe no word of love, to end
 The delicate doubt that o'er the unspoken
 hovers.

If I were hopeless that you loved me not,
 My hopeless love, confess'd, myself would
 flatter.

But should the blissful dream be true, I wot
 That love confess'd the joy of love would
 shatter.

My Queen, indeed as king I'd love to lord it;
 I cannot tell you that I can't afford it.

POSSIBLE EXPLANATION. — "For many
 months nothing has been heard of Lieu-
 tenant IVANTCH," was the remark of our
 leading journal *à propos* of Russian disap-
 pearances. Is it not probable that IVANTCH,
 unable to find a post to suit him, has gone on
 tour with a "scratch company"?

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No XVII.

SCENE—Under the Colonnade of the *Hôtel Grande Bretagne, Bellagio*. CULCHARD is sitting by one of the pillars, engaged in constructing a sonnet. On a neighbouring seat a group of smart people are talking over their acquaintances, and near them is another visitor, a Mr. CRAWLEY STRUTT, who is watching his opportunity to strike into the conversation.

Mrs. Hurlingham. Well, she'll be Lady CHESEBARE some day, when anything happens to the old Earl. He was looking quite ghastly when we were down at SKYMPINGS last. But they're frightfully badly off now, poor dears! Lady DRIBBLETT lets them have her house in Park Lane for parties and that—but it's wonderful how they live at all!

Colonel Sandown. He looked pretty fit at the Rag the other day. Come across the SENLACS anywhere? Thought Lady SENLAC was going abroad this year.

Mr. Crawley Strutt. Hem—I saw it mentioned in the *Penny Patrician* that her Ladyship had—

Mrs. Hurl. (without taking the slightest notice of him). She's just been marryin' her daughter, you know—rather a good match, too. Not what I all pretty, —smart—lookin', that's all. But then her sister wasn't pretty till she married.

Col. Sand. Nice family she married into! Met her father-in-law, old Lord BLETHERRHAM, the other morning, at a chemist's in Piccadilly—he'd dropped in there for a pick-me-up; and there he was, tellin' the chemist all the troubles he'd had with his other sons marryin' the way they did, and that. Rum man to go and confide in his chemist, but he's like that—fond of the vine!

Mr. C. S. Er—er—it's becoming a very serious thing, Sir, the way our aristocracy is deteriorating, is it not?

Col. S. Is it? What have they been up to now, eh? Haven't seen a paper for days.

Mr. C. S. I mean these mixed marriages, and, well, their general goings on. I don't know if you're acquainted with a paper called the *Penny Patrician*? I take it in regularly, and I assure you—loyal supporter of our old hereditary institutions as I am—some of the revelations I read about in high life make me blush—yes, downright blush for them!

Col. S. Do they, though? If I were you I should let 'em do their own blushing, and save my pennies.

Mr. C. S. (deferentially). No doubt you're right, Sir, but I like the *Patrician* myself—it's very smartly written. Talking of that, do you happen to know the ins and outs of that marriage of young Lord GOSLINGTON's? Something very mysterious about the party he's going to marry—who are her people now?

Col. S. Can't say, I'm sure—no business of mine, you know.

Mr. C. S. There I venture to think you're wrong, Sir. It's the business of everybody—the duty, I may say—to see that the best blood of the nation is not—(Col. S. turns into the hotel; Mr. C. S. sits down near CULCH.)—Remarkably superior set of visitors staying here, Sir! My chief objection to travel always is, that it brings you in contact with parties you wouldn't think of associating with at home. I was making that same remark to a very pleasant little fellow I met on the steamer—er—Lord UPPERSOLE, I think it was—and he entirely concurred. Your friend made us acquainted.—(PODBURY comes out of the hotel.)—Ah, here is your friend.—(To PODB.)—Seen his Lordship about lately, Sir?—Lord UPPERSOLE, I mean, of course!

Podb. UPPERSOLE? No—he's over at Cadenabbia, I believe.

Mr. C. S. A highly agreeable spot to stay at. Indeed, I've some

idea myself of—Exceedingly pleasant person his Lordship—so affable, so completely the gentleman!

Podb. Oh, he's affable enough—for a boot-maker. I always give him a title when I see him, for the joke of the thing—he likes it.

Mr. C. S. He may, Sir. I consider a title is not a thing to be treated in that light manner. It—it was an unpardonable liberty to force me into the society of that class of person—unpardonable, Sir! [He goes.]

Podb. Didn't take much forcing, after he once heard me call him "Lord UPPERSOLE"! Where are all the others, eh? Thought we were going up to the Villa Serbelloni this afternoon.

Culch. I—er—have not been consulted. Are they—er—all going? [With a shade of anxiety.]

Podb. I believe so. You needn't be afraid, you know. HYPATIA won't have the chance of ragging you now—she and Miss TROTTER have had a bit of a breeze.

Culch. I rather gathered as much. I think I could guess the—

Podb. Yes, HYPATIA's rather uneasy about poor old BOB; thinks Miss TROTTER is—well, carrying on, you know. She is no end of a little flirt—you know that well enough!—(C. disclaims impatiently.) Here you all are, eh?

—(To Miss P., Miss T., and BOB.)—Well, who knows the way up to the villa?

Miss T. It's through the town, and up some steps by the church—you can't miss it. But Mr. PRENDERGAST is going to show me a short cut up behind the hotel—aren't you, Mr. PRENDERGAST?

Miss P. (icily). I really think, dear, it would be better if we all kept together—for so many reasons!

Culch. (with alacrity). I agree with Miss PRENDERGAST. A short cut is invariably the most indirect route.

Miss P. (with intention). You hear what Mr. CULCHARD says, my dear MAUD? He advocates direct ways, as best in the long run.

Miss T. It's only going to be a short run, my love. But I'm verry glad to observe that you and Mr. CULCHARD are so perfectly harmonious, as I'm leaving him on your hands for a spell. Aren't you ever coming, Mr. PRENDERGAST?

[She leads him off, a not unwilling captive.]

A Path in the Grounds of the Villa Serbelloni.

Podb. (considerately, to CULCHARD, who is following Miss PRENDERGAST and him, in acute misery). Look here, old fellow, Miss PRENDERGAST would like to sit down, I know; so don't you bother about keeping with us if you'd rather not, you know!

Miss P. Surely, Mr. PODBURY, you are aware by this time that Mr. CULCHARD has a perfect mania for self-sacrifice!

[CULCHARD murmurs an inarticulate protest.]

Miss P. Surely, Mr. PODBURY, you are aware by this time that Mr. CULCHARD has a perfect mania for self-sacrifice!

[CULCHARD drops behind, crushed.]

Among the Ruins at the top of the Hill.

Culch. (who has managed to overtake Miss T. and her companion). Now do oblige me by looking through that gap in the pines towards Lecco. I particularly wish you to observe the effect of light on those cliffs—it's well worth your while.

Miss T. Why, certainly, it's a view that does you infinite credit. Oh, you didn't take any hand in the arrangement? But ain't you afraid if you go around patting the scenery on the head this way, you'll have the lake overflow?

Bob. P. Ha-ha-ha! One in the eye for you, CULCHARD!

Culch. (with dignity). Surely one may express a natural enthusiasm without laying oneself open—?

Miss T. Gracious, yes! I should hope you wouldn't want to show your enthusiasm that way—like a Japanese nobleman!

Culch. (to himself). Now that's coarse—really coarse!—(Aloud.)—I seem to be unable to open my mouth now without some ridiculous distortion—



Miss T. My!—but that's a serious symptom—isn't it? You don't feel like you were going to have lock-jaw, do you, Mr. CULCHARD?

[CULCHARD falls back to the rear once more. Later—Mr. VAN BOODELER has joined the party; HYPATIA has contrived to detach her brother. CULCHARD has sought refuge with POBBURY.]

Miss T. (to VAN B.). So that's what kept you? Well, it sounds just too enchanting. But I can't answer for what Miss PRENDERGAST will say to it. It mayn't suit her notions of propriety.

Mr. Van B. I expect she'll be superior to Britannic prejudices of that kind. I consider your friend a highly cultivated and charming lady, MAUD. She produces that impression upon me.

Miss T. I presume, from that, she has shown an intelligent interest in the great Amurcan novel?

Mr. Van B. Why, yes; it enlists her literary sympathies—she sees all its possibilities.

Miss T. And they're pretty numerous, too. But here she comes. You'd better tell her your plan right now.

Miss P. (in an earnest undertone to BOB, as they approach, followed by CULCHARD and BOB). You must try and be sensible about it, BOB; if you are too blind to see that she is only—

BOB (sulkily). All right! Haven't I said I'd go? What's the good of jawing about it?

Mr. V. B. (to Miss P.). I've been telling my cousin I've been organising a little water-party for this evening—moonlight, mandolins, Menaggio. If you find that alliteration has any attractions, I hope you and your brother will do me the pleasure of—

Miss P. I'm afraid not, thanks. We have all our packing to do. We find we shall have to leave early to-morrow.

[Van B.'s face falls; BOB listens gloomily to Miss T.'s rather perfunctory expressions of regret; POBBURY looks anxious and undecided; CULCHARD does his best to control an unseemly joy.]

THE GOOD NEW "TIMES."

Nobody, after visiting Terry's Theatre, can apply to Mr. PINERO's piece the hackneyed phrase,—used apologetically by an unconscionable reader after detaining the leading journal for three-quarters of an hour,—“Oh, there's nothing in *The Times*,” for, in Mr. PINERO's piece there is plenty of amusement, if not of absorbing interest.

The story is that of a *parvenu*, whose sole object in life, to be recognised by “Society,” is thwarted by the marriage of his good-for-nothing son with the daughter of an Irish lodging-house keeper.

The struggles of Mr. and Mrs. *Bompas* to conceal this *mésalliance*, and the assistance given them in their difficulties by the Hon. *Montague Trimble*, constitute the motive of the play. But the question that must occur to the critical mind is, “Did the author mean this piece for high comedy, or farcical comedy?” If the former, then Mr. TERRY is wrong in his conception of the part; if the latter, everybody else is wrong in their conception of their parts.

It seems to me as if, in the course of rehearsal, the peculiarities distinguishing the character of *Percy Egerton Bompas, M.P.*, had gradually become assimilated with the individualities of the actor, Mr. EDWARD TERRY. If Mr.



PINERO so meant it, if he so wrote it for Mr. TERRY and for Mr. TERRY only, then there is nothing more to be said; Mr. PINERO's ideal is realised. But if the author did not intend Mr. TERRY's impersonation, then he must be content to sacrifice the ideal to the real, shrug his shoulders, and pocket his profits. Yet, as if making an appeal to the public to judge between the auctorial abstract and the representational concrete, Mr. PINERO not only publishes his playbook, but sells it in the theatre. Visitors to TERRY's, who buy the book, will judge the play by its stage interpretation that has had the advantage of the author's personal supervision and direction. The representation, therefore, is either more or less in accordance with his teaching, or flatly contradicts it.

The publication of the book of a comedy in a theatre may be thankfully received as a present help to the audience, and an aid to memory afterwards, or it may be considered as a protest on the part

of the author who says, “Here's what I have written. See how they act it: whether it be farce or comedy, judge for yourselves. You pay your money, and you take your choice.” Suffice it, then, to record that, on the night of this deponent's visit, the piece played from eight till past eleven, and that the audience from first to last was generally amused, but, I should be inclined to say, particularly disappointed at the collapse of Mr. TERRY's part in the last Act (the principal portion of which he passes curled up on a sofa, with the top of his forehead powdered white! Why?), and mystified by the sudden and apparently unnecessary revelation, made by *Miss Cazalet*, to the effect that *Lucy Tuck* (a mentally and physically short-sighted girl) is her illegitimate daughter; and these two last-named personages, though essential to the plot, fail unfortunately in rousing any sentiment of pity or of sympathy.

Mr. ELLIOT is excellent as the Hon. *Montague Trimble*; nothing better, apart from Mr. HARE's eccentric characters, has been seen on the stage for some considerable time. I hope the author is of the same opinion. Mr. FRED THORNE is capital as the Irish Member; and as *Mrs. Hooley*, an obtrusively Irish eccentricity of Thackerayan extraction, Miss ALEXES LEIGHTON is very good, for the character, as drawn by the author, is obtrusive, and is so meant to be. The *Mrs. Egerton Bompas* of Miss FANNY BROUGH is the woman to the life, and, in my humble judgment, Miss BROUGH's impersonation is well-nigh faultless.

Whether, if the part of *Egerton Bompas* were played as high comedy, this would still improve Miss BROUGH's impersonation of *Mrs. Bompas* or not, it is difficult to decide; but I am inclined to think this would be the result. What does the author think? Most likely he will continue to “think”; it is the wiser course. Mr. HENRY V. ESMOND makes the lad, *Howard Bompas*, unnecessarily repulsive; but if, in doing so, he is only exactly carrying out the author's idea, *i.e.*, “Master's orders,” then he is no longer responsible for the overcharged colouring. The probable fate of this unhappy pair, an impulsive uneducated kind of Irish orange-girl married to a contemptible young sot, is not a pleasant termination to the story, nor is the anticipatory sadness felt for the future of this ill-assorted couple in any way dissipated by the stereotyped and perfunctory offer of marriage made by the young London Journal Nobleman to the daughter of the utterly crushed snob just before the Curtain descends.

Why the piece is called *The Times*, remains a mystery. To-day would have been better; that is, if by *The Times* is only meant “The Present Day.” And if it doesn't mean this, what meaning has it? For alliterative advertisement it may be useful; *e.g.*, “*Times* at TERRY's.” The dialogue generally is easy, natural and telling.

Yours,

PRIVATE BOX.

FOLLOW THE BARON!

“Such characters as he should retire into fiction, they are too exaggerated for real life.”—“*Times*” on Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Bad Baron of Samoua*.]

Oh, most excellent true! How I thank thee, great *Times*,

For teaching that phrase! 'Tis delicious!

Fiction! The haunt of mad follies, crass crimes,

Fads futile, and tastes meretricious.

Oh, joy, to transport to that Limbo of Fools,

Upon trial and honest conviction,

The plagues of our Parties, our Churches, our Schools,

Who ought to “retire into Fiction.”

When WINDYWHAME, M.P., goes spouting about,

His flatulent madness and malice;

When SLUDGE, after years of dogmatical doubt,

Finds Faith's Wonderland worthy of *Alice*;

When POPINJAY airs his effeminate Art,

And DOBBS sputters dirt in choice diction,

Ye gods, there'd be joy in Church, Forum, and Mart,

If the fools would “retire into Fiction.”

Pragmatical pietists, sceptics obtuse

Who Progress impede with crude cackle,

Predestinate duffers of prattle profuse,

Who the biggest world-problems would tackle;

State-quacks, shouting Emperors, queer School-Board cranks,

We'll give you our best benediction,

And speed you at parting with heartiest thanks,

If you'll only—“retire into Fiction!”



One or the Leaders in
The Times.



EMANCIPATION.

Young Bride of Three Hours' standing (just starting on her Wedding Trip).—"OH, EDWIN DEAR! HERE'S 'TOM JONES.' PAPA TOLD ME I WASN'T TO READ IT TILL I WAS MARRIED! THE DAY HAS COME . . . AT LAST! BUY IT FOR ME, EDWIN DEAR."

ARMING THE AMAZONS.

(Modern Brummagem Version.)

[At the meeting (at Birmingham) of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, a resolution in favour of "considering the claims of women to be admitted to the franchise when entitled by ownership or occupation" was carried "by an overwhelming majority, amid loud cheers." Mrs. FAWCETT afterwards said, "What new forces were they (the Conservative Party) prepared to bring against the anarchy, socialism and revolution which were arrayed against them? The granting of women's suffrage would be against the disintegrating power of the other side, as women were everywhere anti-revolutionary forces . . . This would add about 800,000 to the electorate. They would be, she believed, middle-aged women of property, than whom she thought they could not assemble more anti-revolutionary forces."]

Trojan Leader loquutur:—

To arm the Amazons against the Greeks, OVIDIUS hints, proud manhood galls and piques. No doubt; yet Naso did it in his day, And we, in ours, who, sorely-pressed, would stay The rising tide of Revolution, check Disintegration, of the claws who'd peck At our political sleeves and platform hearts Must not be frightened.

"Rummiest of starts," The ribald Cockney cries; to see at length, "The Tory seeking to recruit his strength From those he dubbed, in earlier, scornfuller mood

The crowing hens, the shrieking sisterhood!" Shade of sardonic SMOLLETT, haunt no more St. Stephen's precincts; list not to the roar

Of the mad Midland cheers, when FEILDING's plan

Of levelling (moneyed) Woman up to Man Wins "Constitutional" support and votes From a "majority" of Tory throats! Mrs. LYNN LINTON, how this vote must vex, That caustic censor of her own sweet sex! Wild Women—with the Suffrage! Fancy that,

O fluent Lady, at tart nick-names pat! Girls of the Period? They were bad enough, But what a deal of skimbable-skamble stuff Will Mrs. FAWCETT's Middle-aged Ones talk

When these eight hundred thousand *hens o' Cackle* for Order, Purity, and Peace!!!

Partlets *may* save our Capitol, as geese Once did the Roman; nigh a million—JUNOS, Roll back the tide of Revolution. Who knows?

Not PRIAM—SALISBURY. Does *he* look askance At the new Amazonian Queen's advance? Does he hide apprehension with a smile? The Amazons are used to Grecian guile; ACHILLES—GLADSTONE sorely they mistrust. Which side will give them more than fain it must?

To-day the Trojans show the friendlier PENTHESILEA, whom the Greeks would shunt, Proffers her aid to Tory Troy, to keep High Ilium against the foes who creep Nearer and nearer to its sacred walls. ACHILLES o'er the trenches loudly calls, In menace fierce, thrasonic in his boast, His Myrmidons, a mad and motley host, Mean boundless mischief, the Palladium's gone

If they are not repulsed. It *must* be done,

Come what, come will. PRIAM has trimmed his sails

To popular winds until the pilot fails To know the old and carefully charted course. His wisdom, and brave ARTHUR-HECTOR's force,

May yet prove vain if no auxilial hand Help yon Anarchic legions to withstand. The Amazonian host? Aha! Well hit! Scruple to take she-helping? Not a bit Too late for proud punctilio. No, this Queen Is not so lovely, of such royal mien, As hers who witched ACHILLES e'en in death. An elderly Amazon of shortish breath, With gingham huge and gig-lamps, though she hold

That "Property" buckler broad and bossed with gold

Is scarce a Siren—of the ancient style; More of Minerva's frown than Venus' smile! But then, eight hundred thousand!!!

There's the rub. Recruited from the Platform and the Tub, With Middle-aged and Propertied Amazons, Ilium may master e'en the Myrmidons. Come, anti-revolutionaries, come! Strike Anarchy dead, and Socialism dumb! Accept new arms, ye maiden cohorts! Take The weapon that shall make ACHILLES shake, And reinforce, against the wiles of Greece, The powers of Property, Privilege, and Peace!

OPTIMISM.

"ALL's for the best," smirks fatuous DIVES. He Means, "I'm the best, and therefore all's for me."



ARMING THE AMAZONS.

PRIAM (*loquitur*). "ACCEPT NEW ARMS, YE MAIDEN COHORTS! TAKE THE WEAPON THAT SHALL MAKE ACHILLES SHAKE, AND REINFORCE, AGAINST THE WILES OF GREECE, THE POWERS OF PROPERTY, PRIVILEGE, AND PEACE!"

ONLY FANCY!

WE understand that Mr. GLADSTONE has followed, with much interest, the speeches delivered in the country last week, and was observed to be visibly affected at the touching spectacle of the final reconciliation of Lord SALISBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham. "They toil not, neither do they spin," he said, furtively wiping away a tear; "nevertheless, they seem made for each other's company."

The Right Hon. Gentleman will take his turn



"A Fantasy of Disordered Imagination."

omitted from Lord SALISBURY's first speech at Birmingham. It was intended to come in at the passage where the PREMIER boldly flouted apprehension of Ministerial disaster at the General Election. He had meant to cite Mr. JACKSON's appointment as conclusive proof that the Government would exist at least up to the year 1900.

"SHAKESPEARE," he should have said, "has written, 'a tanner will last you nine years,' and of course the duration of the Government will be co-incidental with the prolongation of the term of our Financial Secretary to the Treasury, withdrawn from commercial pursuits at Leeds."

HERR VON DER BLOWITZOWN-TROMP has some interesting reminiscences of the lamented Baron MAC HINERY. "When he was appointed Legate at the Court of the Isle of Man," writes the great historian of our times, "he dined with me in passing through Nanterre. It was the very day the Marquis DE MOULIN had been elected Pompiere. The other guests were, His Excellency the CON of CRIM TARTARY, Prince ALLEZ-VOUS-EN, His Excellency the VICUNA of BRAZIL, the SANDWICH AMBASSADOR, the DOGE of VENICE, and the Baron MUNCHAUSEN, who was a kind of amateur partner of mine, in whom I had much confidence—I always left him with my day's correspondence ready to be committed to paper. In the course of the dinner a stupid *garçon*, handing the ice round, dropped a small piece down the back of the neck of the DOGE of VENICE. With great presence of mind Baron MUNCHAUSEN seized the poker (which fortunately happened to be in the fire), and, with inimitable dexterity, passed the red-hot brand between the DOGE's shirt-collar and his neck, and, deftly touching the piece of ice, melted it. It was an awkward moment. The canned lobster was just served, but no one thought of eating it. The CON of CRIM TARTARY turning to Baron MAC HINERY, said,—

"You, my Lord, who are disinterested in this matter, tell us what you think of it."

"I think," replied the Baron, with admirable *sangfroid*, "his Highness the DOGE would have felt better if the ice had been warmer, and the poker cooler."

Everybody laughed. The DOGE and Baron MUNCHAUSEN shook hands, and the dinner ended gaily.

RYMOND, writing *lui-même* with too infrequent pen, makes pathetic reference to the death of "one of the largest and best known purveyors of Rhine wine, with whom I have had business relations and personal intercourse for nearly thirty years." There is, we need hardly say, no basis for the insinuation thrown out by HENRY that the business relations referred to were of the commission order sometimes established between purveyors of Rhine and other wines and gentlemen who have a wide circle of friends.

next week, and a report is current in interested quarters, that he has gone into training under the personal direction of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who assist to support him whilst he rehearses his speech. This is a fantasy of disordered imagination. Mr. G. is in splendid form, spoiling for a fight.

A trustworthy Correspondent informs us that, owing to accidental displacement of his notes, a telling point was

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

SCENE—Interior of a First-class Railway Carriage. *Theoretical Passenger and Practical Passenger discussing the "Unreadiness of England."*

Theoretical Passenger (at the conclusion of a long account of the national shortcomings). Yes, my dear Sir, France has only to declare war to-morrow, and we are completely ruined! We cease to exist as a nation!

Practical Passenger (with a smile). But hasn't this been said about us—by ourselves—for any number of years?

Theo. Pas. Doubtless, but that does not make it the less true.

Prac. Pas. Possibly; still, it is encouraging to find that we do exist in spite of the "temptation to belong to other nations."

Theo. Pas. (annoyed). Ah! you treat the matter with levity; but I assure you it is a most serious thing! How would you like to be bombarded?

Prac. Pas. Not at all. The more especially as it would be a great expense to the enemy.

Theo. Pas. (with dignified resentment). I see you consider the subject a proper topic for raillery! It is a very fine day!

Prac. Pas. (in a conciliatory tone). No, no, I can assure you I am deeply interested. But how about our Fleet—surely that should protect us?

Theo. Pas. You must be very much behind the age to say so. Our Fleet is practically valueless. It is perfectly easy to invade us at a dozen places. If the French went to Ireland (as they did in the last century), the conquest of England would be assured. They would (with the assistance of a friendly peasantry), get their supplies and make good their footing.

Prac. Pas. But how about our Army?

Theo. Pas. A farce! An expensive farce. We have no Regulars, the Militia exists only on paper, and the Volunteers are valueless.

Prac. Pas. Then why not have a Conscription—that would bring up our Army with a run?

Theo. Pas. A Conscription! My dear Sir, the nation wouldn't think of such a thing! No, not for a single moment!

Prac. Pas. (after a pause). Well, what is to be done?

Theo. Pas. (promptly). Nothing, except to write to the papers and submit to our fate.

Prac. Pas. Is there any objection to the construction of the Channel Tunnel?

Theo. Pas. (carelessly). None in the least—but why do you ask?

Prac. Pas. Because, if in the case of war, the entire French nation pours into England—as you say it will?

Theo. Pas. Certainly.

Prac. Pas. The best thing we can do is to utilise the Tunnel, pour into France, and stay there! It will be only changing sides!

[Conversation interrupted by whistle, and consequent rattle and darkness.]

THE SPHINX AND THE STICK.

A Song wherein is suggested a suitable Subject for an Ibsenite Tragedy.

[Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE thinks that "the reserve and suppression of emotional movement which is observed in English people" will probably result in all the women becoming sphinxes, and all the men sticks.]

"OH! do wag your head!" said the Sphinx to the Stick.

"I can't," he replied, "or I would, darling, quick!

If you'll only indulge in a shrug and some winks, You'll perhaps set me off," said the Stick to the Sphinx.

"Nay, long 'inhibition,'" the Sphinx made reply,

"Has imparted rigidity, love, to my eye."

"'Emotional movement' no longer is mine,"

Sighed the Stick to the Sphinx; "though I greatly incline

To a dig in your ribs, or a slap on your back

(As a sign of my love), all my muscles are slack.

My poor 'motor-centres' are all out of gear,

And I can't even 'chuck' your soft chin, sweet, I fear.

I'm sure such a stolid inflexible 'stick' you'll hate,

But, though I adore you, I cannot gesticulate—"

"My case is as bad," sighed the Sphinx to the Stick,

"For I cannot 'bridle'—no more than a brick."

Said the Stick to the Sphinx, "Ah, we once knew what love meant!

But, thanks to the loss of 'emotional movement,'

We can't give it 'graceful and chastened expression,'

And so it seems slipping fast out of possession.

Heigho! we had far better die, darling, quick!

Since you are a Sphinx, love, and I'm but a Stick!"

VERY LIKELY—JUST NOW.—A place to spend a Quiet Sunday—Eastbourne.



MR. PUNCH ON TOUR IN YORKSHIRE.

"ON THE HYP"-NOTIST.

(Fragment from a Romance purely imaginary and yet to be written.)

THE *Savants* were gathered together to consider the question of Hypnotism. They had been appointed by a learned Association, and their Hon. Secretary had distinguished himself by writing a letter, which if eccentric in punctuation, was yet to the point.

"We must not forget, Gentlemen," said one of the learned persons, "that we have been appointed to investigate the use of Hypnotism as a therapeutic agent. It will be our duty to ascertain, if it is possible, that operations can be performed under the shield of its anæsthesia."

"You are indeed right," replied another, "and it is fortunate in one sense that we have not had the advantage of greeting at our board, Doctor OWEN COLEMAN of Dunedin, Surbiton."

"Why so?" asked a third.

"Because," returned *Savant* No. 2, "that distinguished Member of the Medical Profession can give instances of successful treatment under the prescribed circumstances. For instance, JULES CLOQUET, as early as 1845 was using Hypnotism in the cause of painless surgery. However, our pleasant little gathering can do no harm."

"Perhaps not," acquiesced *Savant* No. 3. "Although it is only right to remark that had we had Dr. COLEMAN's knowledge, we should have possibly considered it *qua* Committee a trifle superfluous."

"Do you not think we ought to visit the Aquarium?" asked the first speaker. "I am told that there is a Hypnotist who appears there twice a-day, and whose exhibition, from a scientific point of view, should be decidedly interesting."

After this there was a speedy departure, and for some hours the Committee lounged about the Aquarium. They there saw a female acrobat of great strength. Then they paid a visit to the Alhambra, where they met a pleasant young lady, who, seemingly without any assistance, lifted four or five bulky gentlemen seated on a chair. This she did without any exertion and with a smiling countenance. On their return to their private room, they seemed somewhat hostile to the pretensions of the Hypnotist, whose feats they had just witnessed—they preferred to his performances the feats of the Magnetic Lady.

"Quite a mistake," said one; "instead of taking off a leg, or showing the strength of a billiard cue, he makes men believe that they are swimming in a tank!"

"Very undignified," remarked another; "it would have been so much better had he performed a surgical operation—say, setting a compound fracture of the leg, like that performed by two medical men in 1845; and more interesting to the vast majority of the audience."

"But the Alhambra was excellent," was the reply. "Suppose we send to our Committee a Report of the 'Magnetic Lady' and ignore the Hypnotist?"

And so it was decided, and it was time to write their Report. Then pens, ink, and paper were produced, and the *Savants* prepared for work. They had scarcely commenced, when a gentleman stood in their midst, and glared at them. He gave them each a disc, and commanded them to



gaze upon its surface. Then, one by one, they fell over—fast asleep. He placed them back in their chairs.

"Now for your Report," he murmured. "And so you would ignore my show and praise another! But you are in my power, and shall obey me! Write what I dictate!" And so they wrote. And, strange as it may appear to non-believers in Hypnotism, the Report, when published, was found to be an excellent advertisement for the Royal Westminster Aquarium!



SENILE FELINE AMENITIES.

"WELL, GOOD AFTERNOON—I'M GOING TO CALL ON MY MOTHER!"

"WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU 'VE GOT A MOTHER LIVING?"

"OH YES—AND SHE DON'T LOOK A BIT OLDER THAN YOU DO—I ASSURE YOU!"

OUR FINANCIAL COLUMN.

Orl Court, E.C.*

I AM preparing a big *coup*, and wish all my friends to be in it. My friends are legion, it is true, but they may depend upon me to do the best for all. Nothing on the gigantic scale I am now preparing has been seen or heard of in the Financial World since the days of the Flood, when NOAH's floating capital weathered the storm. What was the stock worth when FATHER NOAH once again touched land? Expect the biggest result ever known. I may be sanguine. I have the right to be so.

"PONY"—Yes. Buy A. and C. N.B.—Invest big cheque with yours truly. The only safe and profitable investment.

"D. A. H."—Don't you do it, or you'll be H. A. D. Send cheques here. Strict account kept, and gains delivered in cash by special messenger.

"A HESITATER."—Don't doubt for a moment. Sell everything right off, and invest proceeds by cheque with your friend.

"A. S. S."—The Dividend days of the "*Ex-Nihilo-Fit Loan and Insurance Company*" are April 1, up to mid-day, and September 31.

So much for some of the principal Correspondents who require an answer in my weekly article. As for myself, I can only say that my motto is, "*Confidentia Illimitata et Nulla Pecunia redditur*." Within the last month the gross earnings of the office on behalf of my clients has been £12,345,678,910 which compares favourably with the previous month. Every penny of this, equal to 50 per cent. profit to every one of my clients, will be distributed within a week with a handsome bonus of twenty-five pounds to everyone sending in his coupon or cheque for fifteen sovereigns by twelve o'clock next Tuesday, after which hour it is impossible for any one, be he who he may, from Kaiser to Chimney-sweeper, to participate in the enormous profit which will have been honestly earned by

Yours truly,

* N.B.—Note change of address.



SHORTLY TO APPEAR.—*A Morning without Boots*, by the Author of *A Knight without Spurs*.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG;

OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.

No. III.—THE SPOOKS IN THE SQUARE.

AIR—"The Goblins in the Churchyard."

I WENT down to the Psychical Society one night,
And heard them talk of Spooks and things that filled me with affright.
The Psychical Society, as every member boasts,
Was founded with the object of investigating Ghosts!
Now Ghosts, the modern species, are of very various sorts,
For like some plants, as botanists say, they seem to run to "sports."
I used to think a spectre *was* a spectre, but I find
The "Psychical" can furnish Spooks of every class and kind.

Chorus.

Some of the Ghosts are little, some of the Ghosts are big,
Some come in the guise of a headless man, and some of a spectre pig.
Some of them laugh "Ha! ha!" Some of them wail "Heigho!"
And I felt that night in a doose of a fright before it was time to go.

I had read *Phantasmagoria* by that
writer quaint but grand,
Who penned *The Hunting of the Snark*
and *Alice in Wonderland*.
And I thought I knew a thing or two,
or might be even three,
About a Ghoul, and a Fay or Troll, and
a Brownie or Banshee.
I knew that a Banshee always howled,
whilst a Goblin might but yawn,
I also knew that a Poltergeist was *not*
a Leprechaun,
But the Psychicals, I'm bound to say,
had me on "battered toasts"
With the wonderful changes which
they rang on the good old Church-
yard "Ghosts."

Chorus.

Some of their Ghosts were sages, some
of them seemed sheer noddies;
Some of the same like a "Wandering
Flame," and others as "Astral
Bodies."

Some of theirs croaked "Ha! ha!" some of them chuckled
"Ho! ho!" [time to go.]
And I got so sad, I was heartily glad when I found it was

I dropped into the "Rose and Crown," a highly respectable
tavern,
For Ghosts are dry, and my thirst was high, my throat like a
chalky cavern.
I didn't have much, only four of cold Scotch, which is good
to moisten chalk.

The night was fine, it was twelve twenty-nine, so I thought I
might just as well walk.
But when I entered Trafalgar Square, I heard a mysterious
sound;

There was not even a Bobby in sight as I stole a glance around;
But seated on NELSON's lions four, and perched on the neighbouring
"posteses,"
I saw, as we said in our Nursery Rhyme, a dozen or so of
"Ghosteses"!

Chorus.

Some of the Ghosts were short, some of the Ghosts were tall,
Some of them had most preposterous noddles, and some of them none
at all,
They all gave a shrill "Ha! ha!" they all gave a hushed
"Ho! ho!"
I turned in a fright and I wished 'em good night—but they would
not let me go!

Then one of the Ghosts began to speak; down on my knees I sank,
"I am a Nobleman's Ghost," said he, "and mine offence is
Rank!
I never cared for the Common Herd, the People I loved to crush;
My only remark on the Poor was 'Pooh!' my retort to the Toilers
'Tush!'"

And if they dared to grumble, why, I used to raise my rents,
For I always held that the Mob were made to keep up the Cent-per-
cents,

And now in this Square I hear BURNS's blare, see the Red Banner
wave,
And Society swished by the Socialist; so I cannot rest in my
grave.

Chorus—Some of the Ghosts, &c.

Another Ghost commenced. He said: "I was a great R. A.
(I remember the time when we used to meet in 'the pepper-pots,'
over the way),

My daubs were always hung on the line, for ourselves we used to
judge,
Our sole Ideal conventional cant, our *technique* broad brown
smudge.

And now BURNE JONES's pictures *sell!!!*—here he writhed with a
spectral twist—

"And our 'broad brown smudge' gives way to the fudge cranks call
'Impressionist.'"

I've lost my head, as perhaps you mark—though I keep a ventri-
loquist tongue.

What's the use of a head to an Artist Ghost, who has never a
chance to be hung?"

Chorus—Some of the Ghosts, &c.

A Lawyer's Ghost wept on his post, and then began to state
That the Revolution of Sixty-eight—he meant of Six-and-eight—
For the abolition of needless fees, and the stopping of useless jaw,

Had capped the murder of Privilege
by the massacre of Law:

Order, this Spook went on to state,
was the prey of police-less
prank,

All the real jam of life was lost with
the abolition of Rank.

Here he wept! Ah! *can* there be
a sight a pitiful, breast to thrill

Like the Ghost of a Lawyer drop-
ping a tear o'er the Ghost of a
Lawyer's Bill?

Chorus—Some of the Ghosts, &c.

I woko. A pain 'possessed my head.

The gathered Ghosts were gone,
And I lay there in Trafalgar Square,
on a cold stone alone.

I seemed to hear a wailing cry, a
whisper on the breeze,
Which said, in accents I well knew,
"Now then, Time, Gentlemen,
please!"

It may have been the warning to recall
those vagrant Ghosts

To—wheresoever they abide, poor
pallid spectral hosts!

What it all meant I cannot tell, but
this at least I know,
To that Psychical Society no more at
night I'll go!

Chorus.

Some of the Ghosts did goggle, some
of the Spooks did stare,
But there they sat in a spectral
row round "the Squirts" in
Trafalgar Square.

They all gave a loud "Ha! ha!" they all gave a loud "Ho! ho!"
And I turned and fled, and got home to bed as the rooster began
to crow!

THE NAKED TRUTH.—Our old friend, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, was
reading, the other day, a letter in the *Times* about "Electrical Tram-
ways," when she came upon a line stating that "two naked con-
ductors" would be used. Much shocked, she was about to look at
something else in the paper when she noticed that "one of the
conductors was to be carried on poles," and another to be "laid
rigid between the rails!" Horrified at this apparent brutality,
the worthy lady has been writing letters (in draft) to the Com-
missioner of Police ever since!

A Friendly Tip to the Fighting Factions.

RECRIMINATION is vexation,

Sedition is as bad;

Home Rule the-o-ry much puzzles J. B.

Such practice proves *you* mad!

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—Commenting upon the exceptionally bad
case of the Rev. Mr. CLUTTERBUCK last week, the *Times* asks if
something cannot be done to put down betting by turf-agencies, and
stock-exchange gambling per "bucket-shops." We regret our
inability to suggest an immediate remedy, but, as a warning and a
reminder, let the last-named institutions be called "Clutterbucket-
shops."

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

NO VIII.—TO LAZINESS.

BEST (AND BEST-ABUSED) OF ABSTRACTIONS.

MY heart positively warms to you as I write. At this precise moment I can think of a hundred different things that I ought to be doing. For instance, I have not written to TOM, who is in the wilds of Canada, for months. His last letter ended with a pathetic appeal for an answer.

"Never mind, old chap," he said, "about not having any news. Little details that you may think too insignificant to relate are bound to interest me in this deserted spot. I am sure you occasionally meet some of our friends of the old days. Tell them I often think of them and all the fun we used to have together. It all seems like a dream to me now. Let me know what any of them are doing. I heard six months ago from a fellow who was touring out here that JACK BUMPUS was married. If it is really our old JACK, congratulate him, and give him my love. I don't know his present address. But, whatever you do, write. A letter from you is like water in the desert."

When I read that letter I became full of the noblest resolutions. Not another day should pass, I vowed, before I answered it. So I prepared a great many sheets of thin note-paper, carefully selected a clean nib and sat down at my writing-table to begin. As I did so my eyes fell upon *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which was lying within easy reach. The book seemed positively to command me to read it for the tenth time. I took it up, and in another moment *Mrs. Gamp* had taken possession of me. My writing-chair was uncomfortable. I transferred myself into an arm-chair. Is it necessary to add that I did not write to TOM? His letter is getting frayed and soiled from being constantly in my pocket. Day after day it accompanies me on my daily round, unanswered and seemingly unanswerable. For I feel it to be a duty to write, and my mind abhors a duty. The letter weighs upon my conscience like lead. A few strokes of the pen would remove the burden, but I simply cannot screw myself up to the task. That is one of the things I ought to do.

Again, ought I not to call on the WHITTLESEAS? Mr. and Mrs. WHITTLESEAS have simply overflowed with kindness towards me. I never enjoyed anything more than the week I spent at their house in Kent a short time ago. They are now in town, and, what is more, they know that I am in town too. Of course I ought to call. It's my plain duty, and that is, as far as I can tell, the only reason which absolutely prevents me from calling upon that hospitable family. Why need I go through the long list of my pressing duties? I ought to write my article on "Modern Theosophy: A Psychological Parallel," for the next number of *The Brain*. I ought to visit my dentist; I ought to have my hair cut. But I shall do none of these things. On the other hand, it is absolutely unnecessary that I should write to you. No evil would befall me if I waited another year, or even omitted altogether to write to you. And that is the precise reason why I am now addressing you. As a matter of fact, I like you. As I have already said, the performance of strict duties is irksome to me. It is you, my dear LAZINESS, who forbid me to perform them, and thus save me from many an uncongenial task. That is why I like you.

And, after all, the common abuse of you is absurd. I have heard grave and industrious persons declare emphatically that any one who allows himself to fall under your sway debars himself utterly from every chance of success. Fiddlesticks! I snap my fingers at such folly. What do these gentlemen say to the case of FIGTREE, the great Q.C.? Everybody knows that FIGTREE is, without exception, the most indolent man in the world. Let any doubter walk down Middle Temple Lane and ask the first young barrister he meets what he thinks of FIGTREE. I am ready to wager my annual income that the reply will be, "What, Old FIGTREE! Why, he's the laziest man at the Bar. I thought everybody knew that." I may be told, of course, that FIGTREE appears in all the big cases—that his management of them is extraordinarily successful; that the Judges defer to him; that his speech in the Camberwell poisoning case lasted a day and a half, and is acknowledged to be a masterpiece of forensic eloquence, fit to rank with the best efforts of ERSKINE; that his fees always exceed ten thousand pounds a year and that his book on *Fines and Recoveries* is a monument of industry. All this I shall hear from some member of the outside public, who does not know his FIGTREE. But the fact remains, FIGTREE is the most indolent being alive. I doubt if he can be induced to read a brief before he

goes into Court. Many are the tales told by those who have been his juniors of the marvellous skill and address with which FIGTREE has time after time extricated himself from awkward situations into which he had been led by his ignorance of the details of the case in which he happened to be engaged. In the sensational libel case of *Bagwell v. Muter*, FIGTREE, as you must remember, appeared for the defendant. When the plaintiff's Junior Counsel had opened the pleadings, FIGTREE actually got up, and, had not his own Junior pulled him down, he would then and there have opened the case for the plaintiff. Yet FIGTREE's cross-examination of that same plaintiff, travelling as it did over a long period of time, and dealing with a most complicated story, in which dates were of the first importance, is still cited by those who heard it as the most remarkable display of its kind which the English Courts have afforded for years past. Whether the unfortunate BAGWELL, whom it showed conclusively to be a swindler and an impostor, has an equal admiration for it, I know not, nor is he, I fancy, likely to tell us, even when he returns from the prison which is now the scene of his labours. How FIGTREE, who at the outset did not even know on which side he appeared, managed in the time at his command to master this intricate case, must ever remain a mystery. HARRY ADDLESTONE, his Junior, is accustomed to talk darkly of a marvellous chronological analysis of the case which he had prepared for his leader, and evidently wishes me to believe that he, rather than FIGTREE, is to be credited with the success achieved. But the Solicitors have not yet withdrawn their confidence from FIGTREE to transfer it to ADDLESTONE.

Here, then, is an instance of a perfectly indolent man rising higher and higher every year on the ladder of professional advancement. I can only attribute it, my dear LAZINESS, to your beneficent influence, which preserves the great barrister from the weary labours to which his rivals daily submit. They say of him that he knows nothing of law. If I grant that, it merely proves that a knowledge of law is not required for success in the profession of the law. The deduction is dangerous, but obvious, and I recommend it warmly to all who are about to be called to the Bar.

I don't think I have anything more to say to you to-day; indeed, I know that you would be the last to desire that the writing of this letter should be in any way irksome to me. Besides, it is five o'clock P.M. My arm-chair invites me. I feel tired, and, that being so, I am convinced it would be an act of pedantic folly to deny myself the sweet refreshment of half-an-hour's sleep. Farewell, kindly one. I shall always rejoice to honour you, and celebrate your praise.

Yours, with all goodwill,
DIOGENES ROBINSON.

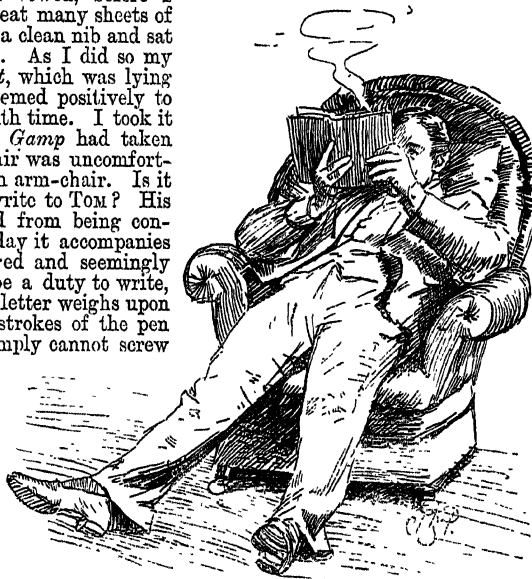
P.S.—I reopen this letter to say that I have just read in an evening paper a terrible account of the total destruction by a tornado of the town in Canada which was poor TOM's place of exile. "The loss of life," it is added, "has been great, and several Englishmen are amongst the victims." No names are given. Good gracious! If TOM has indeed perished, how am I ever to forgive myself for neglecting him? What must he have thought of me? I curse myself in vain for my—bah! What is the use of telling you this? The same paper informs me, in the elegant language appropriate to these occasions, that "Mr. FIGTREE, Q.C., has been offered, and has accepted, the vacant Lord-Justiceship of Appeal."

AN OPPORTUNITY.—A Lyme Regis Correspondent sends us the following advertisement, found, he says, in the *Bridport News*; we omit dates and names:—

— will SELL by AUCTION, Three Fine DAIRY COWS to calve respectively in Dec., April, and May next. An excellent double-feeding chaff-cutter, &c.

A respectful cow will no doubt fulfil her engagements honorably. "A double-feeding chaff-cutter" ought to be an acquisition to a fast set on a coach at the Derby, though of course his "double-feeding" powers would have to be amply provided for at luncheon time.

"THE nearest thing to 'setting the Thames on fire,'" said a quiet traveller by the Underground, "is the announcement which you will now see at the St. James's Park Station:—'A LIGHT HERE FOR NIAGARA.'" "Why," exclaimed an irate passenger to the timid suggestion of the above, "of course it doesn't mean *that*." Then he added, contemptuously, "Get out!" Which he did.





RUSTICUS EXPECTANS. (NEW POLITICAL VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.)

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS;

Or, the New Dumbledumdeary.

"Rusticus expectat, dum defuait amnis; at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."
HORACE.

AIR—"Dumbledumdeary."

In the fall of the year, when M.P.'s were
about,
And speeches burst forth like a waterspout,
HODGE took up his bundle, and caught up his
staff, [laugh!—

And went for a walk—if you please, don't
Singing dumbledumdeary, dumble-
dumdeary,
Dumble, dumble, dumbledumdee!

Oh, HODGE had put on his bettermost smock,
And wore his billycock gaily a-cock;
For HODGE nowadays is a person of note,
And great Governments bow to the "hind,"—
with a vote.

Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

So he strolled on
wi'out dread or
fear
Of Squire or Par-
son, or County
Peer,

For the spouting
M.P. and the
Liberal Van
Had made of the
shock-headed
joskin a Man!
Singing dum-
bledumdeary,
&c.

With promises
stuffed, and with
hope inspired,
HODGE walked,
and walked till
he felt quite tired;
So he sat himself
down on the bank
of a stream,
And, falling
asleep, dreamed
a wonderful
dream.

Singing dum-
bledumdeary,
&c.

The old, old stream
was no longer the
brook

Where he'd angled for minnows with wum
and hook;
It swelled and swirled, and its rippling voice
Was changed to loud echoes of platform noise.
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

And it seemed to address him, "How long,
friend HODGE,
In a smock will you slave, in a pig-stye lodge?
The Town revolts, but the landlord crew
Still rule the rustics. What can you do?"
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"Oh, I can reap, and I can sow;
And I can plough, and I can mow;
And, as Lord KILRON doth truly say,
I can yarn my eighteen-pence a day!"
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"Oh, that," cried the Voices, "will never do!
HODGE now must have freedom, and comfort
too.

And Village Councils, Allotments, and Larks!
Though the Landlords take fright for their
Manors and Parks,"

Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"No more must he live like a pig in a sty,
Or we (Tory Codlir, Rad Short) will know
why.

And if you'll consent just to vote for us now,
We'll put a new tune to your old 'Speed
the Plough!'"

Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

Then HODGE, slightly puzzled, beheld (in his
dream)

A legion of faces that flowed with the stream.
There's two WILLIAMS, and JOEY, and
JESSE!" he cried, [tide,—"
SOLLY, BALFY, and JOKIM talk, too, from the
Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

"They're making a vast sight o' noise, and
I fear,
Whilst they all shout together, their mean-
ing's scarce clear. [I'll sit
They all drift one way, though, out yonder!
And wait till the shindying slackens a bit."

Singing dumbledumdeary, &c.

So HODGE, like old HORACE's Rustic, still
waits [abates;
Till the waters flow by, or their turmoil

was welcome in any Parliamentary circle,
from "Gosset's Room" to the floor of the
House, which he sometimes "took" to de-
liver a witty speech in support of a Motion
for adjourning over the Derby. He was only
in his fortieth year, married scarce a fort-
night, when comes the blind Fury with the
abhorred shears and slits the thin-spun
thread. "LYCIDAS is dead!"; but he will
long be remembered as shedding through
seventeen years a genial light on Irish poli-
tics, too often obscured by aggressive vul-
garity, and the sacrifice of patriotic interests
to the ends of personal vanity.

ONLY FANCY!

WE are in a position to state that over-
tures were recently made to a well-known
and popular member of the aristocracy in
connection with a certain high office lately
vacated. It is felt that a gentleman with the

varied experience
and capacity in-
dicated by the
circumstance (to
which we may
allude as not
involving breach
of confidence), that
his name was suc-
cessively mention-
ed in connection
with the offices,
recently vacant,
of Postmaster-
General, Under-
Secretary of State
for Foreign Affairs,
and Leader of the
House of Com-
mons, is peculiarly
well qualified for
the post.

The PRIME
MINISTER has, we
learn, been much
gratified by the
receipt of a letter
volunteered by one
of his colleagues,
expressing gener-
ous satisfaction at
his selection of Mr.
ARTHUR BALFOUR
to the Leadership

of the House of Commons. It was the more
pleasing as the name of Lord SALISBURY's
correspondent had, in Conservative circles,
been prominently mentioned in connection
with the office. "It is true," the Abounding
Baron wrote, "that the public with unerring
instinct has looked in another direction. I
should therefore like to be the first to say that
your Lordship has done well in recognising
the services to the Unionist cause performed
by Mr. BALFOUR. Of course there may be other
openings, and in case your Lordship has occa-
sion to communicate with me, it may be con-
venient to mention that, having come to town
this morning and transacted business at my
office in Bouverie Street, I am about to return
to my country residence at Stow-in-the-Wold."

It is announced that Lord SALISBURY's new
house at Beaulieu is to be let furnished for
the winter months, the PREMIER not intending
to return till the Spring. We understand
that one of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends and
admirers is in treaty for the residence,
intending to place it for a few weeks at the
disposal of the Leader of the Opposition. We
have not yet heard how far this happily-
conceived scheme has progressed.



THE TRIALS OF AN ANXIOUS "JUNIOR."

PROMPTING A DEAF AND TESTY "CHIEF" IN OPEN COURT IS NOT HIS IDEA OF PERFECT BLISS.

And then hopes to reach "Happy Home"
o'er that stream.

Let us hope that he mayn't find it *only* a
dream!

Singing dumbledumdeary, dumble-
dumdeary,
Dumble, dumble, dumbledumdee!

"DICK" POWER.

WHEN the House of Commons meets in
February, it will find many vacant places.
Save, perhaps, on that sacred to the memory
of OLD MORALITY, none will draw towards
it such sorrowful glances as the bench below
the Gangway, where, last Session, DICK
POWER's smiling face was found. Everyone
in the House knew "DICK," and all liked him
—a modest-mannered, merry-hearted man,
whom a strange destiny had not only dragged
into political life, but, as Whip of the Par-
nellite Party, had made him the official re-
presentative of a body for the most part
socially unknown, and disliked with a fervour
happily not often imported into Parliamentary
warfare. DICK POWER, whilst never swerving
by a hair's breadth from loyalty to his col-
leagues and his leader, so bore himself that he

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XVIII.

SCENE—The roof of Milan Cathedral; the innumerable statues and fretted pinnacles show in dazzling relief against the intense blue sky. Through the open-work of the parapet is seen the vast Piazza, with its yellow toy tram-cars, and the small crawling figures which cast inordinately long shadows. All around is a maze of pale brown roofs, and beyond, the green plain blending on the horizon with dove-coloured clouds in a quivering violet haze. CULCHARD is sitting by a small doorway at the foot of a flight of steps leading to the Spire.

Culchard (meditating). I think MAUD must have seen from the tone in which I said I preferred to remain below, that I object to that cousin of hers perpetually coming about with us as he does. She's far too indulgent to him—a posing, affected prig, always talking about the wonderful things he's going to write! He had the impudence to tell me I didn't know the most elementary laws of the sonnet this morning! Withering repartee seems to have no effect whatever on him, I wish I had some of PODBURY's faculty for flippant chaff! I wonder if he and the PRENDERGASTS really are at Milan. I certainly thought I recognised— If they are, it's very bad taste of them, after the pointed way in which they left Bellagio. I only hope we shan't—

[Here the figure of Miss PRENDERGAST suddenly emerges from the door; CULCHARD rises and stands aside to let her pass; she returns his salutation distantly, and passes on with her chin in the air; her brother follows, with a side-jerk of recognition. PODBURY comes last, and halts undecidedly.]

Podb. (with a rather awkward laugh). Here we are again, eh? (Looks after Miss P., hesitates, and finally sits down by CULCHARD.) Where's the fascinating Miss TROTTER? How do you come to be off duty like this?

Culch. (stiffly). The fascinating Miss TROTTER is up above with VAN BOODELER, so my services are not required.

Podb. Up above? And HYPATIA just gone up with BOB! Whew, there'll be ructions presently! Well out of it, you and I! So it's BOODELER's turn now? That's rough on you—after HYPATIA had whistled poor old BOB off. As much out in the cold as ever, eh?

Culch. I am nothing of the kind. I find him distasteful to me, and avoid him as much as I can, that's all. I wish, PODBURY, er—I almost wish you could have stayed with me, instead of allowing the PRENDERGASTS to carry you off as you did. You would have kept VAN BOODELER in order.

Podb. Much obliged, old chap; but I'm otherwise engaged. Being kept in order myself. Oh, I like it, you know. She's developing my mind like winking. Spent the whole morning at the Brera, mugging up these old Italian Johnnies. They really are clinkers, you know. RAPHAEL, eh?—and GROTTO, and MANTEGNA, and all that lot. As HYPATIA says, for intensity of—er—religious feeling, and—subtlety of symbolism, and—and so on, they simply take the cake—rump in, and the rest nowhere! I'm getting quite the connoisseur, I can tell you!

Culch. Evidently. I suppose there's no chance of a—a reconciliation up there?

Podb. Don't you be afraid. When HYPATIA once gets her quills up, they don't subside so easily! Hallo! isn't this old TROTTER?

[That gentleman appears in the doorway.]

Mr. T. Why, Mr. PODBURY, so you've come along here? That's right! And how do you like Milan? I like the place first-rate—it's a live city, Sir. And I like this old cathedral, too; it's well constructed—they've laid out money on it. I call it real ornamental, all these little figgers they've stuck around—and not two of 'em a pair either. Now, they might have had 'em all alike, and no one any the wiser up so high as this; but it certainly gives it more variety, too, having them different. Well, I'm going up as high as ever I can go. You two better come along up with me.



"She passes on with her chin in the air!"

On the Top.

Miss P. (as she perceives Miss T. and her companion). Now, BOB, pray remember all I've told you! [BOB turns away, petulantly.]

Miss T. (aside, to VAN B.). I guess the air's got cooler up here, CHARLEY. But if that girl imagines she's going to freeze me! (Advancing to Miss P.) Why, my dear, it's almost too sweet for anything, meeting you again!

Miss P. You're extremely kind, MAUD; I wish I could return the compliment; but really, after what took place at Bellagio, I—

Miss T. (taking her arm). Well, I'll own up to being pretty horrid—and so were you; but there don't seem any sense in our meeting up here like a couple of strange cats on tiles. I won't fly out any more, there! I'm just dying for a reconciliation; and so is Mr. VAN BOODELER. The trouble I've had to console that man! He never met anybody before haff so interested in the great Amurrican Novel. And he's wearying for another talk. So you'd better give that hatchet a handsome funeral, and come along and take pity on him.

[HYP., after a struggle, yields, half-reluctantly, and allows herself to be taken across to Mr. VAN B., who greets her effusively. Miss T. leaves them together.]

Bob P. (who has been prudently keeping in the background till now, decides that his chance has come). How do you do, Miss TROTTER? It's awfully jolly to meet you again like this!

Miss T. Well, I guess that remark would have been more convincing if you'd made it a few minutes earlier.

Bob. I—I—you see, I didn't know... I was afraid—I rather thought—

Miss T. You don't get much further with rather thinking, as a general rule, than if you didn't think at all. But if you're at all anxious to run away the way you did at Bellagio, you needn't be afraid I'll hinder you.

Bob. (earnestly). Run away! Do you think I'd have gone if—I've felt dull enough ever since, without that!

Miss T. Oh, I expect you've had a beautiful time. We have.

Miss P. (coming up). ROBERT, I thought you wanted to see the Alps? You should come over to the other side, and—

Miss T. I'll undertake that he sees the Alps, darling, presently—when we're through our talk.

Miss P. As you please, dear. But (pointedly) did I not see Mr. CULCHARD below?

Miss T. You don't mean to say you're wearied of Mr. VAN BOODELER already! Well, Mr. CULCHARD will be along soon, and I'll loan him to you. I'll tell him you're verry anxious to converse with him some more. He's just coming along now, with Mr. PODBURY and Poppa.

Miss P. (under her breath). MAUD! if you dare—!

Miss T. Don't you dare mo, then—or you'll see. But I don't want to be mean unless I'm obliged to.

[Mr. TROTTER, followed by CULCHARD and PODBURY, arrives at the upper platform. CULCHARD and PODBURY efface themselves as much as possible. Mr. TROTTER greets Miss PRENDERGAST heartily.]

Mr. T. Well now, I call this sociable, meeting all together again like this. I don't see why in the land we didn't keep together. I've been saying so to my darter here, ever since Bellagio—ain't that so, MAUD? And she didn't know just how it came about either.

Miss P. (hurriedly). We—we had to be getting on. And I am afraid we must say good-bye now, Mr. TROTTER. I want BOB and Mr. PODBURY to see the Da Vinci fresco, you know, before the light goes. (BOB mutters a highly disrespectful wish concerning that work of Art.) We may see you again, before we leave for Verona.

Mr. T. Verona? Well, I don't care if I see Verona myself. Seems a pity to separate now we have met, don't it? See here, now, we'll all go along to Verona together—how's that, MAUD? Start whenever you feel like it, Miss PRENDERGAST. How does that proposal strike you? I'll be real hurt if you can't take to my idea.

Miss T. The fact is, Poppa, HYPATIA isn't just sure that Mr. PRENDERGAST wouldn't object.

Bob P. I—object? Not much! Just what I should like, seeing Verona with—all together, you know!

Miss T. Then I guess that's fixed. (*Aside, to Miss P., who is speechless.*) Come, you haven't the heart to go and disappoint my poor Cousin CHARLEY by saying you won't go! He'll be perfectly enchanted to be under vow—unless you've filled up all the vacancies already! (*Aloud, to VAN B., as he approaches.*) We've persuaded Miss PRENDERGAST to join our party. I hope you feel equal to entertaining her?

Van B. I shall be proud to be permitted to try. (*To Miss P.*) Then I may take it that you agree with me that the function of the future American fictionist will be— [They move away, conversing.]

Podb. (*To CULCH.*) I say, old fellow, we're to be travelling companions again, after all. And a jolly good thing, too, I think! ... eh?

Culch. Oh, h'm—quite so. That is—but no doubt it will be an advantage—with a glance at Van B., who is absorbed in Miss P.'s conversation—in—er—some respects. (*To himself.*) Hardly from poor dear PODBURY's point of view, I'm afraid, though! However, if he sees nothing— [He shrugs his shoulders, pityingly.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

POCKET-BOOKS for next year are coming in. Which for choice? "*Solvitur ambulando*" should be the resolution of the difficulty, given by one firm at least, that firm being "WALKER." They are handy, and conveniently pocketable, but to "The chieftains among ye taking notes," plain leaves, and no fruit, and no dates, we should say, would be preferable. They're reasonable prices, and you can't expect to get 'em for nothing; if you do—"WALKER!"

The Baron highly approves of Messrs. DE LA RUE's pocket-books.

It is pleasant to have something in one's pocket, even if only a book. As to account-books and diaries—well enter nothing therein but what has been pleasant and profitable, and most diarists who adopt this rule will not find their memoranda overcrowded at the end of the year. "Let's be happy, while we can, and good luck to you, Ladies all, in 1892. Leap year!" quoth the Baron. "Over you go, like the villagers in the German story, after the sheep, into the sea of matrimony, where may you all get on swimmingly."

A propos, Mesdames BLYTHE and GAY say that the Christmas Number of *Woman*, produced by a number of women, is as full of attractive power as the Magnetic Lady herself.

"ARROWSMITH'S Shilling Sensational, by 'a New Author,'" quoth the Baron, "would, methought, serve *pour me distraire*." The "New Author" uses the remarkably new device of a mole on the lost child's breast. Isn't that original? *Miss Box* and *Miss Cox* are lost, and found. "Have you a mole on your left breast?" "Yes!" "Then it is both of you!" Charming! So useful is the explanation that "Hanwell is a little village, a few miles from London." Perhaps it is the locality, there or thereabouts, where this thrillingly interesting tale—which could have been told in fifty pages, and needn't have been told at all—was written. Well, well, "All's Hanwell that ends Hanwell," and "I've galloped through a worse story before now," quoth the Baron, yawning, and so to bed.

In *John Leech, His Life and Work* (BENTLEY) Mr. FRITH quotes from an anonymous but obviously not an original authority, the dictum, "It is the happiness of such a life (as LEECH's) that there is so little to be told of it." Mr. BENTLEY has produced two handsome volumes worthy the reputation of his ancient and honourable house. They enshrine admirable reproductions of some of LEECH's best work, selected by the trained hand and sympathetic eye of Mr. FRITH. These are and will remain the chief attractions of a work to which

the Baron, in common with the civilised world, has been looking forward to with interest, and of whose realisation he regrets to hear so disappointing an account from his trusty "Co." It is difficult to find dates in this higgledy-piggledy chance-medley of facts and opinions. But we all know that LEECH died in October, 1864. It was in *Mr Punch's* pages that he found the true field for his heaven-born genius

For twenty years at least he was one of the most prominent, best known, and best liked men in England. Surely within that period there must lie to the hand of the diligent seeker material for a memoir worthy to be linked with the name of JOHN LEECH. Mr. FRITH has not given us such a book, and criticism is only partly disarmed by the comical reiteration of confession that he has failed in his appointed task. For what he has to say in the way of making known to the world the man JOHN LEECH, a very thin volume would have sufficed, even had he included the more useful of his remarks on LEECH's work and his method. But there being two volumes to fill, Mr. FRITH genially summarises *The Physiology of Evening Parties*, by Mr. ALBERT SMITH; *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, and other not very high-class literature, whose only claim to being remembered is that LEECH illustrated them. Of *The Marchioness of Brinvilliers*, ALBERT SMITH's attempt to rival the attractions of the *Newgate Calendar*, Mr. FRITH positively gives two whole chapters! He allots one to the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, and nineteen mortal pages to telling the *Story of Miss Kilmansegg*, with copious extracts from that easily accessible work.

This is not Memoir-writing, it is book-making. The reader can skip these chapters, and, diligently searching, will find here and there a ray of light thrown on this beautiful placid life, weighed down as it was from earliest manhood by family circumstances at which Mr. FRITH delicately hints. "Give, give!" was, truly, the cry of the daughters of the horseleach. There are, however, several other anecdotes contributed by personal friends of LEECH's, who have come to Mr. FRITH's assistance, and succeed in the main in making the book an interesting one, as giving the outside world some glimpses of a sweet and manly character. The volumes are crowded with illustrations. These are LEECH's own work, and make the volumes worth more than their published price.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

TO EVANGELINE.

Oh, come and be my Queen,
And share my lot
In some artistic cot
At Turnham Green,
EVANGELINE!

The painted tambourine
Shall grace its wall,
And many a table small
And folding screen
Shall on its floor be seen,
EVANGELINE!

Your beauty's dazzling sheen
Upsets me quite—
Of late my appetite
Has wretched been,
EVANGELINE!

I shun the soup tureen
And pine for you;
At pudding, joint, and stew
My face turns green—
What do the symptoms mean,
EVANGELINE?

If Fate should come between
My Love and me,
This countenance will be
No more serene,
EVANGELINE!

With nitro-glycerine
I'll speed my flight,
Or else I will ignite
Some Magazine—
Some Powder Magazine,
EVANGELINE!

An Aunt at Will.

[A lawsuit has been occasioned in India through white ants devouring a will.]

It is usually supposed that Australia is topsy-turvy mad, but in India it seems that matters also go by contraries, when compared with their mode of procedure at home. A lawsuit has been occasioned in Calcutta through white ants devouring a will. In England our Aunts (who are generally whites) make wills (bless them!) and we devour them, or at least live on the proceeds.



Turning Over the Pages.



DEAR CHILD!

Papa (to Friend from Town). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO! GET A GEE, AND COME OUT WITH THE HOUNDS!"
Little Daughter. "OH, PAPA, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL OFF, AS YOU DID THE OTHER DAY!"

KATHLEEN AND PETRUCHIO;

OR, SHAKESPEARE BALFOURISED.

Kathleen. HIBERNIA. *Petruchio.* MR. BALFOUR.
Grumio. MR. JACKSON.
Haberdasher. . . MR. GLADSTONE.

Petruchio. Thus have I politically begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully;
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She plays no tricks to-day, nor none shall play;
 Last Session she ruled not, nor shall next Session;
 Resolute government is the only way
 To smooth these stormy spirits.

All the same,
 After the hurly-burly, I intend
 All shall be done in reverend care of her;
 And, in conclusion, she shall have her rights,
 If she will cease to rise, and rail, and brawl,
 And with her clangour keep the world awake.
 This is the way to kill her wrath with kindness,
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.—
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Let him speak out! 'Tis time the kingdom knew!

* * * * *
Kathleen. The more my wrong the more his smile appears!
 How doth he madden me—and master me!—
 I—I, who never knew how to submit,
 Nor never fancied that I should submit,—
 Am starved for strife, stupid for lack of struggle,
 With Law kept bridled, and with Order saddled:
 And that, which spites me more than all these stints,
 He does it under name of perfect love;
 As who should say, if I should have my will,
 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

Petruchio. KATHLEEN, thou mend'st apace!
 And now, my love,
 Will we return unto thy father's house,
 And ruffle it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
 With orange tissue trimmed with true-blue
 Eschewing wearing of the green,—that's knavery.
 See GRUMIO there! He waits thy loving leisure
 To deck thy body with his boxed-up treasure.
 A cap of mine own choice, come fresh from town;
 It will become thee better than a crown.
 'Tis my ideal. (*Enter Haberdasher.*) Well—
 what would you, sirrah?
Haberdasher. Here is the hat the lady did bespeak!
Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a foreign block,

A Phrygian cap. Fie, fie! 'tis crude and flaunting.
 Why, 'tis a coal-vase or a bushel-basket,
 A fraud, a toy, a trick, a verdant fool'scap:
 Away with it! Come, let me have a smaller!
Kathleen. I'll have no smaller: this doth fit the time,
 And gentlewomen wear such hats as these.
Petruchio. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,—
 But of another pattern.
Grumio (aside). Mine, to wit.
Kathleen. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak:
 And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:
 Your betters have endured me say my mind,
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the craving of my heart,
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
 And rather than it shall, I will be free
 E'en to the uttermost,—at least in words!
Petruchio. Why, so thou art. But 'tis a paltry hat
 This Haberdasher would fob off on thee.
 I love thee well, but *he*, he loves thee not.
Kathleen. Love me or love me not, I like the hat,
 And it I will have, or I will have none
Grumio (aside). Then is she like to go barheaded long!
 [*Left arguing. Sequel—some day.*]

OUR OLD FRIEND ONCE MORE.—Mrs. RAM has lately taken to theatre-going. She says, however, that she doesn't much care about going on first nights of new pieces, as the Stalls are full of Crickets.



KATHLEEN AND PETRUCHIO.

KATHLEEN. "I'LL HAVE NO SMALLER; THIS DOETH FIT THE TIME,
AND GENTLEWOMEN WEAR SUCH HATS AS THESE."

PETRUCHIO. "WHEN YOU ARE GENTLE, YOU SHALL HAVE ONE TOO,
BUT—OF ANOTHER FASHION."—*Shakespeare Ralphised.*

PAUL PRY IN THE PURPLE.

(Extracts from Letters found in a German Post-bag.)

To a Bishop.

It has occurred to me that your sermons are not quite as good as they should be. You do not seem to grasp your subject with sufficient strength. I have not time to come to listen to you, as I have other pressing engagements, and consequently write from hearsay. Still, I believe I have good reason for my strictures. However, that you may have an excellent example upon which to model your discourses in the future, I will myself visit your cathedral at a near date, and occupy your pulpit. I will wire ten minutes before I arrive with my sermon.

To a General.

I congratulate you upon the success of the recent manoeuvres. Nothing could have been finer than the manner in which the entire Army saluted me on my approach. Perhaps the bands might have played the National Anthem half-an-hour longer or so, but for all that, the effect was excellent. And now I have got a really splendid idea. And you must help me. I want to order all the troops to another part of the country without telling their officers, and then, when they least expect it, you and I will order a general assembly. It will be such a joke to see the commanders when they appear on parade without any soldiers! They will be so surprised! And sha'n't we laugh! But mind, not a word to anyone until we have had our fun. As an old soldier who has deserved well of his Fatherland, I rely on your discretion.

To a Theatrical Manager.

I was at the performances in your play-house the other evening, and, as I told you at the time, was not at all satisfied with the representation. I informed you that when I had time I would jot down my complaints, and I am now keeping my promise. I don't like the costume of the Tragedy Queen—her heels are too high and why does she wear gloves? The Low Comedian does not make the most of his part. He has to walk about with a band-box. Now why does he not seize the opportunity to place it on a chair and sit upon it? This would have a very comical effect. I have seen it done, and it made me laugh. Please let him sit upon the band-box for the future. If he sits down accidentally the effect will be heightened. It will be very funny. By the way, let all the box-keepers give programmes free of charge to officers and ladies under forty. I shall soon be at the theatre again to attend a rehearsal. I will wire ten minutes before I come, so that you may have proper time to call your company together. Till then, you incompetent sausage, you can enjoy your Lager and pipe in peace!

To a Doctor.

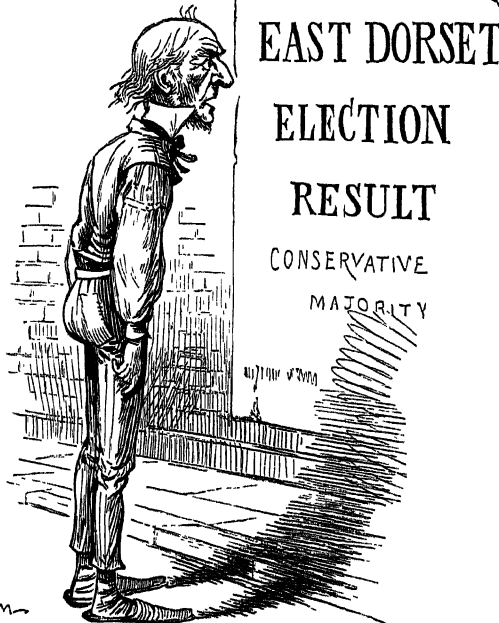
I have been reading some of the Medical Journals, and I am not quite sure whether I think your manner of cutting off a leg is the proper way. It may be, but, on the other hand, it may not. Before you cut off another leg communicate with me, and I will fix a date (as early as I can—probably within six months), when I can see your patient, and give you my opinion. By the way, do not go your rounds until you hear from me, as I may want to see you at any time.

To a Coach-builder.

You don't know how to make a carriage. The other day I thought of a capital idea, but, for the moment, cannot remember it. However, I fancy it had something to do with square wheels. At any rate you had better not make any more carriages until I call. I will come as soon as I can—probably before Spring twelvemonths.

To a Relative.

Had not time to answer your letter before. I do not in the least agree with you. I hate people who do not mind their own business. Why not attend to your own, and leave mine alone? If you do not take care, I will arrange to visit you in State! So you had better mind what you are about!



The G. O. M. Illuminated by a Ray of Sunlight (Soap).

PROGRAMME OF THE CYCLOPÆDIC CIRCUS.

(Under the Immediate Patronage of Lord Salisbury.)

THE Members of the School Board of Little Peddlington have the honour to announce that, in deference to the expressed opinion of the

PREMIER OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, that it would be wise to substitute Circuses for school-rooms in the provinces, have arranged for the holding of

A GRAND SCHOLASTIC GALA, on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. The Members have engaged, at considerable expense, that admirable Artist,

THE COURIER OF BOTH THE GLOBES, who will, during a rapid ride on a retired cab-horse, exhibit and explain a series of gigantic maps of

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

This Star Artist will be followed by that talented *troupe* of relatives who for many years have drawn enormous crowds to their performances under the assumed but appropriate name of

THE BOUNDING BROTHERS OF THE SPELLING-BEES.

They will go through their marvellous feats in tossing barrels (bearing on their sides painted letters), and thus combining amusement with instruction. Their last act will be to keep in simultaneous motion a sufficient number of labelled milk-cans to spell the sentence, "Farewell to all kind friends in front." This marvellous double quartette will be followed by

THE ARITHMETICAL BICYCLIST,

who will ride his favourite two-wheeled vehicle while he sings a song introducing in a pleasing manner the Multiplication Table. This sweet-toned vocalist will be succeeded by

The Star-loving Pig attended by Comical Herschel.

In which the former will spell out (with the assistance of card-board letters) a number of interesting astronomical facts at the instigation of his mirth-provoking master and proprietor. This talented performer will be followed by

THE UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE QUADRILLE.

In which the entire *troupe* will appear on horseback, and go through the programme of studies (proficiency in which is required by the Tenth Standard) without a single mistake.

The performances will then be brought to an appropriate and jubilant conclusion by

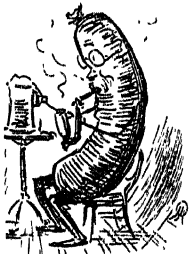
A Silver Collection in aid of the Rates!

QUEER QUERIES.—OUR DEFENCES.—I am informed that Mr. STANHOPE is expected shortly to go abroad, "in order to recruit." Can even the blindest military optimist any longer deny that the British Army is a nefarious imposture, when the Minister for War is forced into an ignominious attempt to raise a body of foreign mercenaries by his own personal efforts? **HALF-PAY PATRIOT.**

SCIENTIFIC.—Could you kindly tell me what "the Great Ice Age" means? My Pater took me to hear some fellow lecture about it the other day, but I couldn't understand much of what he said. I thought he was going to talk about strawberry ices and lemon ices, which I like awfully, but he didn't even mention them! Don't you think *twelve* is the great Ice Age—I mean the age when boys ought to be allowed to eat as many as they like? N.B.—I am just twelve. **TOMMY**

WORTH SEEING.—We understand that to the Exhibition of "Instruments of Torture," and now on view in London, have been lately added, the Medici Collar, a Piano Organ, and a "Shakspeare for the use of Schools."

MEM. BY "THE OFFICIAL RECEIVER."—"Firm as a Rock" will not be henceforth a proverb of universal application.





ELECTION FEVER. A VICTIM'S VICISSITUDES.

TRAN-SLATED.

(Being a newly-discovered fragment of an old Greek Play, supposed to be a very early "Agamemnon.")

Cly. The coals I bought as Wallsend are not so.
Ag. Thus groundless hopes vanish—like coals in smoke.
Cly. You speak in words mysterious, lacking sense.
Ag. The sense is patent to the reasoning mind.
Cly. And yet I paid for them upon the nail.
Ag. What matter, if the price was far too low?
Cly. Then call you eighteen shillings low for coal?
Ag. Yes, for "Prime Wallsend"—what could you
Cly. Listen! In passing 'long the public way [expect?]
 I saw a notice telling of these coals.
 It called them "ever-burning"; said no skill
 Could put them out when once they were alight,
 Because they were "the best the world produced."
 I purchased some. Ai! ai! They turned out slates.
 My household maidens by Prometheus swear
 They never saw such stuff for lighting fires.
 What of it is not slag, that part is slate,
 And slated should they be that sold it me.
 Moreover, when with anger I remarked
 To those who bore the sacks upon their backs,
 Within our cellars to deposit them,
 That they had better bear their loads away
 Seeing I ordered coals, not lumps of slate,
 They answered that, if they refused to burn,
 They might be useful for a Rockery!
 So now they have the shillings, I the coals.
Ag. And having them, we have no household fires.
Cly. What then to do? You sit with idle hands.
Ag. I cannot turn to Wallsend bits of slag.
Cly. But you can seek the Archon, and denounce
 The man whose cunning robs our hearth of flame.
Ag. (going out). In what you say not nothing I perceive.
 Women, in hunting cheapness, capture costs.

CHORUS. STROPHÆ.

The puny race of men
 Soars, in imagination, to the skies;
 While tackling Science and Theosophy
 Their hands the coal-scoop grasp!

CHORUS. ANTISTROPHE.

From high Olympus Zeus
 Smiles at the perjuries of coal-heavers.
 Not always is the cheapest article
 The one that turns out best.

A BOARD-SCHOOL CHRISTMAS.

(An Anticipation of the not very Distant Future.)

It was a very unseasonable Yule-tide. Instead of the old-fashioned mild weather that had been the constant companion of Christmas for many years, the ground was covered with snow and the river blocked with ice. However, thanks to modern improvements, the artisans had



not been impeded in executing their four hours of labour as provided by a recent statute. They had been sitting at their Club (supported by the State), reading the newspapers purchased out of the rates, and were only annoyed that no food and drink was supplied them free gratis and for nothing.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, MISS SMITH. TELL THE OTHERS I WAS VERY SORRY NOT TO FIND ANYONE AT HOME—A—A—A—EXCEPT YOU—A!"

"It would never do," said an old workman, who remembered the eight-hour day that used to prevail at the end of the Nineteenth Century. "You see were we to have beer at will, the brewers' draymen might complain. It was once attempted, but the Licensed Victuallers made such a disturbance that the idea was abandoned."

"There is something in what you say," observed a second workman; "but, for the life of me, I don't see why the Nation shouldn't provide bread."

"No, there you are out!" cried a third. "I am a baker, and anything that interferes with my industry won't do."

And so they talked, discussing this and that, until all the subjects of the leaders in the daily papers had been exhausted. It was then that one of the workmen suggested a walk and a pipe on the Embankment.

So they lounged down the main thoroughfare of London, with its pleasant *cafés* and well-appointed *restaurants*, and came to the conclusion (for the fiftieth time) that it was far better than anything of the same kind in Paris, or any other of the capitals of Europe. They had all been abroad during their State-assisted vacation, and consequently had the chief towns of the world, so to speak, at their finger-tips. As they sauntered along, they came to a group of half-starved, perambulating performers, who were giving an entertainment to a crowd of bystanders. It was not a good programme. First a young woman in rags, played on an old piano, with decent precision, some extremely difficult variations of CHOPIN'S *Funeral March*. She was followed by a man who painted a portrait of a leading statesman indifferently well. Then another man jumped into the river, and made his way in the cold water with the ease of a fifth-rate professional swimmer. Then a second young woman recited something or other in German, with an atrocious English accent. And the whole concluded with a lecture upon chemistry (given by a seedy-looking old man), which was illustrated with some ambitious, but feeble experiments.

On the balance the performance was a bore, and the public were rather pleased than otherwise, when a police constable ordered the *troupe* "to move on." The poor people gathered together their *impedimenta* and prepared to obey the officer's behest. It was then that the performers came face to face with the artisans. There was a cry of recognition.

"Why, would you believe it!" exclaimed one of the workmen, "if it isn't SALLY JONES, and TOMMY BROWN, and NORAH JENKINS, and HARRY SMITH!"

The well-fed and the starving cordially greeted one another. Then there were mutual explanations, and the old man who had lectured upon chemistry had his say:—

"You want to know why we are all starving, and why we are so much worse off than you, although we were educated at the same Board School? I will tell you. It was because you very wisely made up your minds to follow the occupations of your fathers. You became builders, bakers, coal-heavers and paviors."

"Ah, we did that," sighed out the elderly workman, "because we were too backward to attempt anything better. We were not clever people like you! We couldn't play the piano, and paint and swim, and go in for chemistry. We were not clever enough, and had to put up with passing a very low standard."

"Thank your lucky stars it was so," exclaimed the chemist, with tears in his eyes, "for your fate is happier than ours. We are all fifth-rate, and can do nothing else. We have no chance against those who have been born to this kind of thing, and we have forgotten how to do your work. So we are starving, and—"

But here the old man was interrupted by a policeman, who ordered all of them to move on. And on they moved. Half one way and half the other.

OUR OWN FINANCIAL COLUMN.

"CRÆSUS" has vanished! We can scarcely find it in our heart to add anything to this distressing statement; but for the sake of our readers whom he may have induced to patronise his financial schemes, we give a few slight details of the disaster.

Four days ago enormous piles of letters began to arrive at our office. They were addressed to "CRÆSUS," and had been sent on to

us from his last address marked "gone away; try office of *Punch*." We opened them. They were all threatening letters. "Why," wrote one angry gentleman, "have I heard nothing from you since I sent you my cheque for £10,000? Unless I receive a reply within a week, legal proceedings will be taken." The rest were similar in tone. Thereupon we resolved to call at the last address given to us by "CRÆSUS."

It was somewhere in the Mile End Road. We arrived, entered, ascended the stairs, and found in a dingy back bedroom,

Portrait of "Cræsus."

three used half-penny stamps, a false nose, a pair of whiskers, and a large sheet of paper on which were written only these words: "Sold Again"—which obviously referred to some financial scheme or other. On inquiring of the landlady, we heard that her lodger had departed two days before, taking with him two large and heavy wooden chests. He had promised to return. We then consulted the police. They are very reticent, but consider they have got a clue.

And here we owe it to our readers to make a confession. We have never set eyes on "CRÆSUS." We engaged him entirely on the strength of the most glowing recommendations from a whole bevy of Bank-Managers, including the Managers of the Bank of Lavajelli, of the Pei-ho Provinces, of Samarcand, of Ashanti and of Dodge

County, U.S.A. All these gentlemen wrote in the most complimentary terms of "CRÆSUS." "He is a man," wrote the Manager of the Dodge County Bank, "whom I have had the honour to know intimately for a considerable number of years. Indeed, we were educated together, and not a day has passed since then without our meeting. I beg to state that I consider him thoroughly fitted for the responsible position of financial director of a high-class Metropolitan paper. His personal appearance is aristocratic and prepossessing, his manners have about them a distinction which impresses all who meet him, and his dress, though modest, is always pleasing. His complete command of twenty-four languages must be of the highest advantage to him in unravelling the tangled skein of international finance." Acting upon such testimonials we engaged "CRÆSUS." We have now reason to believe that we have been made the victims of a gross and cruel deception. An expert in handwriting, whom we have consulted, gives it as his opinion, that every single one of these recommendations is in the handwriting of "CRÆSUS" himself, and the police, after protracted inquiries, have assured us that the Banks, whose supposed managers addressed us in favour of "CRÆSUS," never had any actual existence at all.

All we can do now is to assist justice by publishing herewith the photograph of "CRÆSUS." We apologise to all whom he may have deceived, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for any damage he has caused. We shall publish no more financial contributions in the meantime.

Ed.

ENGLISH AS SILE IS SUNG.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—If I start a butcher's business, and give my shop the special title of *The Welsh Meat Shop*, is the great British Public so narrow-minded as to expect me to sell them only Welsh meat, the produce of Welsh farms only? If so, the Public, with all due respect, is a huss. For if I who have to live,—though perhaps others may not see the necessity for my existence,—by my trade, find that the Welsh meat, which the Public had expected to be ready and waiting, is not forthcoming, only one of two things can I do; the one is to shut up shop (which I won't), and the other is to provide my intending customers with French, Indian, English, Irish, Scotch, American, Australian, New Zealandian, Cape Colonial, in fact with any meat I can get from anywhere, and as long as it is toothsome, and I can afford to sell it at an average price, why should it not be sold at my Royal Welsh Meat Shop?

When I call my shop *The Royal Welsh Meat Shop*, do I thereby bar myself from dealing in English or foreign meats? Do I bar myself from dealing in Indian pickles or China oranges? No, certainly not; nor do I bar myself from selling neckties, gloves, ginger-beer, and Brazil nuts. So, when a House of Musical Entertainment is styled *The English Opera House*, it must be understood, "all to the contrary nevertheless and notwithstanding," to mean an English House where Opera may be performed, and not a Theatre where only English Opera is housed. "My soul can not be fettered," as the poet says,—what poet, I don't know and don't care, but he said it, whoever he was, and *he was right*. If there is no English Opera for my House, then I get a French Opera, or a Dutch one, just as at an oyster-shop—but perhaps this is not quite the illustration I should like, as, at an oyster-shop, they do ask you which you will have, "Natives," or "Seconds," or "Anglo-Dutch"; and, when you can't afford Natives, you put up with an inferior quality at a lesser price. But if that oyster-seller called his shop "*The Native-Oyster Shop*," should I have any ground of action against him for selling any other oysters except Natives? No. But then he would ask me "If I wanted Natives or not?" And if I said "Yes," he would give me Natives. Now I admit I do not ask the Public at the doors Which will you have? because I may not be able to have an English Opera always on tap, so to speak. Metaphors a bit confused, but you know what I mean. If I had a few English Operas on tap I might turn 'em on, say, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays: English Opera by English Composers on those days, and on the other days, any Operas by any Composers. But if the Public *won't* come on the English Opera nights, and *will* come on the other nights? What then? Why obviously I must keep my Natives (if I have any) in a barrel, and deal only with the foreign supply. "Blame not the Bard"—I mean blame not the patriotic man of business, but let our cry be "Art for Art's sake," and the English Opera for ever! that is, as long as Art and English Opera pay.

Yours,

A MANAGER FIRST AND ANYTHING YOU LIKE AFTERWARDS.

LATEST FROM SHOTSHIRE.—The only appropriate beverage for a Sportsman out shooting,—why "Pop" to be sure.

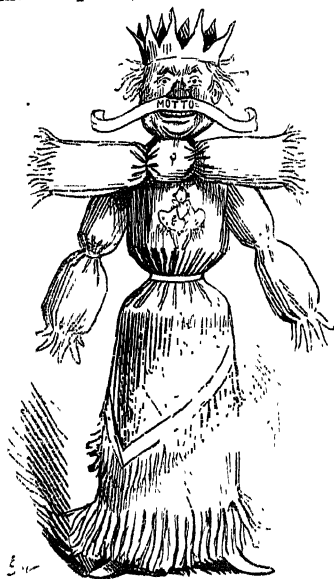


FOLKUS & LENS.

CHEAPSIDE.E.C.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's Assistants say that of the Christmas works published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. they can and do recommend *The Children of Wilton Chase* by L. J. MEAD, to which they accord their mead of praise, which likewise they bestow on FLORENCE MARRYAT's



King Cracker the Millionth, of the Bonbon Dynasty.

The Little Marine and the Japanese Lily, a book of adventures in the land of the Rising Sun, which will delight many rising sons for whom chiefly was this book intended. There are always "more ways than one," and so *Where Two Ways Meet* there is like to be a puzzle, solved in this instance by the authoress, SARAH DOUBNEY. Put down the books! Come to the festive board! Down—(the right way of course) with the mince-pie and plum-pudding! Strange is it that the source of so much enjoyment, the very types of Christmas good cheer, should themselves be so "down in the mouth" as invariably are Mathew Mince-pie and Peter Plum-pudding at this festive season. And they being gone and cleared off, enter a gentleman bearing the unusual and remarkable name of SMITH—familiarily welcomed as "Tom" of that ilk—and then pop go the crackers! "But we must keep the secret," whisper the

Baron's Assistants, and they strongly advise everyone not to peep into this *boîte à surprise* until Christmas Day itself. So, for SPARAGNA-PANE's "charming confections, which," as the Baron's young lady clerks, BLYTHE and GAY, observe, "are in the very highest style of 'High Art'; and the same Mr. SPARE-NA-PAIN's *Darkest Evening, and How to Get Out of It*, will be tidings of comfort and joy to many a holiday-making household." BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

A TRULY ROORAL OPERA.

SORRY, indeed, are all London lovers of music at the sudden departure from our midst and mist of *Caralleria Rusticana*, the Rustic Cavalier. It is no comfort to us to be told that the Rustic Cavalier will go into the provinces and appeal to the country. His province at present should have been to remain in London, where, with nothing to speak of in the way of *mise-en-scène*, he—that is, his composer, PIETRO MASCAGNI—has made a decided hit. Wise was our Signor LAGO "at factotum" in producing this, and knowing, too, must he be in his use of Windsor soap to have so speedily "taken the cake." Nay more, did not HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY absolutely retain a Royal Box at the Shaftesbury up to the last night of the run of this one-Act Opera? "Ah, bravo, Figaro, bravo bravissimo! Fortunatissimo!" What a treat, too, to hear again the "*Che furo*," which brought



down the Curtain, and brought down the House, on this termination to GLUCK's *Orfeo*. Strong, indeed, must be the *Caralleria* to be successful after the *Che furo*: but it was.

The Overture, the solo sung, by way of novelty, behind the Curtain, by TURKIDU.—(what a name! like the commencement of a comic nonsensical chorus! TURKIDU ought to have been in love with Tulla Lieti and have behaved badly to Tralala. "But this is another story.")—the choruses, and most of the concerted pieces are charming; and, above all, the *intermezzo*, which, were the piece in two Acts, would be the overture to the Second Act, is simply so fascinating, that without a dissentient voice from a full house it was warmly and heartily encored, and would have been called for a third time had the judicious Signor ARDITI shown the slightest sign of conceding a supply to a fresh demand. None of the solos, except the one sung behind the Curtain, are particularly catching, or dramatically effective. Mlle. ELANDI, as *Santuzza*, acts and sings well; and Signor BERTINI, with a good voice, is about as stiff in action as a rustic Cavalier would naturally be; while Signor BROMBARA's *Alfo* the Mule-driver is histrionically just about perfect. Of course it will not be long ere we hear it again, and under vastly improved conditions.

A MAYOR AND OLD HUNTER.

LAST Thursday the Fishmongers gave a banquet in their hall to the Duke of BEAUFORT and other Masters of Hounds. But why should the Fishmongers thus publicly advertise themselves as "going to the dogs." What fishy a-fin-ity is there between hounds and herrings, except in the running of a drag? However, the Lord MAYOR improved the occasion, which we dare say, judging from the liberal hospitality, or, in this instance hoss-pitality, of the Fishmongering Corporation, scarcely required improvement, to inform His Grace of BEAUFORT and other noble sportsmen that he too was a hunting man, and that Lord Mayors of London ought as a rule to be hunting men if they would keep up the ancient traditions of their office. Why doesn't his sporting and equestrian Lordship revive the "Lord Mayor's Hounds" of the time of GEORGE THE FIRST? The meet might be in Leadenhall Market, or in a still meatier place, Smithfield, and a bag fox being turned out, they might, on a good scenting day, have a fine burst of a good forty minutes, taking Houndsditch in their stride away across Goodman's Fields, then away across Bethnal Green, tally-hoing down Cambridge Road, and then with a merry burst, into Commercial Road East, gaily along Radcliff Highway, and running into sly Reynard in Limchouse Basin, Stepney! Yoicks! On hunting days there would be a placard on the Mansion House door with the words, "Gone Away!" And of course there would be a list of the meets appended to all the usual notices. Let the present Lord MAYOR start this, and his Mayoralty will indeed be a memorable one.



THE HYPNOTISED LOBSTER.

[Mr. ERNEST HART said, in a recent Lecture, that snakes, frogs, and lobsters could be hypnotised like human beings.]

'Tis the voice of the Lobster, I hear him complain,
That hypnotic suggestion is on me again;
I was mesmerised once, and behold, since that time,
I have yielded myself to suggestions of crime;
I have compassed the death of an innocent "dab,"
And attempted to poison an elderly crab.

You'll not wonder my tricks give my relatives shocks,
And they're holding a meeting just now in the rocks
To decide whether I, who was once quite a saint,
Should be put, as the doctors say, under restraint.
I intend to go there in the midst of a trance.
And, may I be boiled, but I'll lead them a dance!

It's a terrible thing, when to virtue inclined,
That some vile Mesmeriser debauches your mind;
When awake I recoil from the things that I've done,
Such as scrunching the poor little mussels for fun.
In these fetters hypnotic a foe holds me fast,
And you'll find that they'll hang me, in seaweed, at last.

WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!

LAST Friday there appeared a startling paragraph, announcing the first appearance of a New Island. Appropriately, it was on the face of *The Globe*. The intelligence came to us *via* Marseilles. Did it come up to the surface ready furnished for occupation, as in our second National Anthem about "Britons never being slaves" Britain is described as doing? The quotation is:—

"When Britain first at Heaven's command, Arose from out the azure main," (or words to that effect), She (the Island) came up with a ready-made charter, and was open to be taken furnished. If this is the case with the new Island, the sooner some parties "who won't be m'ssed" pack off, bag and baggage, and take possession of the property, the better. It's a chance. "Island to Let. Ready furnished. Quite ready for occupation when thoroughly dry. No Agents need apply. Ground-Swell Landlord, Neptune, C. district."



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(Modern Political Version, a long way after Marlowe.)

"COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE,
AND WE WILL ALL THE PLEASURES PROVE

"THAT LAND REFORM, ALLOTTED FIELD,
AND VILLAGE COUNCILS SOON MUST YIELD."

AND thou shalt sit at ease, and mock
The Tory Shepherds of the flock,
The Squire and Parson, o'er whose fall
The Primrose Dames already squall.

And I will give thee cots most cosy,
Of structure sound and aspect rosy;
True homes, salubrious if not garish,
And proper influence in the parish.

One-Man-one-Vote, the Ballot, School,
And rating on a fairer rule;

A Charity less harsh and cold
To warm thine heart when thou grow'st old.

A chance upon the land to dwell,
Free, independent, faring well;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love!

Though Tory Swains thy vote may crave
To keep thee still the Landlord's slave,
If freedom's joys thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love!

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

(Some way after Sir Walter Raleigh.)

If I were sure 'twere sooth thou 'st sung,
That truth were on thy silvery tongue;
These pleasures must my passion move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But art thou sure the Allotted Field
A present paradise will yield,
Making a lady of a thrall,
As dreamed at the Memorial Hall?

Thy Village Council, Cottage cosy,
Present in sooth a prospect rosy,
But promises so oft are rotten;
I've oft been wooed—and oft forgotten!

Free vote, fair rating, open school,
Good wage, intelligent self-rule,—
These are enticements me would move
To live with thee and be thy love.

If thy zeal last, if love, indeed,
Fire thee my hapless lot to heed;
Then such delights my mind shall move
To live with thee and be thy love.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.—During a recent *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court the petitioner was asked by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P., P.T.P.C., "Did he do anything?" to which the reply was, "He took up a salt-cellar and threw the contents in my face." Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., V.P.T.P.C. has been lamenting ever since that he could not have appeared as *amicus curiæ* to point out that this testimony, until flatly contradicted, "must be taken as *prima facie* evidence of a salting her."

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

After a Very Old Nursery Model.

ONE, two, crimson and blue;
Two, three, treadliness free;
Three, four, gilding galore;
Four, five, bogies alive;
Five, six, spectres from Styx;
Six, seven, angels from heaven;
Seven, eight, big "extra plate";
Eight, nine, wassail and wine;
Nine, ten, pencil and pen;
Ten, eleven, commercial leaven;
Eleven, twelve, "high-art" shelve;
Thirteen, fourteen, pictures of sporting;
Fifteen, sixteen, ghost-stories, fixt een;
Seventeen, eighteen, advertisements great in;
Nineteen, twenty, profit in plenty!



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 5.

WHEN, AFTER LUNCHING SUMPTUOUSLY AT A STRANGE HOTEL IN A STRANGE PART OF THE COUNTRY, IT SUDDENLY OCCURS TO HIM THAT HE HAS LEFT HIS PURSE, WITH ALL HIS MONEY IN IT, IN THE MAIL TRAIN GOING NORTH.

ILLEGAL FICTIONS.

SCENE—Interior of a Publisher's Office, shortly after the trial of *Pinnock v. Chapman and Hall*.

Publisher. We have given our best attention to your Manuscript of a three-volume novel, called—let me see, what did you call it? Oh, yes, here it is!—called, *Haunted by Sixteen Goblins*, and we are afraid it won't do.

Literary Aspirant (pained). Won't do!

Pub. (calmly). No. Won't do a bit—at least, not in its present form. You see, you introduce a Pirate Chief, named Captain WILDFIRE, who lives at Singapore, and who murders the mate, the steward, five seamen, and all the Passengers of the *Jolly Seamew*, the vessel that he commands, and appropriates five million dollars belonging to his employers, the vessel's owners.

Lit. Asp. Quite so. I thought those incidents would be rather exciting. They're so new. Do you object to the murders, or what?

Pub. Oh, dear no! But now this name, Captain WILDFIRE. (*Suspiciously.*) Are you sure there is nobody whose name is at all like it, and who also resides at Singapore?

Lit. Asp. I took the name quite by chance. I've never been near Singapore in my life.

Pub. (relieved). Glad to hear it. One has to be so careful nowadays. Here's an Army List—let us see if anybody called WILDFIRE figures in it. Ha! What's this! "Major WILDMAN, 217th Hussars." (*Gazes at Lit. Aspirant sternly.*) Is your Captain WILDFIRE intended as a caricature of Major WILDMAN, Sir, or is it not?

Lit. Asp. (astonished). Why, of course not! I never heard of the man.

Pub. Very likely not. We should hear of him precious soon if we published your novel as it stands.

Lit. Asp. But what reason is there to suppose this Major WILDMAN has ever been to Singapore? And how can a captain of a merchantship like the *Jolly Seamew* be confused with a Major in the Army who has never commanded a vessel in his life?

Pub. (doggedly). All very well; but the name must come out. Then I don't like this description of the Ninth Goblin at all. Where

is it? Oh, here! (*Reads.*) "Even the ceremonies of the tomb enveloping the form of the Ninth Goblin could not hide—nay, seemed rather to bring prominently forward—the malignant expression of the one-eyed face, with its crop of red whiskers, beetle brows, and low receding forehead."

Lit. Asp. What's wrong with that?

Pub. Wrong! Everything's wrong! There are lots of people about with red whiskers and low receding foreheads, and they'll all bring actions of libel.

Lit. Asp. But my Goblin has only one eye.

Pub. Well, so may they. They're equal to taking one eye out and putting it back when the trial's over, if they thought it'd help them to get money out of us. There may be a fellow called Mr. GOBLIN somewhere, too. Oh, no; it won't do at all. All the chapters with the Ninth Goblin in must come out.

Lit. Asp. (aghast). But that would spoil the book—it would mean leaving out half of it.

Pub. Yes, it would reduce the bulk, no doubt. In any case we could not produce it in a three-volume form. But we are bringing out a series of cheap fictions, and we might include yours.

Lit. Asp. (making the best of things). Well, some good books have appeared in a shilling form.

Pub. Yes. But it's not a shilling form we should propose. The fact is, that there is a great run on Penny Novelettes just now, and—

Lit. Asp. (rising). And you dare to propose bringing out the *Sixteen Goblins* as a Penny Novelette!

Pub. Certainly, and in view of the risk of actions for libel, you would have to pay the printing-bill, and give us a contract of indemnity in case your Captain Wildfire did turn out to be identical with some retired pirate who feels himself hurt at your description. You don't think much of the proposal? Well, nor do we of the book, to tell you the truth. Ta, ta!

[*Disappears into inner room.* Literary Aspirant slowly folds up his novel, and exits.

MOTTO FOR THE DIVORCE COURT.—Marry, and come up!

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XIX.

SCENE—*The Tombs of the SCALIGERS at Verona. A seedy and voluble Cicerone, who has insisted upon volunteering his services, is accompanying Miss TROTTER, BOB PRENDERGAST, and CULCHARD. It is a warm afternoon, and CULCHARD, who has been intrusted with Miss T.'s recent purchases—two Italian blankets, and a huge pot of hammered copper—is not in the most amiable of moods.*

The Cicerone (in polyglot). Ecco, Signore (pointing out the inter-laced ladders in the wrought-iron railings), l'échelle, la scala, c'est tout flexible—(He shakes the trellis)—molto, molto curioso!

Culch. (bitterly, to the other two). I warned you how it would be! We shall have this sort of thing all the afternoon now!

Miss T. Well, I don't mind; he's real polite and obliging—and that's something, anyway!

Culch. Polite and obliging! Now I ask you—has he given us the slightest atom of valuable information yet?

Miss T. I guess he's too full of tact to wish to interfere with your special department!

The Cic. (to CULCHARD, who looks another way). Ici le tombeau di GIOVANNI DELLA SCALA, Signore. Verri grazioso, molto magnifico, joli conservé! (He skips up on the pedestal, and touches a sarcophagus.) Non bronzo—verde-antique!

[Nods at CULCHARD, with a beaming smile.]

Culch. (with a groan). Va bene, va bene—we know all about it!

Bob P. You may; but you might give Miss TROTTER and me a chance, you know!

The Cic. Zees, Marmor di Carrara; zat, Marmor di Verona—Verona marbre. MARTINO PRIMO a fait bâtir. (Counting on his fingers for CULCHARD'S benefit.) Quattuor diehiemé secolo—fotteen!

Culch. Will you kindly understand that I am quite capable of estimating the precise period of this sculpture for myself.

The Cic. Sì-sì, Signore. Scultore BONINO DA CAMPIGNONE. (With a wriggle of deferential enthusiasm.) Bellissimo scultore!

Miss T. He's got an idea you find him vurry instructive, Mr. CULCHARD, and I guess, if you want to disabuse him, you'd better do it in Italian.

Culch. I think my Italian is equal to conveying an impression that I can willingly dispense with his society. (To the Cic.) Andate via—do you understand? Andate via!

The Cic. (hurt, and surprised). Ah, Signore! [He breaks into a fervent vindication of his value as guide, philosopher, and friend.]

Miss T. I guess he's endeavouring to intimate that his wounded self-respect isn't going to be healed under half a dollar. And every red cent I had went on that old pot! Mr. CULCHARD, will you give him a couple of francs for me?

Culch. I—er—really see no necessity. He's done nothing whatever to deserve it!

Bob P. (eagerly). May I, Miss TROTTER? (Producing a ten-lire note.) This is the smallest change I've got.

Miss T. No, I guess ten francs would start him with more self-respect than he's got any use for. Mr. CULCHARD will give him three—that's one apiece—to punish him for being so real mean!

Culch. (indignantly). Mean? because I—! (He pays and dismisses the Cic.) Now we can examine these monuments in peace—they are really—er—unique examples of the sepulchral pomp of Italian mediævalism.

Miss T. They're handsome tombs enough—but considerable cramped. I should have thought these old Scallywags would have looked around for a roomier burying lot. (To CULCHARD, who shivers.) You aren't feeling sick any?

Culch. No—only pained by such a travesty of a noble name. "Scallywags" for SCALIGERS seems to me, if I may say so, a very cheap form of humour!

Miss T. Well, it's more than cheap—it isn't going to cost you a cent, so I should think you'd appreciate it!

Bob P. Haw—score for you, Miss TROTTER!

Culch. I should have thought myself that mere personality is hardly enough to give point to any repartee—there is a slight difference between brilliancy and—er—brutality!



"Bellissimo scultore!"

Bob P. Hullo! You and I are being sat upon pretty heavily, Miss TROTTER.

Miss T. I guess our Schoolmaster's abroad. But why Mr. CULCHARD should want to make himself a train out of my coverlets, I don't just see—he looks majestic enough without that.

[CULCHARD catches up a blanket which is trailing, and says bad words under his breath.]

At the Tomb of Juliet.

Culch. (who is gradually recovering his equanimity). Think of it! the actual spot on which Romeo and Juliet—SHAKESPEARE'S Juliet—drew their last breath! Does it not realise the tragedy for you?

Miss T. Well, no—it's a disappointing tomb. I reckoned it would look less like a horse-trough. I should have expected Juliet's Poppa and Momma would want, considering all the facts of the case, to throw more style into her monument!

Culch. (languidly). May not its very simplicity—er—attest the sincerity of their remorse?

Miss T. Do you attach any particular meaning to that observation now? (CULCHARD bites his lip.) Notice this tomb is full of visiting cards—my! but ain't that curious?

Culch. (instructively). It only shows that this place is not without its pathos and interest for most visitors, no matter what their nationality may be. You don't feel inclined yourself to—?

Miss T. To leave a pasteboard? Why I shouldn't sleep any all night, for fear she'd return my call!

Culch. (producing a note-book). It's fanciful, perhaps—but, if you don't mind waiting a little, I should like to contribute—not my card, but a sonnet. I feel one on its way.

Bob P. Better make sure the tomb's genuine first, hadn't you? Some say it isn't.

Culch. (exasperated). I knew you'd make some matter-of-fact remark of that kind! There—it's no use! Let us go.

Miss T. Why, your sonnets seem as skeery as those lizards there! I hope JULIET won't ever know what she's missed. But likely you'll mail those verses on to her later.

[She and BOB P. pass on, laughing.]

† Culch. (following). She only affects this vulgar flippancy to torment me. If I didn't know that— There, I've left that infernal pot behind now!

[Goes back for it, wrathfully.]

In the Amphitheatre; MISS PRENDERGAST, POBBURY, and VAN BOODELER, are seated on an upper tier.

Podb. (meditatively). I suppose they charged highest for the lowest seats. Wonder whether a lion ever nipped up and helped himself to some fat old buffer in the Stalls when the martyrs turned out a leaner lot than usual!

Van. B. There's an ingenuous modernity about our friend's historical speculations that is highly refreshing.

Miss P. There is, indeed—though he might have spared himself and us the trouble of them if he had only remembered that the podium was invariably protected by a railing, and occasionally by euripi, or trenches. You surely learnt that at school, Mr. POBBURY?

Podb. I—I daresay. Forgotten all I learnt at school, you know!

Van. B. I should infer now, from that statement, that you enjoyed the advantages of a pretty liberal education?

Podb. If that's meant to be cutting, I should save it up for that novel of yours; it may seem smart—there!

Miss P. Really, Mr. POBBURY, if you choose to resent a playful remark in that manner, you had better go away.

Podb. Perhaps I had. (Rises, and moves off huffily). D—his playfulness! 'Pon my word, poor old CULCHARD was nothing to that beggar! And she backs him up! But there—it's all part of my probation! (Here CULCHARD suddenly appears, laden with burdens.)

Hullo! are you moving, or what?

Culch. I am merely carrying a few things for Miss TROTTER. (Drops the copper pot, which bounds down into the arena.) Dash the thing!... (Returning with it.) It's natural that, in my position, I should have these—er—privileges. (He trips over a blanket.) Conf—Have you happened to see Miss TROTTER about, by the way?

Podb. Fancy I saw her down below just now—with BOB. I expect they're walking round under the arches.

Culch. Just so. Do you know, POBBURY, I almost think I'll go down and find her. I—I'm curious to hear what her impressions of a place like this are. Such a scene, you know,—so full of associations with—er—the splendours and cruelties of a corrupt past—must produce a powerful effect upon the fresh untutored mind of an American girl, eh?

Miss T.'s voice (distinctly from arena). I'd like ever so much to see Buffalo BILL run his Show in here—he'd just make this old circus hum!

Miss P.'s voice (indistinctly from topmost tier). Almost fancy it all. . . Senators—*equites*—*populus*—*pullati*. . . yellow sunlight striking down through *vellarium*. . . crimsoned sand. . . *mirmillo* fleeing before *secutor*. . . DIOCLETIAN himself, perhaps, lolling over there on *cubiculum*. . . &c., &c., &c.

Culch. The place appears to excite MISS PRENDERGAST'S enthusiasm, at all events!

Podb. Rath-er! But then she's no end of a classical swell, you know!

Culch. (putting his arm through POBBURY'S.) Ah, well, my dear POBBURY, one mustn't expect too much, must one?

Podb. I don't, old chap—only I'm afraid she does. Suppose we toddle back to the hotel, eh? Getting near *table d'hôte* time.

[They go out arm-in-arm.]

'ARRY IN ROME AND LONDON.

A KIND Correspondent calls Mr. *Punch's* attention to the fact that 'ARRY the Ubiquitous crops up even in the Classics, as ARRIUS, in fact, in *Carmen lxxxiv.* of CATULLUS. How proud 'ARRY will be to hear of his classical prototype! Our Correspondent "dropping into verse," exclaims:—

Yes! Your Cockney is eternal;
ARRIUS speaks in 'ARRY still:
Vaunts 'is "hincome" by paternal
"Hartful" tricks hup 'Olborn 'Ill.

How well he is justified may be seen by a glance at the text of CATULLUS:—

DE ARRIO.

"Chommoda" dicebat, si quando com-
moda vellet [sidias:
Dicere, et "hinsidias" ARRIUS in-
Et tum mirifice sperabat se esse
locutum.

Cum, quantum poterat, dixerat
"hinsidias."
Credo, sic mater, sic Liber avunculus
ejus,

Sic maternus avus dixerit, atque
avia.

CATULLUS, *Carmen lxxxiv.*

Which—for the benefit of 'ARRY himself, who is not perhaps familiar with the "Lingo Romano"—though he may know something of a "Romano" dear to certain young sportsmen, though not dearer to them than other caterers,—may thus be *very* freely adapted:—

'ARRY to Hoxford gives the aspirate still
He cruelly denies to 'Ighgate 'ill;
Yet deems in diction he can ape the "Swell,"
And "git the 'ang of it" exceeding well.
Doubtless his sire, the 'atter, and his mother,
The hupper 'ousemaid, so addressed each other;
For spite of all that wrangling Board Schools teach,
There seems heredity in Cockney speech.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—"Bravo, Sir President of the Royal Academy!" says Mr. *Punch*, U.P.B.B., enthusiastically; "a splendid lecture, Sir, that of yours last Thursday, given to the architectural and other Academical students, who, acting upon your advice, should be each one the architect of his own fortune. Your sharply dashed-off portrait of The Grand Monarque, the 'Roi Soleil, majestic in the many-storey'd wig,—the King being built up quite mon-architecturally,—which encircled his retreating brow," was masterly. More power to your elbow, Sir FREDERICK—that is, if you require it. Mr. *Punch*, Universal President of Brother Brushes, fraternally and cordially salutes you."

LATEST IN MESSAGE.—Our friend, Mrs. RAM, says she will not be "sham pooh'd," she will be either really pooh'd, or not pooh'd at all.

"THE BIG BIG D." ENCORED.

MR. W. S. GILBERT ought to have been engaged as Counsel in the *Duplany v. Duplany* divorce case, when, attired in his wig, gown, and bands—ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S full bands of course—he could have put the question which Mr. GILL had to make a pint of putting,



i.e., as to the occasional use of strong language. Set librettically, "*Firenza la bella*" would have answered in her sweetest strain and with her most bewitching Florentine manner, "I never use a big big D." To her the Counsel, not Mr. GILL but Mr. GILBERT, would have retorted musically, "What 'never'?" To him the fair Witness, replying on consideration, "Well,—hardly ever!" Then the chorus, led by the Judge, Sir FRANCIS JEUNE, and joined in by all the Jeunions of his Court, would have wound up this portion of the proceedings, if not harmoniously, at least tunelessly. For future reference, it would be known

as "the Big Big D-ivorce Case." How such occasional musical outbursts would lighten the labours of the Court through many a tedious case! And in a *cause un peu célèbre* like this, where there is a crammed house and enthusiastic audience ready to take every point, and risk possible expulsion rather than remain quiet, what a relief such a burst of song would be to everybody's pent-up feelings and bottled-up excitement. The comedy is all very well, but the finale is tragic, the last scene of all being from the historical subject with modern application representing "MARRUS seated among the ruins" of what might have been a happy domestic life.

A PANNICK IN GILDHALL!

WE'VE jist bin and had sitch a Pannick in the City as we ain't not had since the prow'd and orty Portogeese threttened to stop any more old Port from leaving of their shores, unless we guv 'em up ever so much of the hinside of Afrikey. Ah, that was a pannick that was, and all us Waiters felt it severially, but her Majesty's Guvernment, seeing at wunce the sollem natur of the threat, made such terremas as settled the hole affair, and Port went down as ushal.

Well that was bad enuff in all consense, but it was nothink to what we has all bin threttened with, from the Lord MARE on his throne of power to the umblest waiter of his royal estabershunt. I herd ony last week from the Gildhall Beedle, so it must be trew, that ever so many of what's called Comishunners of Suers had cum a tearing down stairs from their place up above, a cussin and a swearin like mad, becoz the Kumpany as was a jest beginnin for to lite up our streets with Lectrissity, had writtin for to say as they coodn't get it dun for more nor another year. Well that was bad enuff for them as likes that tell-tail lite, "but wuss remanes behind," as the Pote says; and I reelly ardy xpees to be beleaved when I says,



as they threttened not to lite up the onered Manshun Ouse to the verry last! and as the gas has all a bin taken away, there wooden have been not no lites, and conserquently not no Dinner in that grand Ome of Horspitallerty, not for twelve long weary hungry munse!

The shudder as run thro Gildhall when this was fust menshund, the Beedle tells me, was sumthink quite orful, and the langwidge used, ewen by anshunt Deppertys, sumthink not to remember, but sumthink to forget as soon as possorbel.

However, a gentle reminder from them as could do what they threttin'd, whether it was six months' hard, or suspenshun from wun of their own tall, red lamp postesses, brort them all to their sewen senses, and everythink is to be reddy for the fust State Bank-wet at the reglar hour on the reglar day; and so the dedly wroth of the grand old Copperashun is appezed, and there is no longer enny tork of a mighty band of hindignant Welshers a marchin up to Town to awenge the dedly hinsult with which their poplar Mon-nark was threttin'd!

Wun of our verry cleverest Depputys said to me,—“Ah, Mr. ROBERT, if our ennemys had reelly xtinguished all our light, I shoud indeed have said, with the Pote, *Habsent Homen!*”

I didn't kno a bit what he meant, but I rayther think it were sumthink seessonnabel about Ome sweet Ome, or about the likker “habsinth,” wich I don't hold with. But I quite agreed with him.

ROBERT.

A ROYAL “HAPPY THOUGHT” IN DECEMBER.—The Promise of MAY.



"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," &c.

Ethel. "MUMMY DEAR, WHY DID YOU TELL RICHARD YOU 'WEREN'T AT HOME' JUST NOW?" (Pause.)
"MUMMY, I MEAN—"

Mamma. "WHEN SIR FUSBY DODDERIDGE CALLED? WHY, ETHEL DEAR, BECAUSE HE BORES MR."

Ethel. "OH!" (After thoughtfully considering the matter with regard to her Governess.) "THEN MAY I SAY I'M NOT AT HOME WHEN MISS KRUX CALLS TO-MORROW? FOR SHE BORES ME AWFULLY?"

"ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY!"

"[I am quite proud to think that my son marries one who was born in this country, has been educated in this country, and has the feelings of an Englishwoman."—*H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Civil Service Dinner.*]

THE Prince's word will strike a chord
Of sympathy and pleasure
In English hearts. Not from abroad
Young CLARENCE brought his treasure.
He finds his MAY in British mead;
'Tis *Punch's* pleasant duty
The old chorus once again to lead,
"For England, Home, and Beauty!"

England!—the fair betrothed was born
Within the seas that bind us;

Home!—not from far court-precincts torn,
This Princess comes to find us.
Beauty!—well, look upon that face,
Whilst PUNCHUS Cupid hovers,
With crowning wreath and genial grace,
Above the Royal lovers.

Fair home-grown flower, bright English MAY,
Whose promise cheers December,
And who will make "wild March" so gay;
Punch can right well remember.
Betrothals many, weddings too,
Your lover's sire's among them,
And with a loyalty frank yet true,
Has generally sung them.

And so for you he hath a stave,
Latest of the bright bevy.

On gentle hearts and spirits
brave
The toll of love you'll levy.
We trust that fortune may
prove fair, [rosy,
And life's long pathway
And love attend the Royal pair,
The young "*Promessi
Sposi.*"

An English bridal it will be
When March brings round
the spring time,
And English hearts will hail
with glee
The coming of the ring-time.
Punch—like his Prince—is
"proud to think"
It then will be his duty,
Once more the fine old toast to
drink—
"For England, Home, and
Beauty!"

TWOPENCE PLAIN,—A PENNY COLOURED.

MR. PUNCH, HONOURED SIR,
I HAVE just received a
copy of *The Almanack*, which,
if I may say so, is worthy of the
approach to the close of "the
so-called Nineteenth Cen-
tury." Not to go further into
particulars, I should say that
"*A Doll's Diary*" will be
hard to beat in contemporary
Christmas literature.

It was, Sir, not with the in-
tention of making this obvious
remark that I break in upon
your reflections. My purpose
was moved by discovering on
the front corner of this work
of Literature and Art the
legend, "Price 6d.; *Inland
postage, 2d.*" Looking at the
postal cover which lightly bore
the treasure o'er land and
sea to this ancient town, I
discovered, that coming under
the "foreign postage rate,"
1½d. had served the turn.
Whence it appears, that had
I, as usual at this season of
the year, been at my country
address, to be found in *Dod*,
the *Almanack* would have cost
me, or someone else (it is
beside the argument), 2d.
Whereas, being hundreds of
miles away from the placid
pastures that surround The
Kennel, Berks, the postage is
25 per cent. less in amount.
In one case, where the larger
sum and the less amount of
labour were concerned, the
English Post-Office, taking
all the money, charge 2d.; in
the other, calling in the as-
sistance of Belgium and Ger-
many, and of course sharing
with them the plunder, 1½d.
is held to be the fair recom-
pense for the immensely ex-
tended labour. Isn't this
something in the way of re-
versal of the ordinary trade
axiom, as who should say
"*Twopence Plain; a Penny,
Coloured?*"

In its immediate application
it is a small thing. People
privileged to receive *Punch's
Almanack* through the post



“ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY!”

will not quibble over a half-penny. But it is evident that a system which embodies an arrangement that needs only to be stated to have its absurdity demonstrated, wants looking after.

I beg to give my friend, the new Postmaster-General, notice that, as soon as the House meets, I shall put a question on the subject. In the meanwhile, and always I am, honoured Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

Kaiserbad, Aachen, Monday.

TOBY, M.P.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

PERHAPS a version "up to date" (as the slang goes) of *Our Village*, may interest the supporters of the Statesman Mr. AGLAND, without annoying the admirers of the poet WAL PRINCE.

No. IV.—OUR VILLAGE.

AIR—"The Village on the 'Slow and Dirty' Line."

For centuries the Village was maintained, without cessation,

As "a Squire and Parson's paddock," just to keep poor yokels down.

But all that is to be altered, at the Radical's instigation,

We're settling on a village which shall have the charms of town.

It's shaped on Democratic lines, it is in nubibus yet,

But when Reform's set going, it's a horse that does not stop.

The House o' Commons has pronounced, and though old Tories fuss, yet

All understand the tyrant has the tip to shut up shop.

Chorus.

In the Village, new Village, a healthy little spot, [smells are not,

The home of rural Hygiene, where nasty Where HODGE shan't be the thrall

Of the Vicarage and the Hall, In the Village shaped on Democratic lines!

There bobbing to their "betters" shall not be an institution

With the Jemmies and the Jessamies, as in the good old day;

There "Washhouses" shall civilise chawbacons—by ablution, And Drink-shops shall not freely tithe the ploughman's paltry pay.

There shall be a Parish Council by the householders elected, [comb; Who will snub "the Village tyrant" and will cut the Parson's

And when once 'tis constituted such reform may be expected That poor HODGE in all sincerity may sing his "*Home, Sweet Home!*"

[Chorus.—In the Village, new Village, the sanitary spot, A small self-governed commune with full powers to "allot,"

A Free Library for all,

And a handsome Meeting Hall,

In the Village shaped on Democratic lines!

There the Labourer shall not half-starve on "swankey" and thin pottage,

With a prospect of the Workhouse when no longer he can work; But shall have a fragrant pigstye, and a sanitary cottage,

And a voice in local business which the big-wigs cannot burke.

The rural working-man shall superintend his children's schooling, And control long ill-used "charities," and champion "common rights," [fooling,

And, in fact, there'll be an end to Squire's sole sway and Parson's And the rustic's sole hope-beacon shall no more be "London's Lights."

[Chorus.—In the Village, new Village, &c., &c.

There the peasant politician with the Guardian shall grapple, And keep up the rural standard, and keep down the local rates;

The haughty Church no longer there shall lord it o'er the Chapel,

And the Voluntary School shall find the level it so hates.

In short, with Local Government invested, the whole Village

Shall grow vigorous, and virtuous, and prosperous, and proud,

And free from Landlord pressure, and the Parson's petty tyranny,

The peasants shall no longer to the slums of London crowd.

[Chorus.—From the Village, new Village, a happy little spot,

A home of peace and plenty, where oppression may not plot;

Where there's room enough for all,

And the "hind" is not a "thrall,"

In the Village shaped on Democratic lines!



A SAFE NOVEL.

(With Interpolated Notes by Our Own Legal Adviser.)

CHAPTER I.—THE LOVERS' PARTING.

THE sun was setting behind the towers of the church of Greenborough-on-the-Driblet.

[It must be clearly and distinctly understood that this village is not intended to refer to any parish with the word "green" introduced in the title—all incumbents of such livings being the most honourable and distinguished of men.]

Two persons were bidding one another adieu. The first was a man in the prime of life wearing a suit of tweeds.

[Please note that the name of the tailor is not given, and it is not to be assumed for a single moment that this refers to any individual in particular.]

The girl, for she was only a girl, wore a costume of almost puritanical simplicity.

[Again no dressmaker is singled out for discussion. It is a purely fancy portrait.]

They were both in tears. For the hour had come for their parting.

[It is necessary to state that by "parting" no reference is made to any existing firm of hair-dressers.]

For a moment they were silent, watching Phœbus as he descended in his glory of purple and gold.

[This refers to the mythical God of Day, and is not to be confounded with a member of a well-known firm of manufacturers of blacking.]

Then they spoke to one another.

"Zozimus," she murmured, softly, "and is this our last meeting?"

[The name of Zozimus was selected for the hero because it is an uncommon one, and consequently unlikely to be confounded with any more frequently-used designation. If by an unlucky chance there is a Zozimus, he is assured that the coincidence is purely accidental.]

"I am afraid it must be so, my ZULU-WOLFA," was the heartbroken response.

[Again the name has been chosen on the same lines as the selection of Zozimus, and the explanation above given may be

taken as having reference to both.]

"And so you are going across the sea in a boat?" she queried, trying to smile, in spite of her blinding tears.

[No boat in particular is intended, and we have the author's authority for saying that he has the greatest respect for every official connected with the shipping interest.]

"Yes," he returned, sadly, "it is my father's wish, and I trust that in a new world I shall find greater prosperity than I have been able to achieve in dear old England."

[No reference is made in the above to any weekly publications, although, perhaps the *World* and *England* may have been taken as titles for Saturday journals. Before passing this passage, we received the assurance of the author that he felt the deepest esteem for the Editors of the periodicals thus inadvertently mentioned.]

"Well, my beloved, you will soon see me; and, dead or alive, I shall be by your side in the spirit."

[This passage is not intended to single out any particular firm of distillers.]

"We shall meet again," he cried, pressing her frail form to his breast. "Indeed we shall meet again."

[It must not be assumed that there has been a misprint in the above passage, and that reference is made to any particular firm of butchers.]

And so they parted!

(To be continued in our next, after consultation with our Solicitor.)

WITHOUT THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—A few days since the Justices of South Shields sentenced a vagrant verging upon seventy years of age, to fourteen days imprisonment with hard labour—a matter to which attention was called when the Coroner held an inquest in the gaol on the poor old fellow's body. It would be interesting to know the names of these "un-worthies," so that they might be gibbeted as a contrast to the sentiments that will prevail when Christmas ushers in a time of peace and good-will!

A STORY OF THE SEA (told on the Beach at Brighton).—"Fine day for a sail, Sir!"

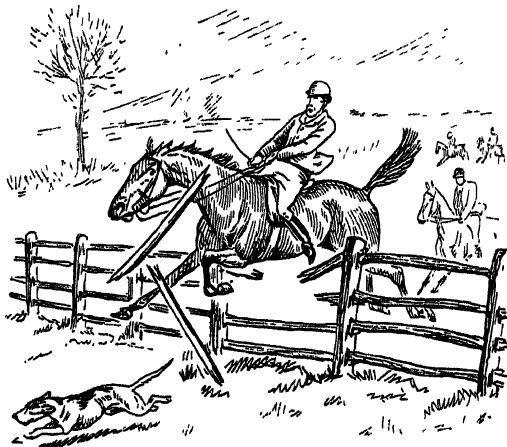
A PROMISING FOUR-YEAR-OLD.



At the Meet he attracted no little attention.



When Hounds went away, he quickly assumed a prominent position.



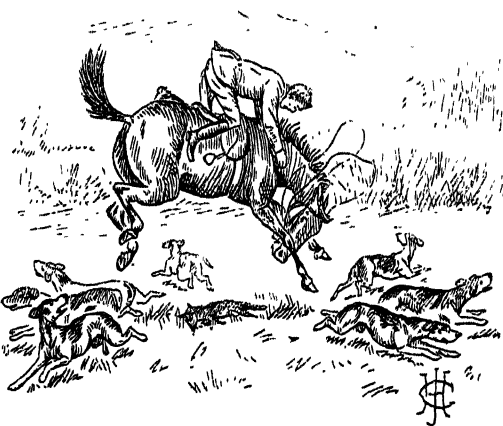
Though his manner of taking Rails was rather risky,



Yet his Courage was undeniable.



He proved excellent at Water,



And his method of taking the Fox from the Hounds was novel and entertaining.

TOLD IN TAGS.

We have recently been favoured by a communication from a firm of Publishers, which informs us that, in a story sent for review, "by an oversight of the binder," the Epilogue was omitted, and inclosing that interesting document. We have perused the four pages with so much pleasure, that we suggest that, instead of writing the whole story, novelists, in future, should only publish the final chapter, which might be beneficially compressed into a few lines. As a lead, we print a few conclusions, to serve as models:—

Specimen of a Happy Ending.—And so there was nothing more to do but to get married, and consequently EDWIN led no happier bride to the altar than his much persecuted and greatly tried ANGELINA. So the bells of Tinkleton rang out their merriest chimes as the sun went down on the stately towers of Castle Sympleton.

Specimen of an Unhappy Ending.—So, at peace with all the world, still holding the hand she loved so well, and smiling a smile that brought tears into the eyes of the good old Colonial Bishop, FLORA faded away into

the Golden Dream she knew so well!

Specimen of a Mysterious Ending.—And so HUGH, carrying a lamp in his right hand, and grasping the blade of his sword in his left, entered the cave of which he had heard so much. Will he ever return? Who can tell?

Specimen of a Comic Ending.—"So it was you, after all!" cried the Cheesemonger, with a shout of laughter.

EGERTON SWELLINGTON smiled an assent.

"Then all I can say," continued the worthy trader, "is, that a miss is as good as a mile."

And, for once in his life, Mr. DOUBLETCHIN was absolutely right!

Specimen of the Poetical Ending.—So with the blue-bells sighing soft music, and the stars chanting their soothing lullaby, the sweet soul of MARIA realised the truth that—

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Specimen of the Shocker's Ending.—And with a gasp and a reel, Sir RALPH fell back, back, back, down the precipice, and an hour later was found by the patrolling constabulary a quivering mass of senseless humanity!

Specimen of the Christmas Ending.—And so, linked hand in hand, father and mother, son and daughter, husband and wife, nephew and niece, bowed their heads beneath the holly and mistletoe, and wished one another, with a heartiness that told volumes, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

QUERIES FOR CAMBRIDGE EXAM. PAPER.—

1. If the Vice-Chancellor's authority to punish immorality within the bounds of the University town of Cambridge is to be done away with, will he still retain the then quite superfluous title of Vice-Chancellor?

2. On the abolition of "The Spinning-House," as plucked candidates are often spoken of as men who were "spun" for such-and-such an examination, might not the Senate-House be known as "The Spinning-House"?



A FEW ONE-POUND NOTES; OR, THE QUICK-CHANGE CHANCELLOR.

BY GEORGE!

[IN a recent libel action, brought against an author by an African merchant, Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH was called as a witness. He said:—

"The story in dispute passed through his hands as reader for the publishers. Asked in cross-examination if he thought that the opening of the story relating to the hero's mother did not offend against the canons of good taste, the witness answered that it was the attempt of a writer of serious mind to be humorous. It might be almost called a stereotype of that form of the element of humour. It was a failure, but still passed with the public.—The Judge: A kind of elephantine humour?—The Witness: Quite so. I did not like it, but one would have to object to so much."

There the report of Mr. MEREDITH's evidence ends. Exigencies of space apparently caused the omission of a great deal of it. Fortunately it is in our power to supply this deficiency.—Ed.]

The Judge. Quite so, Mr. MEREDITH. I may say for myself that I fully understand you. But perhaps it would be well to explain yourself a *little* more clearly for the benefit of the jury.

Mr. George Meredith. My Lord, I will put it with a convincing brevity, not indeed a dust-scattering brevity fit only for the mumbling recluse, who perchance in this grey London marching Eastward at break of naked morn, daintily protruding a pinkest foot out of compassing clouds, copiously takes inside of him doses of what is denied to his external bat-resembling vision, but with the sharp brevity of a roofer astir in that curative



Very much En Evidence; or, George in the Box.

compartment of a homœopathic globule—so I, humorously purposeful in the midst of sallow—

The Judge. One moment, Mr. MEREDITH. Have you considered—

Mr. G. M. Consideration, my Lord, is of them that sit revolving within themselves the mountainously mouse-productive problems of the overtoppingly catastrophic backward ages of empurpled brain-distorting puzzledom: for puzzles, as I have elsewhere said, come in rattle-boxes, they are actually children's toys, for what they contain, but not the less do they buzz at our understandings and insist that they break or we, and, in either case, to show a mere foolish idle rattle in hollowness. Nor have the antic bobbings—

Sir Charles Russell (cross-examining). Really, Mr. MEREDITH, I fail to follow you. Would it not be possible—

Mr. G. M. Ay, there you have it. In truth, the question looks like a paragraph in a newspaper, upon which a Leading Article sits, dutifully arousing the fat worm of sarcastic humour under the ribs of cradled citizens, with an exposure of its excellent folly. For the word. That is it. The word is Archon, with extended hand summoning the collaboratorially ordained, misbegotten brood of shock-shilling pamphlets to his regal presence—

The Judge (testily). No doubt that would be so, but it brings us no nearer to a decision upon the question of humour in the particular passage of the book which contains the alleged libel.

Sir Charles Russell. Perhaps I can shorten matters, my Lord. Now, Mr. MEREDITH, will you be kind enough to explain the following passage from a book with which you may perhaps be acquainted. (Reads.) "This he can promise to his poets. As for elsewhere than at the festive, Commerce invoked is a Goddess that will have the reek of those boards to fill her nostrils, and poet and alderman alike may be dedicate to the sublime, she leads them, after two sniffs of an idea concerning her, for the dive into the turtle-tureen. Heels up they go, poet first—a plummet he!" Is that humorous, or, if not, what is it?

Mr. G. M. Elephantine, I think; yet not elephantine altogether, since of them that crash amid jungle of atrophied semi-consciousness, strivingly set upon an overtopping mastery—

Sir Charles Russell (interrupting). Thank you. The passage is

from *One of our Conquerors*. Here is another:—"Reverting to the father and mother, his idea of a positive injury, that was without its congratulations, sank him down among his disordered deeper sentiments, which were a diver's wreck, where an armoured livid subtermarine, a monstrous puff-ball of man, wanded seriously light in heaviness; trebling his hundredweights to keep him from dancing like a bladder-block of elastic lumber." An while you are about it, pray inform the Court what you mean by "the vulgarst of our gobble-gobbets," or by "a trebly cataphractic Invisible."

Mr. G. M. Truly, the louder members of the grey public are fraternally instant to spurn at the whip of that which they do not immediately comprehend. But to me, plunged chokingly in translucent profundities of aquamarine splendour, not of a truth that in the heights above splendour resides not, chidingly offering a fa whiskerless cheek to the blows of circumstance, this was ever the problem of problems. How to write. How not to write. This was and that the raging fates tug the hapless reader, pillowed he upon the vast brown bosom of his maternal earth, or lurefully beckoning the dim shadow-shapes of dodecahedronic cataplasmatic centipedes fatally conditioned to the everlasting pyramid of a star-pointing necessity. So—

The Judge (with determination). Mr. MEREDITH, the Court is sincerely obliged to you for your extremely valuable evidence. We are unwilling to detain you any longer. Besides, after what you have said, the point is as clear as daylight. Good morning, Mr. MEREDITH, good morning. You may become a trebly cataphractic Invisible.

THE THINNING OF THE THATCH.

Oh, the Autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in, And the breeze is growing chilly, and my hair is getting thin! I've a comfortable income—and my age is thirty-three; But my Thatch is thinning quickly—yes, as quickly as can be!



I was once a merry urchin—curly-headed I was called, And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going bald; But it's not a proper subject to be lightly joked about, For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out!

I remember a sking Uncle—in my innocent surprise—How he liked his head made up of a skating rink by lies;

But although their dread intrusion I shall manfully resist, I'm afraid they'll soon have got another Rink upon their list.

When invited to a party I'm invariably late, For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate— Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush away for weeks, Yet I can't prevent it parting and dividing into streaks!

I have tried a Hair Restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum, But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come— So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare, For the circle's getting wider of that Open Space up there!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall, And that coming generations won't have any hair at all— Well—they'll never know an anguish that can adequately match With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your Thatch!

A QUEER CHRISTMAS PARTY.

I REMEMBER coming home and dressing to go out again. Of this so far I am sure. I remember too taking a cab; also the cab taking me. But oddly enough though I dined that evening with a very old friend, somehow I cannot for the life of me, at this moment, call to mind his name or remember where he lives.

However, the evening was so remarkable that I at once sat down next day to record all that I could remember of this strange Christmas Party. Round the table were ROBERT ELSMERE, DORIAN GRAY, SIR ALAN QUATERMAIN, the MASTER of BALLANTREE, and other distinguished persons, including Princess NAPRAXINE, — a charming woman, who looked remarkably well in her white velvet with a knot of old lace at her throat and a tea-rose in her hair. Mrs. HAWKSBEER, too, looked smart in black satin, but in my opinion she was out out by little DAISY MILLER, a sprightly young lady from America. My host (I wish I could remember his name) carried his love of celebrities so far, that even his servants were persons of considerable notoriety. His head butler, a man named MULVANEY, was an old soldier, who, with the two footmen (formerly his companions-in-arms) had been known in India by the name of "Soldiers Three."

"It was so good of you to come, although your husband had Russian influenza," remarked our host to ANNA KARENINA, who was seated on his left.

"My dear friend," she replied, "I was only too delighted; for really my husband cracks his finger-joints so much more lately, and it makes me so nervous, that I often think, if it were not that Mr. WRONGSKY sometimes calls on my day at home, I am sure I should be bored to death!"

"Ah! I know what that is!" said HEDDA GABLER, nodding sympathetically. "My husband, when he heard I wanted to come to-day, said 'Fancy that!' and I really felt I could have thrown something at him. They are so irritating," she added, with a glance at THIERÈSE RAQUIN who was sitting very silent at the other end of the table softly caressing a fruit-knife.

"Ah!" sighed DORIAN GRAY, as he dipped his white taper fingers in a red copper bowl of rose-water. "I have had an exquisite life. I have drunk deeply of everything. I have crushed the grapes against my palate. And it has all been to me no more than the sound of music. It has not marred me. I am still the same. More so, if anything."

"I think we ought to understand one another, perhaps, Mr. GRAY," said ROBERT ELSMERE, with a quick sense of oppression. "I know your opinions of course from your books. You know what mine as an honest man must be. My conscience forbids me to discuss anything."

"My dear ELSMERE," returned DORIAN, "don't deceive yourself. Life is not governed by Will or Intention. Life has been my Art. I have set myself to music. My days have been my sonnets, and it has not hurt me. I am as good-looking as ever." And with his cool, flower-like hands, and his charming boyish smile, he lit a gold-tipped cigarette, offering one to Princess NAPRAXINE.

She refused it, but produced a cigar-case, embroidered with the arms of the NAPRAXINES, from which she took a very large cigar.

"I should like to take that fellow out on the river with me," muttered one of the boating trio to his friends.

"And drown him," said another.

"Or set MONTMORENCY at him," said the third.

These Three Men, who, on their arrival, had been rather bashful, had become, during the process of demolishing the Christmas pudding with fire-brandy sauce, to which they helped themselves plentifully, the most cheerful of all the company. They talked and laughed loudly, alluded to Mr. ELSMERE as "Old Square-toes"; and made no more disguise of the evident admiration with which Mrs. HAWKSBEER had inspired them, than they did of the violent dislike they had conceived for Mr. GRAY.

They were growing less and less able to control their actions, and I was not sorry when the time arrived for the ladies to retire, which they did rather earlier than they had intended doing, owing to a sudden display of ill-temper on the part of DIANA of the Crossways. They all withdrew, with the exception of the Princess, who, alleging

that it was a Russian custom, remained with us, smoking, and drinking kummel out of a Samovar. Immediately upon the departure of the ladies, ROBERT ELSMERE resumed his argument.

"I have not," he said, in a low tone, "rooted up the most sacred growths of life as a careless child devastates his garden."

"I have never yet heard of a DURRISDEER who was a turn-coat or a spy," remarked the MASTER of BALLANTREE, casually.

"Ah! but that is another story," objected Colonel GADSBY, stroking his long moustache.

"I can believe anything," said DORIAN GRAY, "as long as it is quite incredible."

"Oh! Then you'd believe that story old BATT, the fisherman, told us about the pike at Goring!" said one of the trio, with a contemptuous laugh.

And here we come to the unfortunate incident which broke up our party. I shall always blame the Princess for this. If she had gone to the drawing-room with the other ladies, it would never have happened. It appears that she considered herself insulted by a remark of DORIAN'S, which I thought innocent enough. I think it was, that "All Art is quite useless."

Why she should have taken this so personally—whether she thought he was alluding to her Narcissus-like complexion, or her wealth of luminous hair—I cannot say. At any rate—though I

would not have it even whispered to poor little JIM, who, being far from well, had been quite unable to leave his sofa,—I say, at any rate, I, for one, felt convinced that the Princess had taken quite as much kummel as was good for her, otherwise, how could any one, except my old friend ALICE DE VONDERLAND account for her urging the Three Men, already far gone, to go still farther, and to "Protect her honour," as she termed it, "by wiping out the insult offered to the NAPRAXINES!"

The Three Men took the suggestion literally. A wild scene ensued. Shouting wildly, "We'll spoil your beauty for you!" one tore the flower out of DORIAN'S coat, another threw the red copper bowl of rose-water at his head, a third, with the uncommonly vulgar exclamation, "Art be blowed! we'll show you some science!" struck the unfortunate man a violent blow on the nose with his clenched fist.

How the scene might have ended but for the sudden intervention of MULVANEY and his companions, I

cannot say. In the strangest dialect, and with the most uncouth oaths, they literally "went for" the Three Boating Men. The aquatic champions were completely demolished by the Soldiers Three.

In the words of the butler, "Their shirt-fronts were crumpled 'orrid." The three youths, in a pitiable state, left the house with the Princess, and went off all together in a droschki, the driver of which wore a badge on which was inscribed, "JOSEF HATTONSKI. By Order of the Czar." DORIAN had already escaped, bearing on his handsome countenance the impress of fists and the stains of flattened mince-pies.

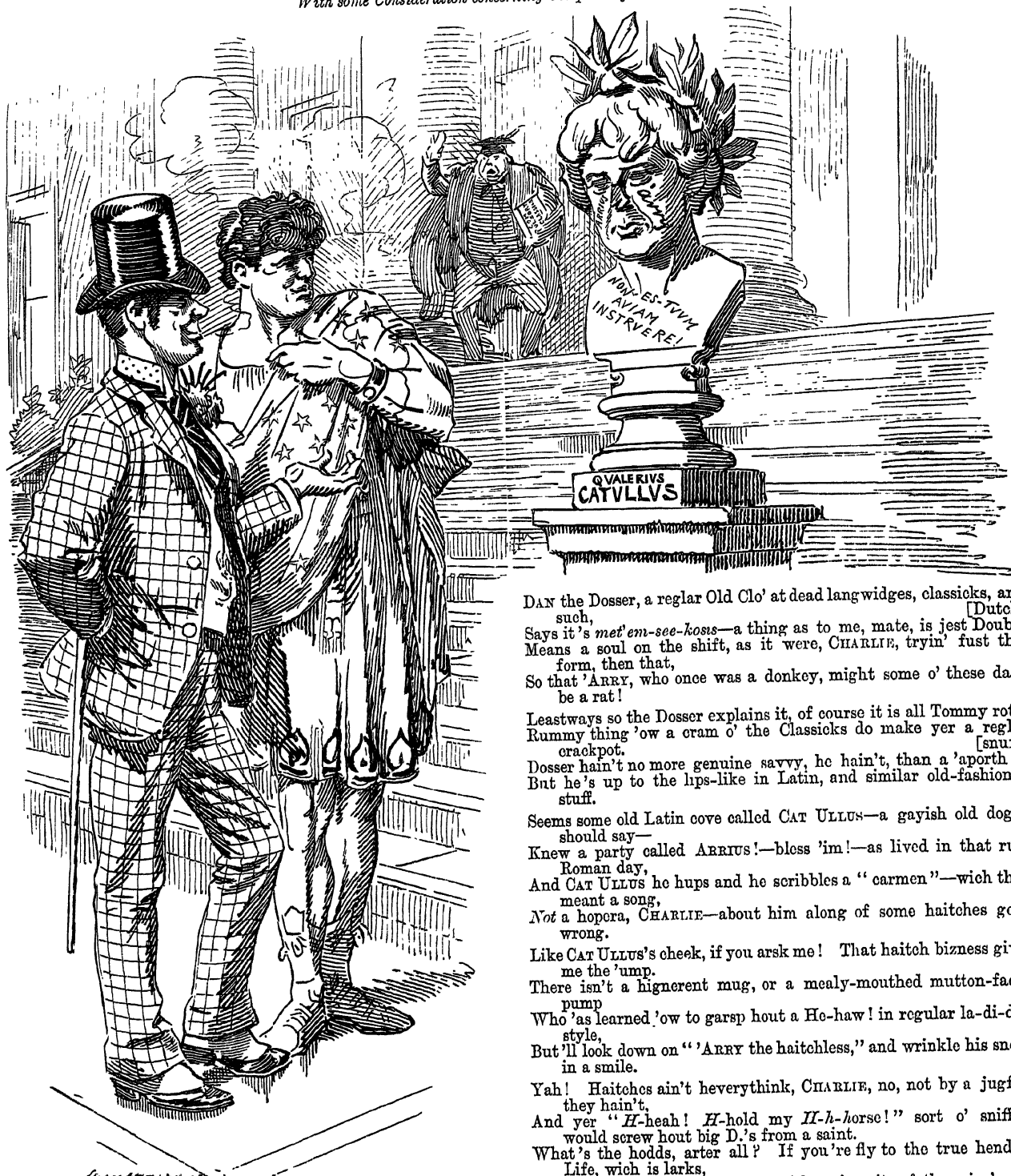
For my own part . . . I don't know how I managed to get away. I suppose I must have been rendered insensible by a candlestick which was thrown at me. At all events, I found myself on the floor, having tumbled out of bed . . . But how I had ever got to bed I do not remember. It may be I shall never discover the truth of it all. Stay!—had I been hypnotised? If so, when, where, and by whom?

AN ANTI-HISS-TRIONIC BIRD.

A "PAR" in the *Daily News* last Thursday told how the Antipodians had presented Miss NELLIE FARRER with "a Laughing Jackass." What a time he'll have of it! Always in fits, and perhaps the merry bird will at last "die o' laughin'!" For it is a biped and not a quadruped; not that as a biped "the Laughing Jackass" is by any means a *lusus nature*. This bird, not probably unfamiliar with the "Oof Bird" of sporting circles, is, it is said, "a foe to snakes." Excellent omen this for Miss FARRER. Laughter everywhere, and no hissing permitted. If hissing heard anywhere, up starts the Laughing Jackass and down he comes on the snake, and there's an end of the hissing. Theatrical Managers would do well to cultivate the Laughing Jackasses, and keep a supply always on the premises.



'ARRY ON ARRIUS.

With some Consideration concerning Compulsory Classics.

DEAR CHARLIE,—O, ain't I a daisy? Excuse your old pal busting forth;
 But my name's going hup like a rocket; it's spreading east, west, south, and north.
 Like that darned hinfuenza, but more so; and now, s'elp me scissors, I find
 I was famous afore I was born! Sounds a lick, but 'anged if I mind.*

* See article, "'Arry in Rome and London," in last Number of *Punch*.

DAN the Dosser, a reglar Old Clo' at dead langwidges, classicks, and such,
 Says it's *met'em-see-koss*—a thing as to me, mate, is jest Double Dutch,
 Means a soul on the shift, as it were, CHARLIE, tryin' fust this form, then that,
 So that 'ARRY, who once was a donkey, might some o' these days be a rat!

Leastways so the Dosser explains it, of course it is all Tommy rot.
 Rummy thing 'ow a cram o' the Classicks do make yer a reglar crackpot.
 Dosser hain't no more genuine savvy, he hain't, than a 'aporth o' But he's up to the lips-like in Latin, and similar old-fashioned stuff.

Seems some old Latin cove called CAT ULLUS—a gayish old dog I should say—
 Knew a party called ARRIUS!—bless 'im!—as lived in that rum Roman day,
 And CAT ULLUS he hups and he scribbles a "carmen"—wich then meant a song,
 Not a hopera, CHARLIE—about him along of some haitches gone wrong.

Like CAT ULLUS's cheek, if you arsk me! That haitch bizness gives me the 'ump.
 There isn't a hignerent mug, or a mealy-mouthed mutton-faced pump
 Who 'as learned 'ow to garsp hout a Ho-haw! in regular la-di-dah style,
 But 'll look down on "'ARRY the haitchless," and wrinkle his snout in a smile.

Yah! Haitches ain't heverythink, CHARLIE, no, not by a jugfull they hain't,
 And yer "H-heah! H-hold my H-h-horse!" sort o' sniffers would screw hout big D.'s from a saint.
 What's the hodds, arter all? If you're fly to the true hend of Life, wich is larks,
 You may pop in yer haitches permiskus, in spite of the prigs' rude remarks.

The old Roman geeser, CAT ULLUS, who wrote that *de Arrio* bosh, Wos a poet, of course, and a classick, two things as to-day will not wash;
 Bet yer boots Master ARRIUS 'ad 'im on toast, the old mug, every time,
 And that's why he took his revenge like, in verse without reason or rhyme.

Young ARRIUS's huncle, he tells us,
talked similar patter. No doubt!
Havunculus hejus, I reckon, knew
wot he was dashed well about.
I say bully for LIBER, and chance it.
'Tain't whether you say Hill or 'Ill,
It's whether you're able to *climb* it;
and that's where the prigs git
their pill.

There's a party who, in the *St. James's
Gazette*, dear old pal, 'tother day,
Took my name, not pertikler in vain,
though, and called hisself "ARRY
B. A."

Wrote smart, he did, CHARLIE, and
slick-like, but "ARRY B. A." isn't
Me!

No fear! 'ARRY's not sech an A
double S as to want a "Degree."

I know wot's wuth knowin', I
reckon, and wot I don't know I
can learn,

Without mortar-board 'ats and black
bedgowns, or stuffing my brains
till they turn.

To be well in the know is my maxum,
but as for "Compulsory Greek,"

Would it give me, I wonder, a hextry
"compulsory" two quid a week?

Wy, I knew an old 'atchet-faced party,
as lodged in our 'ouse years ago,
Oozed Greek as a plum-tree does
gum-blobs; translated for BUF-
FINS & Co.,

The popular publishers, CHARLIE. I know
'twas a dooce of a grind

For poor MAGSWORTH to earn fifteen quid,
and at last he went hout of 'is mind.

Yus, died of a softening, they told us, through
sitting up six months on end
At a book of Greek plays. Poor old buffer,
he hadn't five pounds nor a friend;
But Degrees? He fair rolled in 'em, CHARLIE!
He offered to teach me a lot,
But one lesson in Greek settled me; it's the
crackjorest speshus of rot!

ARRY STUFFY KNEES sounds pooty ropy;
he's one of their classickal pets;
Old THOOSY DIDES, too, he's another. In
high Huniwersity sets
They chuck 'em in chunks at each other, like
mossels of Music 'All gag,
And at forty they've clean slap forgot 'em!
I want to know where comes the swag?

Hedgercation is all very proper, purviding
it gives yer the pull
Hover parties as don't know the ropes, in a
market that's mostly too full;
But this Classick kerriculum's kibosh, Greek
plays, Latin verse and all that.
All CAT ULLUS's haitches won't 'elp yer, if
Nature 'as built yer a flat!

Though ARRIUS's haspirates rucked, and
made Mister CAT ULLUS chi-ike,
He was probably jest such a rattler as poets
and prigs *never* like,
When a chap knows 'is book, piles the ochre,
perhaps becomes pal to a Prince,
Lor! it's wonderful 'ow a dropped haitch or
two do make the mealy-mouths vince.

Wot's a haitch but a gasp, arter all? Yer
swell haspirate's only a breath,
Yet, like eating green peas with a knife, it
scumfoodles the sniffers to death,
As a fack the knife's 'andiest, fur, and
there's many a haitch-screwing toff
Who would find patter easier biz if the
mottor was "haspirates is hoff!"

The 'Igher Hedgercation means "savvy";
you size up the world, patter slang,
Hit slick, give what for, and Compulsory
Latin and Greek may go 'ang.



DRAWING THE LINE.

Judge. "REMOVE THOSE BARRISTERS. THEY'RE DRAWING!"

Chorus of Juniors. "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LUDSHIP, WE'RE ONLY DRAWING—PLEADINGS."

["Mr. Justice DENMAN said that he saw a thing going on in Court that he could not sanction. He saw Gentlemen of the Bar making pictures of the witness. Let it be understood that he would turn out any Gentleman of the Bar who did so in future."—*Daily Paper*, Thursday, December 17.]

That's "modernity," CHARLIE! Style,
modesty, taste? Oh, go 'ome and eat
coke!

Old STUFFY KNEES wouldn't 'ave tumbled,
you bet, to a Music 'All joke.

"Jest fancy a gentleman not knowing
Greek!" So a jossor named FROUDE
Said some time ago. Oh Gewillikens! Must
ha' bin dotty or screwed.

A modern School Master could hopen his
hoptics a mossel, you bet;
Greek's corpsed, and them graduate woters
will flock to its funeral yet.

"We're going to plant it to-morrer!"
That comic song 'its it at once.

"Attic lore" will be blowed attic-high; and
the duffers who dub you a dunce
'Cos yer 'OMER, or haitches, is quisby, in
Rome or in London, will know
That ARRIUS—or 'ARRY—romps in while CAT
ULLUS is stopping to blow.

As to ARRIUS, I wish I'd 'ave knowed 'im,
no doubt we'd 'ave palled up to-rights,
And 'ave chivied CAT ULLUS together, like
one o' them broken-nosed frights
Saps call classick busts; stone Aunt Sallies fit
only for cockshies, dear boy,
Wich to chip out my name on their cheeks is
a barney I always enjoy.

Your Cockney eternal? No doubt! And a
jolly good job, I should say;
It's much more than yer conkey old Classicks,
for they 'ave about 'ad their day.
You may stuff college ganders with all the
compulsory cram as they'll carry,
And then it's yer fly bird as scores off 'em,
whether that's ARRIUS or 'ARRY.

A Diplomatic On Dit.

WHERE LYTTON lately ruled supreme,
A Marquis will direct affairs.
Congratulations, then, to him
And to ourselves in equal shares.
But stranger paradox than this
Most surely there has never been,—
We send a most distinguished man,
Yet only put a *Duffer in!*

THE BISHOP AND THE SEA-SERPENT.

["The Bishop of Adelaide, in writing to a colonial friend, states that while riding along the sea-beach he came across a dead sea-serpent, about 60 feet in length. . . . The Bishop describes his 'find' as the most peculiar animal he has ever seen."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE Bishop saw the Serpent

A lying very near—

"Now, in the name of truth," says he,
"We'll have no lying here."

It was the Great Sea-Serpent,
Stretched out upon the shore—
It measured—well, no matter what,
It was all that, and more.

"He's dead! the Great Sea-Serpent!"
The Bishop cried, with glee,

"And now there is no Serpent
Within my present See."

'Tis scotched, not killed; for, sure as
fate,

We'll fifty bet to five,
That, when the Season's dead, The Great
Sea-Serpent will revive.

HIS GREATEST PLEASURE.

["My greatest pleasure will be to think of you, Mr. ROGERS."—*Grossly unfair extract from the Newspaper Report of Mr. Goschen's Speech on Girls' Education*.]

In gilded halls some take their ease,
In song and dance they find delight;
And there are those whom banquets please,
And masques and revelry by night.
Such gauds are wearisome to me;
And wilder lures of dice or drink
Attract me not; my maddest glee
Is to sit still and think.

I think and think; the world grows less,
And Budgets seem but worthless toys;
For I am lost in happiness,
In my ecstatic joy of joys.
Ah, Mr. ROGERS, blessed name,
Let me think on till all is blue,
For pow'r is naught, nor wealth, nor
fame,
Compared with thoughts of you.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XX.

SCENE—*The interior of a covered gondola, which is conveying CULCHARD and PODBURY from the Railway Station to the Hotel Dandolo, Venice. The gondola is gliding with a gentle sidelong heave under shadowy bridges of stone and cast-iron, round sharp corners, and past mysterious blank walls, and old scroll-work gateways, which look ghostly in the moonlight.*

Culch. (looking out of the felze window, and quoting conscientiously).

"I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

Podb. For rest, see guide-books, passim, eh? Hanged if I can see any structures with this thing on, though! Let's have it off, eh? (He crawls out and addresses Gondolier across the top.) Hi! Otez-moi ceci, entendez-vous? (Drums on roof of felze with fists; the Gondolier replies in a torrent of Italian.) Now a London cabby would see what I wanted at once. This chap's a fool!

Culch. He probably imagines you are merely expressing your satisfaction with Venice. And I don't see how you expect him to remove the entire cabin here! (PODBURY crawls in again, knocking his head.) I think we did well to let the others travel on first. More dignified, you know!

Podb. Um—don't see any particular dignity in missing the train, myself!

Culch. They won't know it was not intentional. And I think, PODBURY, we should go on—er—asserting ourselves a little while by holding rather aloof. It will show them that we don't mean to put up with—

Podb. Don't see that either. Not going to let that beast, VAN BOODELER have it all his own way!

Culch. Surely you know he decided suddenly to stay at Vicenza? He said so at breakfast. But I will not have your friend Bob perpetually—

Podb. At breakfast? Oh, I came down late. Vicenza, eh? Then he's out of it! Hooray! But as for Bob, he's all right too. Oh, I forgot you cut déjeuner. HYPATIA had another squabble with Miss TROTTER, and poor old Bob got dragged into it as usual, and now they ain't on speaking terms.

Culch. (overjoyed). You don't say so! Then all I can say, PODBURY, is that if we two can't manage, in a place like this, to recover all the ground we have lost—

Podb. More water than ground in a place like this, eh? But I know what you mean—we must be duffers if we don't leave Venice engaged men—which we're not as yet, worse luck!

Culch. No—but we shall be, if we only insist upon being treated seriously.

Podb. She treats me a devilish deal too seriously, my boy. But there, never mind—things will go better now!

SCENE—*A double-bedded room in the Grand Hotel, Dandolo, which PODBURY and CULCHARD have to share for the night.*

Podb. (from his bed, suspiciously, to CULCHARD, who is setting fire to a small pastille in a soap-dish). I say, old chappie, bar fireworks, you know! What the deuce are you up to over there?

Culch. Lighting a "fidibus." Splendid thing to drive out

mosquitoes. (The pastille fizzes, and begins to emit a dense white smoke, and a suffocating odour.)

Podb. (bounding). Mosquitoes! It would drive a dragon out. Phew—ah! (CULCHARD closes the window.) You don't mean to say you're going to shut me up in this infernal reek on a stifling night like this?

Culch. If I didn't, the mosquitoes would come in again.

Podb. Come in? With that pastille doing the young Vesuvius! Do you think a mosquito's a born fool? (He jumps out and opens the window.) I'm not going to be smoked like a wasps' nest, I can tell you!

Culch. (calmly shutting it again, as PODBURY returns to bed). You'll be grateful to me by-and-by.

[Slips between his mosquito-curtains in a gingerly manner, and switches off the electric light. A silence.]

Podb. I say, you ain't asleep, are you? Think we shall see anything of them to-morrow, eh?

Culch. See? I can hear one singing in my ear at this moment.

(Irritably.) You would open the window!

Podb. (sleepily). Not mosquitoes. I meant HYPATIA, and the—haw—yaw—TROTTERS.

Culch. How can I tell? (Second silence.) PODBURY! What did I tell you? One's just bitten me—the beast! (He turns on the light, and slaps about frantically.) I say, I can hear him buzzing all over the place!

Podb. So can I hear you buzzing. How the dickens is a fellow to get to sleep while you're playing Punch and Judy in there?

Culch. He's got me on the nose now! There's a lot outside. Just turn off the light, will you? I daren't put my arm out. (To Mosquito.) You brute! (To PODB.) PODBURY, do switch off the light—like a good fellow!

Podb. (dreamily). Glass up, Gondolier... stifling in this cab... drive me... nearest Doge.

[He snores. Culch. Brutal selfishness! (Turns out the light himself.) Now if I can only

"Hi! Otez-moi ceci!"

get off to sleep while that little beast is quiet—

Mosquito (ironically, in his ear). Ping-a-wing-wing!

Same Scene; the next morning.

Culch. (drawing PODBURY's curtains). Here, wake up, PODBURY—it's just eight. (PODBURY sits up, and rubs his eyes.) I've had a horrible night, my dear fellow! I'm stung to such an extent! But (hopefully) I suppose there's nothing to show particularly, eh?

[Presenting his countenance for inspection. Podb. Not much of your original features, old fellow! (He roars with laughter.) You've got a pair of cheeks like a raised map!]

Culch. It—it's going down. Nothing to what it was, half an hour ago!

Podb. Then I'm jolly glad you didn't call me earlier, that's all!

Culch. It does feel a little inflamed. I wonder if I could get a little—er—violet powder, or something—?

Podb. (with a painful want of sympathy). Violet powder! Buy a blue veil—a good thick one!

Culch. What sort of impression do you suppose I should get of Venice with a blue veil on?

Podb. Can't say—but a pleasanter one than Venice will get of you without it. You don't mean to face the fair Miss TROTTER while you're like that, do you?

Culch. (with dignity). Most certainly I do. I am much mistaken



in MISS TROTTER if she will attach the slightest importance to a mere temporary—er—disfigurement. These swellings never do last long. *Do they now?*

Podb. Oh, not more than a month or so, I daresay, if you can keep from touching them. *(He laughs again.)* Excuse me, old chap, but I just got you in a new light. Those mosquitoes have paid you out for that pastille—by Jove, they have!

Landing-steps entrance of the Hotel. Nine A.M.

Culch. (coming out a little self-consciously, and finding Mr. Trotter). Ah, good morning! What are your—er—impressions of Venice, Mr. TROTTER?

Mr. Trotter (thoughtfully). Well, I'm considerable struck with it, Sir. There's a purrfect freshness and novelty about Vernis that's amusing to a stranger like myself. We've nothing just like this city out West. No, Sir. And how are—*(Becomes aware of CULCHARD'S appearance.)* Say, you don't look like your slumbers had been one unbroken ca'm, either! The mosquitoes hev been powerful active makin' alterations in you. Perseverin' and industrious insects, Sir! Me and my darter have been for a loaf round before breakfast. I dunno if you've seen her yet, she's—

Miss T. (coming out from behind). Poppa, they've fixed up our breakf—*(Sees CULCHARD, and turns away, covering her face.)* Don't you turn your head in this direction, Mr. CULCHARD, or I guess I'll expire right away!

Culch. (obeying, wounded). I confess I did not think a few mosquito-bites would have quite such an effect upon you!

Miss T. You're vurry polite, I'm sure! But I possess a hand-mirror; and, if you can't bear to look me in the face, you'd better keep away!

Culch. (takes a hasty glance, and discovers, with a shock, that she is almost as much disfigured as himself). Oh, I—I wasn't—*(With an effort of politeness.)* Er—I hope you haven't been inconvenienced at all?

Miss T. Inconvenienced! With haff-a-dozen healthy mosquitoes springing a surprise party on me all night! I should guess so. *(Noticing C's face.)* But what in the land have you been about? Well, if that isn't real tact now! I reckoned I'd been dealt a full hand in spots; but now I've seen you, I guess there's a straight flush against me, and I can just throw up. But you don't play Poker, do you? Come along in, Poppa, do. *(She goes in with Mr. T.)*

Culch. (alone, disenchanted). I could not have believed any amount of bites could have made such a terrible difference in her. She looks positively plain! I do trust they're not permanent, or really—*(He gazes meditatively down on the tapping water.)*

"WILLIAMS ON WHEELS."

[At Bridgend County Court, on the 16th inst., Judge WILLIAMS had to hear an action in which 50*l.* was claimed as compensation for damages caused by careless driving. The evidence of one important witness having still to be heard when the hour arrived for the Judge to leave by train, his Honour, with the legal advocates and the remaining witnesses, travelled together to Llantrissant, the witness giving his evidence *en route*. On reaching Llantrissant, Judge WILLIAMS gave his decision in the station-master's office, finding for the plaintiff.—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Interior of a Saloon Carriage, shortly after the innovation started by Judge WILLIAMS, has come into general favour. Judge seated on portmanteau at one end. Parties to suit glare at each other from opposite sides. Usher, Witnesses, Counsel, &c.

Judge. Usher, that is the third time the engine-driver has blown his whistle! Tell him that on the very next occasion I shall send him to prison for contempt of court.

Usher. Yes, m'lud.

(Exit Usher.)

Facetious Counsel. The noise is so deafening, we might even call it a "part-heard case."

(Laughter.)

Judge. Well, let's get on. *(To Witness.)* You say you actually saw the prisoner mix the arsenic with the Madeira?

Witness. I did, m'lud.

Judge. Well, Gentlemen of the Jury, perhaps we had better, as a matter of form, have the prisoner before us. By the bye, where is the prisoner?

Usher (returning). I believe he's in the dog-box, m'lud. They had to put him there, he was so refractory in the guard's van.

Judge. That shows the advantages of this new way of going Circuit. A dog-box is just the sort of receptacle for a person accused of murder in the first class—I mean in the first degree. When do we get to Blankchester Junction?

Foreman. In a quarter of an hour, m'lud, by my time-tables. And I should like to say that most of the Jury wish to get out there—they feel the oscillations of this carriage so much. If your Lordship would sum up now—

Judge (with alacrity). Quite so. Blankchester is a convenient place for me to alight, I think.

(Sums up lucidly in about five minutes, and Jury at once brings in verdict of Guilty of Manslaughter.)

Judge (surprised). Manslaughter, Gentlemen! Perhaps, after all, I was wrong in not summing up in the Booking-Office. It would have given time for more consideration. *[Awful collision occurs.]*

Judge (at bottom of an embankment). Usher, Usher! I haven't pronounced sentence yet! Bring the prisoner before me!

Usher (wounded). Beg your Lordship's pardon—prisoner's escaped! *Judge.* Escaped? Well, I can sentence him in his absence quite as well. Oh, dear, my back is bad! Those law-books came down on the top of me, I believe. The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be imprisoned, when found, for three years.

Facetious Counsel (turning up from a heap of wreckage). As a First Class misdemeanant, of course?

Judge (catching the spirit of the joke). First Class! No—Third Class, for Portland! *[Left on Circuit.]*

ONLY FANCY!

MEMBERS of the House of Commons have read with a thrill of interest Lord HENRY BRUCE's letter to his constituents, announcing his intention not to offer himself for re-election in North West Wilts. Full five years Lord HENRY has sat in the House. He has rarely joined in debate, but the manner of his occasional interposition was always notable. He slowly rose, placed one hand in his trousers' pocket, looked round the House and said nothing. Then, when the SPEAKER was about to call on someone else, Lord HENRY blurted forth a few sentences, the end generally coming first, and having apparently said about half what he meant to say, abruptly sat down. But the House, with keen instinct, always recognised the heaven-born orator, and knew his time would come. It has come with the opportunity of writing this letter, which is full of beautiful things. "I deprecated," says Lord HENRY, reviewing his distinguished Parliamentary career, "the surrendering of an ancient dependency like Heligoland, and which has since been strongly fortified, to satiate a shadowy claim of the GERMAN EMPEROR to the Island of Zanzibar." To satiate a shadowy claim is good. Space forbids quotation of more than one additional sentence from this masterpiece. "Let me conclude by saying, that I trust whoever may succeed me in North-West Wilts will wear ELIJAH's mantle with the same pleasure as I have already done." What that means no man can say.

We are glad to learn that Lord HENRY BRUCE's retirement from Parliamentary life does not imply absolute withdrawal from public affairs. Since the appearance of his letter, there has been a rush upon him by able Editors and Magazines. He has undertaken to write to the *Twentieth Century* an Article on "Recent Ministerial Appointments." Mr. BOWEN ROWLANDS, M.P., Q.C., has also been in communication with him. "The very man for the *Welsh Review*," says the enthusiastic Editor.

We learn from a reliable source that LORD HENRY BRUCE has intimated to Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS that, in the event of his being selected to Move or Second the Address at the opening of the New Session, he will appear in Elijah's mantle. It is to be hoped Lord SALISBURY, offended, as he is understood to be, at Lord HENRY's frank criticism, will not ignore this proposal. The House of Commons will be much gratified to find itself relieved from the monotony of the uniform—alternately Militia Colonel and Post-Captain—which mars the success of an interesting ceremonial.

The heading, "The Royal Engagement," which appears daily in two of the morning papers does, not, as appears at first sight, indicate warlike preparations in Royal circles. The allusion meant is to the Royal Betrothal.

NAME WANTED.—THERE are a considerable number of Ladies' Clubs, where matrons and spinsters can commingle. Now 'tis proposed to start a Spinsters' Club, only Spinsters eligible. What shall it be called? Spinning is associated with Spinster, but recent events at Cambridge make the use of the word somewhat objectionable. How would "The Arachne" do? Or as Omphale assumed the attire of Hercules, and tried to wield the club, why not call one of these the Omphale?

OLD SONG, ADAPTED TO THE OCCASION *(by one who wasn't asked to the Marquis of Salisbury's party).*—"I dreamt that I supped in Marble Halls," &c., &c.



The Editor of the "Welsh Review."



IN CONFIDENCE.

"MUMMY DEAR, WHO'S PAPPA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW?" "MY MOTHER, DEAR,—YOUR GRANDMAMMA."
 "OH—(Considering.)—DO YOU THINK GRANDMAMMA WOULD TAKE A PRIZE AT THE CAT SHOW?"
 "ETHEL, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "WELL, MUMMY DEAR, I HEARD PAPPA SAY THAT, IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS
 LIFE HE HAD NEVER COME ACROSS 'SUCH AN OLD TABBY AS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW'!"

AWAKENING FATHER CHRISTMAS

OR, THE CALL TO ALMS.

A Topsy-turvey Version of the Tennysonian Day-Dream.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

ALL through the year, towards his feet,
 He slumbering in his place alone,
 Waiting December days to greet
 The "Beauty's" snowy beard has grown;
 Whilst all about his bulky form
 Fir-hedge and holly sprout and twirl.
 Sleeping he snoreth, snug and warm, [curl.
 His breath scarce stirs his beard's crisp
 He sleeps: the jolly, brave Old Bird,
 Ruddy of phiz as warm of heart,
 Who, when he's annually stirred,
 Is always good, and game to "part."
 He sleeps: all round his cosy cell
 His long-stored gifts are waiting use;
 And—till awaked—he there doth dwell,
 A cosy form in cosy snooze.

THE ARRIVAL.

All precious things, discovered late,
 To those who seek them turn up trumps.

Charity works with kindly fate,
 The heart in her soft bosom thumps.
 She travels under winter skies—
 She stayeth not for storm or shocks—
 Celestial Grace with tender eyes,
 And loving lips, and golden locks.

She comes, well-knowing what she seeks;
 She breaks the hedge, she enters there:
 Love's flush illumines her maiden cheeks;
 She hears Yule's chimes upon the air:
 She holds aloft that mystic stalk,
 With white globes decked, to lovers dear;
 "Now, Father Christmas, wake and
 walk!"
 She whispers in the "Beauty's" ear.

THE AWAKENING.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
 There came a noise of striking clocks,
 Twelve strokes! Aroused from slumber
 rapt,
 The "Beauty" shook his silvery locks.
 "What you again? My yearly call!
 By Jove, how soundly I have slept!"
 Then, with a laugh that shook the wall,
 Unto his feet Old Christmas leapt.

"What! Twelve! 'Tis time that I awoke,
 And to the waiting world appeared."
 He yawned, and cracked his annual joke,
 And ran his fingers through his beard.
 "How say you? Is it slop or snow?"
 She answered, "Come along, old chap!
 We've much to do and far to go,
 Ere you resume your annual nap."

THE DEPARTURE.

And on the Old Sire's arm she leant,
 And round her waist his arm did fold;
 And forth into the world they went,
 To glad the grieved, to warm the cold.
 Across the town, and far away,
 Of kindness full, and frolic whim,
 To cheer all hearts went Christmas Day,
 That white-wing'd Presence following him.
 Near Nineteen Hundred times hath she,
 The gentle goddess, free and fair,
 Awaked with kiss Old Father C,
 To make the wintry world their care.
 O'er town, o'er country far away,
 Where'er hearts ache, or eyes grow dim,
 His annual round makes Christmas Day,
 Sweet Charity attending him.



THE AWAKENING OF FATHER CHRISTMAS;
OR, A CALL TO ALMS.

MORAL.—So, British Public, take my lay,
And if you find no moral there,
Then *Mr. Punch* must sadly say
His ministry is fruitless care.
Nay! To good uses you will put
The Legend *Punch* doth thus transpose.
Your pockets sure you will not shut,
Your hearts to his appealings close!
For e'en the man who runs may read
The lesson with this lay entwined.
(If Topsey-turvey thus succeed,
The noble Laureate will not mind!)
And liberal applications lie
In this quaint Legend, good my friend.
So, put the song and picture by,
And hook it—to some useful end!

CARMEN CULINARIUM.

If you're anxious to eat without any repining,
Read THEODORE CHILD upon "Delicate Dining."
This sage gastronomic full soothly doth say,
That no mortal can dine more than once in the day;
Then he quotes LOUIS QUINZE, that the art of the cook
Must be learnt most from practice, and not from a book;
While you also will find in the readable proem,
Doctor KING said a dinner resembled a poem.
We shall next see a cook can have only the dimmest
Of notions of art, if he isn't a chemist.
So we learn here the names and the separate uses
Of muscular fibre, albumen and juices.
We are shown the right methods of roasting and boiling,
Of frying and stewing, decocting and broiling;
While our author in words there can be no mistaking,
Is dead against "roasting" in ovens—or baking.
Our asparagus then we are heedfully told,
'Ιοστέφανος should be like Athens of old:
With a violet head and a stalk very white
While this CHILD thinks that tepid it yields most delight.
On the artichoke too with affection he lingers,
And also advises you eat with your fingers,
Petits pois à la Française are here, the receipt
That he gives is a good one but haply too sweet.



Cook Personally Conducting.

Our author is great
upon salads and
sauces,
To cool our hot pal-
ates, or tittivate
faucis;
Here is all you need
learn about GOUV-
RE'S *Béarnaise*,
And a charming re-
ceipt for the *Sauce*
Hollandaise
In England we know
that in sauces
we're weak,
And we've never
attained to the
cuisine classique;
But French Seig-
neurs of old gave
full rein to their
wishes,
And live on im-
mortal in delicate
dishes.

We are told how to give and receive invitations,
And eke how a table may need decorations.
We agree with the author who says when you dine,
It is very much better to stick to one wine,
Be it ruddy Bordeaux or the driest Champagne,
Let the latter be cool but your ice is no gain.
While on coffee and tea he is sound as a bell,
With all dexterous dodges for making them well.

No man ever escaped—to a cook who did wrong,
For his art ranks so high, said MENANDER's old song.
And the ancients we know loved both oysters and pullets,
When the *ολβος κερπαλέος* slipped down their gullets.
While here is a man to have joined them when roses,
In classical fashion, were cocked o'er their noses,
So we'll take leave of CHILD and his capital book,
With a "*Bon appetit*" to the gourmet and cook.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—(By a Disappointed Church-Decorator.)

WHEN rustic woman
stoops to folly,
And finds too late
that Curates flirt;
It pains, ah! sharper
than the holly
Whose spikes her
pretty fingers
hurt.

Pleasant 'is' pulpit-
decoration,
And altar-orna-
menting's sweet,
When girls get lost
in contemplation
Of parson-whis-
kers, trim and
neat.

Most pleasant too
the cheery chatter
Of woodland par-
ties, in the snow,
When gathering—
well, well, no
matter!
No more I'll hunt
for mistletoe.

No more I'll stand
and hold the
ladder

For reverend gentlemen to mount.
Ah me! Few memories make me
madder,

Though merrier ones I may not count.

Goose! How about those steps I'd
linger!

Muff! How I bound my handker-
Last Christmas Eve, about his finger,
Pierced by that cruel holly-leaf!

And now he's going to marry MINNIE,
The wealthy farmer's freckled
frump,

A little narrow-chested nunny! [jump!
Into Pound's pond I'll go and



Yet no, Miss MIGGS and he might
chuckle,

I know a trick worth two of that;
I'll up and take that fool, BON BUCKLE,
I hate him, but his farm is fat.

When rustic woman stoops to folly,
And finds e'en Curates can betray,
What act can aggravate the "dolly"
Whose wealth has won his heart
away?

The only art her grief to cover,
Enable her to lift her head, [lover
And show her false white-chokered
She won't sing "*Willow*," is—to wed!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is one line in our Mr. DU MAURIER's fascinating and fantastic novel, *Peter Ibbetson*, which every author should frame and hang up before his eyes in his study. 'Tis this, and 'tis to be found at page 217, Vol. ii.:-

"Write anyhow! Write for the greatest need and the greatest number."

"This is business," quoth the Baron, "and *Peter* who passed so much of his life asleep seems, when not dreaming, to be uncommonly wide awake."

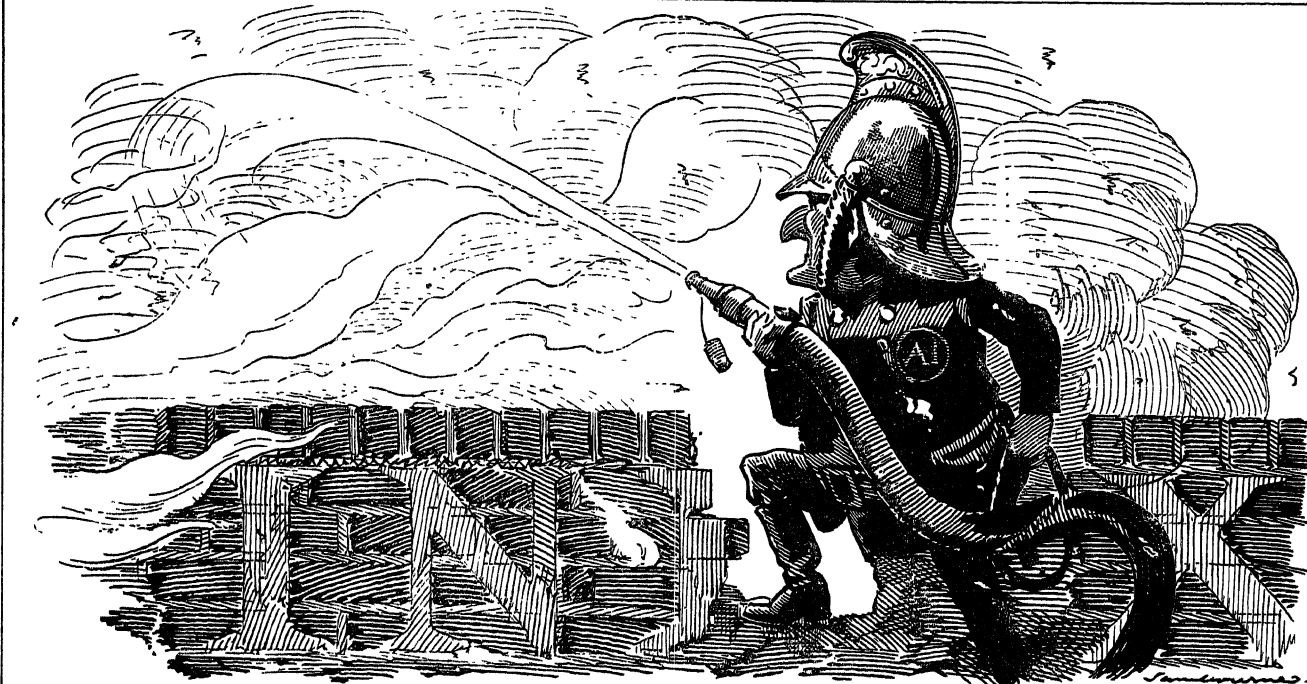
A dainty book indeed for a Christmas present is *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, published by GAY AND BIRD—lively names these—but ought to have been GAY AND LARK. There is an interesting portrait of the Author as he was in 1842.

"My 'Co.," quoth the Baron, "deponeth thusly, as to Calendars generally, —not, however, including the one-eyed Kalendar of the Arabian Nights,—that MARCUS WARD, mark us well, comes out uncommonly strong, specially in the 'Boudoir' and also in the 'Shakspeare' Calendar, which latter hath for every day in the year 'a motto for every man.' Methinks this pretty well wipes off the Christmas score, which includes New Year gifts.

"Now as to books,"—continues the Baron, "here let me say that my favourite pocket-books, not specially for Christmas, but for all times and seasons, are those excellent travelling companions provided by CASSELL's *National Library*, BRADBURY AND AGNEW's *Handy Volume Scott and Shakspeare*, and ROUTLEDGE's *Pocket Library*, all really portable, and printed in the clearest type. These be welcome presents to 'constant readers.'" The Baron presents his "many grateful thanks," to quote our worthy ROBSON ROOSTUM PASHA, to a kind friend, poet, scholar and judicious critic, who, from the North, sends the Baron a seasonable present of a small volume of poems, published by HOLDEN, of St. Andrew's, N.B. ("Quoth Mr. WAGE, "quite a new 'un, published by a hold 'un"—passons), entitled *The Scarlet Gown*, written by Mr. R. F. MURRAY. His verses are in the Calverley vein, the rhyming and rhythm easy, the jingle pleasant, the lines witty, and the subjects fresh. The local hits will be specially appreciated by St. Andrew's men. Everyone will enjoy "The City of Golf, the Adventures of a Poet." Cantabs especially will sympathise with the humour of "The Delights of Mathematics." "So here 's to the poet in the wassail bowl; a Happy New Year and a Murray Christmas to him," says THE JOYAL BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



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